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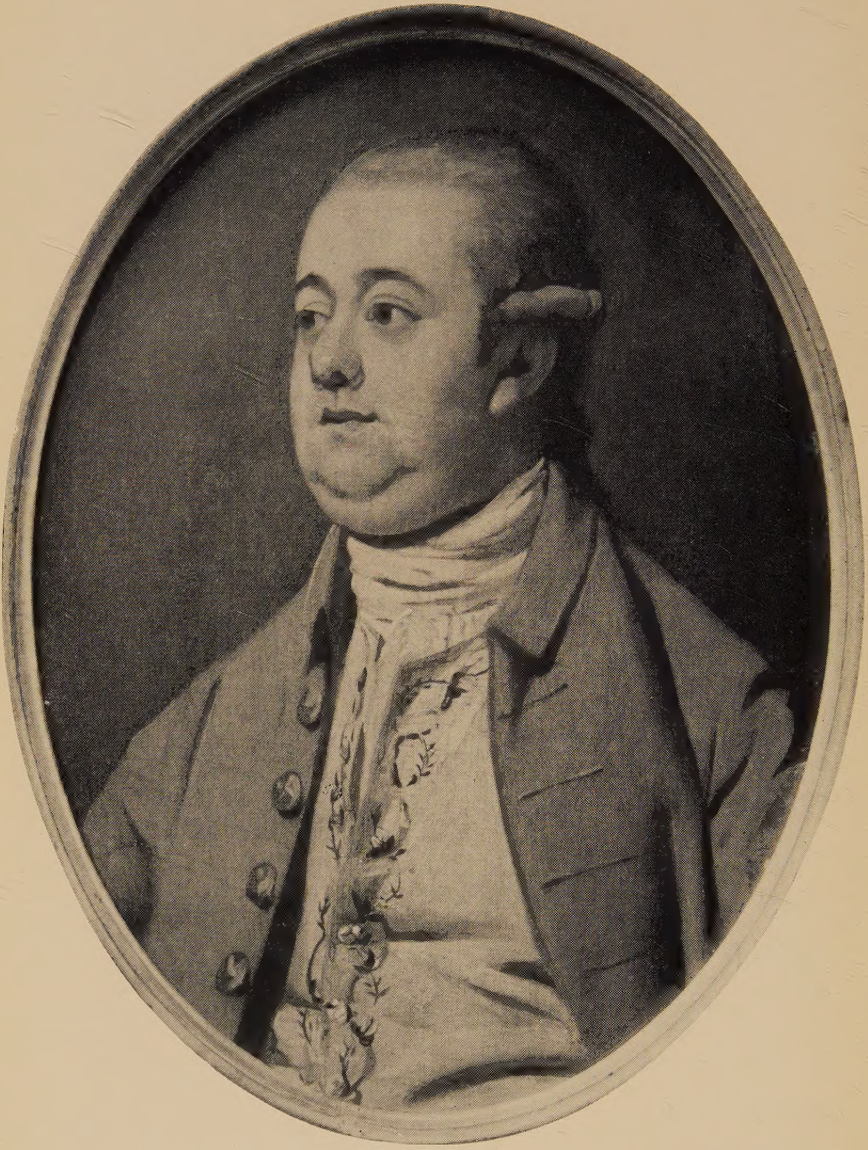
THE LETTERS OF EDWARD GIBBON

VOLUME TWO – LETTERS 237-618



Edward Gibbon. Aet. c. 36

THE LETTERS OF
EDWARD GIBBON

EDITED BY J. E. NORTON

VOLUME TWO 1774-1784

LETTERS 237-618

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PREFACE

For notes on the text and dating of the letters and on the footnotes the reader is recommended to the Introduction to Vol. I, pp. xv-xx.

The following is an outline of the chief events of Gibbon's life and of his movements during the years 1774–84, with dates of some public events in which he was concerned. For dates of the events of the American War, see Appendix IV.

1774 Oct., elected M.P. for Liskeard; Nov. 9–26, visits Bath with Deyverdun and CP; Nov. 29, opening of Parliament; G. makes friends with Hutchinson and Mauduit; Dec. 23, Parliament adjourns; Dec. 28, death of Godfrey Clarke.

1775 Parliament sits Jan. 19–Apr. 13, Apr. 25–May 26, Oct. 26–Dec. 22; April, G. presented at Court and dines with Lord North; July, printing of Vol. I of *Decline & Fall* begun; Sept. 30–*c*. Oct. 12, visits Bath (DG has smallpox). Deyverdun leaves England.

1776 Parliament sits Jan. 25–Apr. 2, Apr. 18–May 23, Oct. 31–Dec. 13; Feb. 17, *Decline & Fall*, Vol. I, published; Apr. 10–*c*. 22, G. visits Bath; Apr.–May, Neckers in London; June, G. joins Almack's (later Brookes's), works on *D. & F.*, Vol. II; July–Sept., DG visits London and SP; Oct., G. visits Lord Ossory at Ampthill. Negotiations for sale of Lenborough broken off.

1777 Parliament sits Jan. 21–March 27, Apr. 8–June 6, Nov. 20–Dec. 10; Jan.–May, G. attends lectures on Anatomy and Chemistry; May 5–Nov. 3, visits Paris.

1778 Parliament sits Jan. 20–Apr. 16, Apr. 29–June 3, Nov. 26–Dec. 24; G's friendship with Whigs; votes against the Government on Jan. 27 and Feb. 2; Apr. 10–May 3, visits Bath; financial troubles; Oct., G. sells his New River Share and pays off part of his mortgage debt to Gosling's Bank.

1779 Parliament sits Jan. 14–Apr. 1, Apr. 15–July 3, Nov. 25–Dec. 23; financial difficulties with DG; Jan. 14, *Vindication of 15th & 16th Chapters* published; July 2, G. appointed a Lord of Trade, financial troubles solved for the time being; July–Aug., writes *Mémoire Justificatif* for the Government, published in Oct.

1780 Parliament sits Jan. 24–March 22, Apr. 4–July 8; dissolution (Sept. 1) and general election; new session, Oct. 31–Dec. 6; June, Gordon riots; Sept., G. loses his Parliamentary seat; Dec., JBH created Baron Sheffield.

1781 Parliament sits Jan. 23–Apr. 12, Apr. 24–July 18, Nov. 27–Dec. 20; Jan. 1–22, G. visits Bath; March 1, *Decline & Fall*, Vols. II & III, published; June, G. elected for Lymington; July–Sept., rents a house at Brighton; Sept., visits Hayley at Eartham; Nov., revisits Brighton.

1782 Parliament sits Jan. 21–March 28, Apr. 8–July 11, Nov. 26–Dec. 23; March 20, Lord North resigns, followed by new ministry under Lord Rockingham, including Fox and Shelburne as Secretaries of State; May, suspension of Board of Trade, abolished in July; July 3, death of Rockingham; Shelburne's ministry succeeds, with Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer; resignation of Fox and Burke; Sept.–Oct., G. has a house at Hampton Court; Dec. 29–Jan. 15, visits Bath.

1783 Parliament sits Jan. 21–Apr. 17, Apr. 23–July 16, Nov. 11–Dec. 26; Feb. 24, resignation of Shelburne; March 31, resignation of Pitt; Apr. 2, new ministry under the Duke of Portland, Fox and North Secretaries of State; May, G. has house at Hampton for weekends; May 20, writes to Deyverdun suggesting sharing a house with him at Lausanne; June, new efforts to sell Lenborough; July 1, decides to retire to Lausanne; Sept. 17, leaves England; *Decline & Fall*, Vol. IV, nearly finished before he leaves; efforts to sell his Parliamentary seat; Dec., sale of Lenborough; Dec. 18–19, ministry dismissed; Pitt forms new government.

1784 Parliament met on Jan. 12; March 25, Parliament dissolved; G. has now no seat to sell; May, G. and Deyverdun move into La Grotte; work on *Decline & Fall* resumed; money for Lenborough received at the end of this year.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For kind permission to print letters included in this volume I have to thank Messrs John Murray Ltd and the Trustees of the British Museum for those in BM, *Add.MSS* 34884–5, the Trustees also for Nos. 517, 518, and the following: Mr A. W. Armour, Princeton, N.J. (No. 428); the Marquis of Bath (No. 456); Messrs Ernest Benn Ltd (No. 520); the owners of the Henry W. & Albert A. Berg Collection, New York Public Library (No. 333); M. le duc de Broglie (Nos. 361, 394, 498); the National Library, Calcutta (Nos. 514, 519, 523); Messrs W. & R. Chambers Ltd (No. 372); Lord Charnwood (No. 520); Messrs Chatto & Windus Ltd (Nos. 453, 456); the Clements Library, University of Michigan (Nos. 557, 567); Lady Gordon Cumming (Nos. 358, 395); M. Louis Grenier, Lausanne (Nos. 341, 452, 574); the Golden Cockerel Press (No. 449); the Huntington Library (No. 573*a*); Mr & Mrs D. F. Hyde, Four Oaks Farm, Somerville, N.J. (Nos. 532, 533); Mme la comtesse Le Marois (No. 501); Mr D. M. Low (Nos. 453, 456); the Trustees of the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York (Nos. 302, 591); Messrs Myers & Co (No. 590); Mrs A. M. Onslow (No. 611); the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia (Nos. 282, 392, 593); Lord Rothschild (No. 552); the Earl of St Germans (Nos. 306, 453, 481, 485, 497); the Warden, Fellows & Trustees of St Michael's College, Tenby (No. 449); the National Library of Scotland (Nos. 389, 440, 463, 499, 592); Messrs Sotheby & Co (Nos. 351, 366, 515, 617); the Royal College of Surgeons (No. 372); Mrs D. Vernon, Bishop's Lydeard House, Taunton (No. 367).

J. E. N.

ABBREVIATIONS

PERSONS

G. =Edward Gibbon, the historian.
DG =Dorothea Gibbon, his stepmother.
CP =Catherine Porten, his aunt.
AH =Abigail Holroyd, wife of JBH, later Lady S =Lady Sheffield.
JBH =John Baker Holroyd, later Lord S =Lord Sheffield.

PLACES

B'n =Beriton (now Buriton), near Petersfield, G's Hampshire estate.
Lenb =Lenborough, near Buckingham, G's Buckinghamshire estate.
SP =Sheffield Place, near Uckfield, Sussex, home of JBH.

AUTHORITIES. *In addition to those listed in Vol. I, pp. xxvii-xxix.*

References to events occurring in the Houses of Parliament are based, unless another authority is given, on *Parl. Hist.* (see Vol. I, p. xxviii).

Auckland =*Journals & Correspondence of Wm Lord Auckland*, 1861–2.
B. of T. Journals =*Journals of the Board of Trade, 1776–1782* (PRO Publications, *Colonial Records*), xiv, 1938.
Boswell =*B's Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, revised L. F. Powell, 1934–53.
D'Arblay =*Diary & Letters of Mme D'Arblay*, ed. C. Barrett & A. Dobson, 1905.
Glenbervie, B =*Diaries of Lord Glenbervie*, Ed. F. Bickley, 1928.
Hayley, *Memoirs* =*Memoirs of Wm Hayley*, ed. J. Johnson, 1823.
Hutchinson =Thos Hutchinson, *Diary & Letters*, ed. P. O. Hutchinson, 1883, 86.
Lecky, *England* =W. E. H. Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, new ed. 1895.
Lecky, *Ireland* =W. E. H. Lecky, *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, 1892.
MJH =*Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*, ed. J. H. Adeane, 1897.
Oldfield =T. H. B. Oldfield, *Representative History of Great Britain & Ireland*, 1816.

Robinson=*Parliamentary Papers of John Robinson*, ed. W. T. Laprade, 1922.

Trevelyan=G. O. Trevelyan, *The American Revolution*, new ed., vols. i–iii, 1905; iv, 1912; v–vi (*George III & C. J. Fox*), 1916.

Wraxall=N. W. Wraxall, *Memoirs*, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1884.

Dates and other biographical information will be found in the Indexes at the end of Vol. III.

THE LETTERS OF EDWARD GIBBON

1774-1784

237. To J. B. Holroyd [*Sat.* 22/1/74]

Way's letter trifling—He says nothing to the great point of the Modus.[1] I have wrote to him to-night to call for his Evidence, which I should have for some day next week when I am to meet my Horse Jockey. Matthews is unaccountable. He declines coming up with his Client, more[2] shuffling I fear. I have a letter from Hug: a *dreadfull* one I believe, but it has lain four days unperused in my drawer. Let me turn him over to you.

Foster is playing at what he calls Whist, his partner swearing inwardly. He would write to you to-night: only he thinks he had rather write *next* post—he will think so a good while. Every thing public, still as death. Our Committee of the Catch Club[3] has done more business this morning than all those of the house of Commons since their meeting—Roberts does not Petition, this from the best authority, and yet perhaps totally false.[4] Hare married to Sir Abraham Hume's daughter.[5] You see how hard pressed I am for news. Besides at any time, I had rather talk an hour than write a page. Therefore Adieu. I am glad to hear of your speedy removal. Remember Bentinck Street.

---

237. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 301. *MW* ('96), i, No. XLII. *P*, No. 184. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon. 22 Jan. 74. ansd. 25 Do'.

[1] A fixed payment in lieu of tithes.

[2] Perhaps 'mere'.

[3] G's name is not in the list of members of the Catch Club founded by Lord Sandwich in '61 (see H. J. Gladstone, *Story of the Catch Club*, 1930) and in view of his indifference to music, it seems unlikely that he had anything to do with it. He was evidently writing at his own club (Atwoods or Boodles) and perhaps is referring to an organization of catch singers within that club or to members who were also members of the Catch Club. See also No. 342.

[4] John Roberts was defeated at a by-election for the City in Dec. '73, by Frederick Bull, Lord Mayor and supporter of Wilkes. A petition against the election was discussed in the Commons on Jan. 26, '74, and, in accordance with Grenville's Act, was referred to a Select Committee. The affair was of particular interest at this time as it was expected that a bill for making Grenville's Act perpetual, instead of for only seven years, would shortly be introduced. Roberts' petition was later withdrawn. (*Parl. Hist.*, xvii, 950 sq., 953.)

[5] James Hare married Hannah Hume on Jan. 21, '74. She was daughter of Sir Abraham Hume, 1st Bt., who had died in '72, and sister of Sir Abraham Hume, 2nd Bt.

238. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 29/1/74

On recollection it appeared superfluous to send you Hugo's letter. It was wrote before he received yours. Winton bullies, Mrs Lee scolds but I am fearless. Clarke promises me Franks from day to day and prevented me from applying to any body else.—I heard from R Way, his declaration of my not warranting the Modus quite sufficient: it is sent to Lovegrove, whose only objection it appeared to be. He and his Lawyer decline a personal interview, and talk of what they should have done four months ago: laying the abstract of the Title before Mr Duane. Patience is a virtue.

I am now getting acquainted with authors, Managers &c good company to know but not to live with. Yesterday I dined at the Bre*et*ish Coffee house[1] *with Garrick*, *Coleman*, *Goldsmith*, *Macpherson*, *John* Hume[2] &c. I am this moment come from Coleman's Man of Business[3]. We dined at the Shakespeare,[4] and went in a body to support it: between friends, though we got a Verdict for our Client, his Cause was but a bad one. It is a very confused Miscellany of several Plays and Tales, sets out brilliantly enough, but as we advance the Plot grows thicker the Wit, thinner, till the lucky fall of the Curtain preserves us from total Chaos.

Bentinck Street has visited Welbeck Street.[5] Sappho is very happy that she has left Lewis:[6] on Sheffield place she squints with

---

238. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 302. *MW* ('96), i, No. XLIII. *P*, No. 185. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon. 29 Jan. 74. ansd 6th Feb. Do'.

[1] In Cockspur Street. A dining club, founded by Wedderburn, met there half-weekly. G. is said to have been a member. (*Glenbervie*, *B*, ii, 316–7.) The underlining here and in the last sentence seem to be G's own but the others are probably by JBH.

[2] Of this galaxy Coleman is George Colman, Sen., playwright and, at this time, manager of Covent Garden Theatre; Macpherson is James Macpherson, part translator, part inventor of the poems of Ossian; John Hume, or Home, is the Scottish dramatist.

[3] *The Man of Business*, by George Colman, Sen., was performed for the first time at Covent Garden, on Jan. 29, with Mr Woodward and Mrs Green in the principal parts. Some opposition was expected but, according to *Pub. Ad.*, Jan. 31, '74, 'the candour and generosity of the Public in affording their protection to an Author whom they thought an object of oppression deserves to be particularly recorded'.

[4] The Shakespeare's Head Tavern in Covent Garden.

[5] I.e. the Fullers. 'Mamma', below, must be Mrs Fuller and 'Mrs Frances', her second daughter, Fanny. 'Quintus' is perhaps the son, John Fuller. See also No. 232, n. 6.

[6] Elizabeth Fuller's uncle, Rose Fuller, M.P., lived at Rose Hill, near Lewes.

regret and gratitude. Mamma consulted me about buying Coals, we can't get any round ones. Quintus is gone to head the Civil War. Of Mrs Frances I have nothing to say.—I have got my *intelligence for insuring*[7] *and* will immediately get the preservative against fire.—Foster has sent me eight and *twenty pairs of Paris silk stockings* with an intimation that Mylady wished for half a dozen. They are much at her service, but if she will look into David Hume's Essay on National Characters she will see that I durst not offer them to a Queen of Spain. *Sachez qu'une Reine d'Espagne n'a point de jambes.*[8] Adieu.

Jan. 29. 1774. E G.

239. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon. 7/2/74*

Quarelled with you, aye sure, and if she had beat you, it would have been perfectly agreable to the rule of Right and the fitness of things. A space of time *not less* than four natural days, each day consisting of twenty four hours Mylady is to pass in Bentinck Street, only making some occasional excursions to various parts of the Cities of London and Westminster. Garrick, I believe acts Hamlet tomorrow night and will probably repeat it once or twice within a fortnight:[1] I am not *sure* whether I might not muster up interest enough to determine it for one Night rather than another. As to you, I much want your presence, I fear Lovegrove will not turn out much better than Winton; in spite of R Way's positive Evidence, he insists that I had warranted the *Vicarial Tythes*. Adieu. Gib

---

[7] Cf. No. 263, n. 2.

[8] Mme d'Aulnoy, in her *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne*, tells how this reply was made by a court official to the representatives of a town in Spain, who wished to present their king's bride with some stockings of local manufacture. Hume repeated the story, not in his essay, *Of National Characters*, but in *Of Polygamy & Divorces*, as an illustration of the jealous character of the Spaniards.

239. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 303. *P*, No. 186. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 7th Feb. 74. ansd. 10th Do'.

[1] *Hamlet* ('with alterations') was given at Drury Lane on Feb. 8, the only performance during this month.

sends his Love to Maria.—I will enquire about *Capability*.[2] Give me intelligence of your Motions.
Feb. 7th. 1774.

240. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 16/2/74

Dear Madam.

The indolence of Bath, and the hurry of London are alike Enemies to very exact Correspondencies, and I much fear that both of us will sometimes experience their balefull influence. I am prepared to give and to receive a *reasonable measure* of Toleration, in the full conviction that the most sincere friendships have the least occasion for the regular repetition of such outward demonstrations.

Besides this general Apology for my delay, I have another on this occasion. The Musical Counsellor, whose opinion you desired was absent on a Visit to Lord Craven. He is now returned, and thus he says, 'If the Lady in question and who wishes to perfect a fine Voice, has no other object than her own amusement, Parsons[1] will do very well: but, if she considers Music as a profession, Bach[2] is infinitely preferable, both as a much more finished Master, and, as having the principal direction of the Queen's concerts' and that channel indeed I should think a much properer one, than poor Sir Stanier. The Under Ministers of the King's business are seldom those of her Majesty's amusements.

I have received a letter from Mrs Dawkes, but very little to the purpose and containing neither facts nor dates. I have called on her, but did not find her.[3] Holroyd and Madame come to my house next Week. I shall be glad to see them on many accounts, and particularly him on my Bucks business. Delays and difficulties are started in which I begin to suspect there may be something more than the mere procrastination of the Law.—I dined with Mrs P to day. She looks forward to Easter[4] as the Jews to their Messiah. I flatter myself that her hopes will be better founded.

---

[2] The landscape gardener, Lancelot, called 'Capability', Brown. He made plans for laying out the grounds at SP in '76. (D. Stroud, *Capability Brown* (1950), 172.) His son later married Fanny Fuller (see No. 238, n. 5).

240. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 304. *P*, No. 187.

[1] Wm Parsons, professor of music and later Master of the King's Band. He was knighted in '95.

[2] Johann Christian, youngest son of Johann Sebastian Bach.

[3] Cf. Nos. 233, 236.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours,
Bentinck Street. Feb. 16th. 1774. E G.

---

241. To J. B. Holroyd [*Fri.* 11/3/74]

Heads of a Conversation between Mr Newton and Mr Gibbon in Love Lane. March the 11th. 1774.[1] Agreed,

1. That a proposal of Arbitration such as was wished for should be accepted when offered.
2. That Mr Way to whom it was made is the proper channel through which it should be answered.
3. That Mr Palmer a man of very fair character assisted by two Gentlemen of the Law, are very proper Arbitrators.
4. That from Parole and written Evidence, they should determine 1. Whether the small tythes were warranted, and 2. in case they were what abatement should be made to the Purchaser for a doubtfull or imperfect Title to them.
5. As it may be apprehended, that Lovegrove, if their Decision was unfavourable to him, might direct his quibbles to some of the many other inexhaustible resources of Law, it is submitted to Mr H, whether the whole business, with regard to the general title, great tythes, time and obligation of compleating the purchase had

---

[4] When she and G. proposed to visit Bath. See No. 245.

241. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 305/6. *MW* ('96), i, No. XLV, last par. (dated Feb. '74). *P*, Nos. 189, 188. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 11th Mch. 74'. The 'Heads of Conversation' and the note, 'Did you get down safe . . .' are on separate leaves, the second bearing JBH's endorsement. The two must have been sent together. The first leaf has three crosses in the margin opposite clauses 3, 4 and 5 and at the bottom of the second page, a note by JBH for his reply: 'Whether Palmer will arbitrate, will save you the trouble of &c, if possible natrl. Arbitrate.'

[1] Charges for this interview with Newton and for the subsequent meeting to consult on JBH's reply (see No. 242) are included in Newton's bill. (*Newton*, under dates 11/3/74, 16/3/74.)

not better be left to the final award of three Gentlemen of Character, than litigated for half a Century in Chancery.

6. As such an Arbitration will demand several important preliminaries, that an early Meeting should be proposed to Messieurs Lovegrove and Matthews where they may confer with Messieurs Newton Gibbon and perhaps Holroyd.

7. That the letter of which a Copy is enclosed[2] should be written by next Tuesday's post to Mr Way if approved of. *Judge and Alter.*

Did you get down safe and early? Is Mylady in good spirits and humour? You do not deserve that she should for hurrying her away. Does Maria coquet with Messieurs Divedown?[3] Adieu. Bentinck Street looks very dismal. You may suppose that nothing very important can have occurred since you left Town: But I will send you some account [of] America after Monday, though indeed my anxiety about an old Manor takes away much of my attention from a New Continent.[4] The mildness of Clarke is rouzed into military Fury; but he is an old Tory, and you are a Native of the Bog. I alone am an Englishman, a Philosopher and a Whig.

242. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [16/3/74]

Your Epistle of Sunday was not received till Monday night 12 o'Clock. Consequently your Commissions ceased of Course.

I was this morning with Newton. He was positive that the attempt to settle the preliminaries of Arbitration by Letters would lead us on till the middle of the Summer, and that a Meeting was the only practicable Measure. I acquiesced, and we blended his Epistle and yours into one which goes by this post. If you can contrive to suit to it your Oxford journey, your presence at the Meeting would be received as the descent of a Guardian Angel.

---

[2] 'Of which . . . enclosed' over 'to the above mentioned purpose (omissis omittendis)', deleted.

[3] The Rev. Dr Dive Downes. Cf. 'the two lords, his uncle' in No. 176. He was cousin to JBH's friend, Mrs John Foster.

[4] General Gage had recently returned from America with alarming accounts of the temper of the people of New England. News of the attack on the Boston tea-ships had arrived early in January.

242. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 307. *MW* ('96), i, No. XLVI. *P*, No. 190. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 16 Mch. 74. ansd. 19 Do'.

Very little that is satisfactory has transpired of America. On Monday Lord N moved for leave to bring in a Bill to remove the Customs and Courts of Justice from Boston to New Salem; a step so detrimental to the former town as must soon reduce it to your own terms, and yet of so mild an appearance that it was agreed to without a division and almost without a debate. Something more is however intended and a Committee is appointed to enquire into the general state of America.[1] But administration keep their Secret as well as that of Free Masonry, and as Coxe profanely suggests, for the same reason.[2]

Don't you remember that in our Pantheon Walks we admired the *modest Beauty* of Mrs Horneck. Eh bien, alas she is —[3] you ask me with whom; with Scawen of the Guards, both the Storers, Hodges, a Steward of Lady Albemarle's her first love, and half the town besides. A Meeting of Horneck's friends assembled about a Week ago to consult of the best method of acquainting him with his frontal honors. Edmund Burke was named as the Orator, and communicated the transaction in a most Eloquent speech. NB. The same Lady who at public dinners appeared to have the most delicate Appetite, was accustomed in her own Apartment to feast on pork steaks and sausages and to swill Porter till she was dead drunk. Horneck is abused by the Albemarle family has been bullied by Storer, and can prove himself a Cornuto to the satisfaction of every one but of a Court of Justice. O Rare Matrimony!

Boodle's. Wednesday Evening. E G.

---

[1] An Act closing the port of Boston, another changing the elective character of the government of Massachusetts and a third, making it possible to remove persons accused of capital offences from America for trial in England, were passed during this session.

[2] Because, presumably, there was nothing to reveal. In an earlier debate, Thurlow, the Attorney-General, accused Lord North of having no plan ready. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 313.) Coxe means Hippisley Coxe (later Sir John Coxe Hippisley, Bt.) according to *MW*, ii, 118. G. became a Free Mason at the end of this year. (*Add.MSS* 34887, f. 1.)

[3] So in MS. Sarah, wife of Capt. Charles Horneck, eloped with Capt. John Scawen, her husband's best friend, at about this time. Burke was a trustee under Horneck's father's will. (J. Forster, *Life of O. Goldsmith* (2nd ed. 1854), ii, 460. Wm Hickey, *Memoirs*, ed. A. Spencer (1926), i, 303 sq.)

243. To J. B. Holroyd [*Tue.* 29/3/74]

Address [*in the hand of the franker*]. John Holroyd Esq Sheffield Place. East Grinstead Sussex. *Franked*, H. Harbord. *Postmarks*. FREE; 29.MR.

Lenbourough. Last Sunday Morning I saw R Way in Bentinck Street. He had seen Lovegrove both in Country and in town, but it seems very difficult to make any thing of him. Way pressed him to call upon me or Newton to settle the preliminaries of the Arbitration. He replied, that without Matthews, he could do nothing. Matthews on the other hand, when Newton wrote to him said, that he could be of no use in town till the Conveyances were ready for signing. Such damned Shuffling.—Way promised to call on Palmer who in general has accepted the office of Arbitrator, and get him to write to Lovegrove to convince him of the necessity of settling things praeviously as to the object of the Arbitration, and penalty of the parties. On his return into the Country he will see Lovegrove and Matthews and assure how strongly I *appeared* resolved for chancery, if I found any farther delay or difficulty. Would it were over!

Beriton. Mrs Lee on receiving Andrews's letter wrote to him to desire he would send it up to me (as it seemed written without my knowledge) and to press that *I* would disclose my real intention about Repairs maintaining that according to Law, Honor and my former declarations I am obliged to fullfil them hinting however that If I can settle the business with Winton Mrs Lee desires to hear no more about it. On that ground *I can direct a most* excellent letter to Hugonin, which may tame the Monster without making it desperate.

America. Had I wrote Saturday night as I once intended, Fire and Sword, Oaths of Allegiance and high treason tryed in England the consequence of the refusal would have formed my letter. Lrd

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243. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 308/9. *MW* ('96), i, No. XLVII, extract. *P*, No. 191. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 29 March 1774, ansd. 1st April Do'. Most of the underlining seems to be by JBH.

North however, opened a most lenient prescription last night, and the utmost attempt towards a new settlement, seemd to be no more than investing the Governor with a greater share of executive power, nomination Civil officers (Judges however for life) and some regulations of Juries. The Boston Port bill past the Lords last night. Some lively conversation but no division.[1]

Bentinck-street. Rose Fuller the Great, was against the Boston port Bill, and against his Nieces going to Boodle's Masquerade.[2] He was laughed at in the first instance but succeeded in the second. Sappho and Fanny very indifferent (as Mama says) about going. They seem of a different opinion. This morning d'Eyverdun arrived: When you consider him, morning Walks, Dinners, Evenings, the general idleness of town, and my *peculiar* employment, you must not swear, if I am not very punctual. Adieu. Duty to Mylady, and love to Maria, I ho[pe the][3] *latter is quite well*; for Miss Huff[4] insinuated somewhat to the Contrary.

244. To J. B. Holroyd [*Sat.* 2/4/74]

Dear H.

You owe me a letter; so this extra goes only to acquaint you with a misfortune which has just happened to poor Clarke, and which he really considers as such, the loss of a very excellent father.[1] The blow was sudden, a thin little Man, as abstemious as a hermit, was destroyed by a stroke of Apoplexy in his Coach as he was going out to dinner. He appeared perfectly well, and only two days before had very goodnaturedly dined with us at a Tavern, a thing he had not done for many years before. I am the only person that Clarke wishes to see except his own family, and I pass a great part of the day [with him]. A line from you would be kindly received.—Great news, you see from India, Tanjour four hundred thousand pounds to the Company. Sujah Dowla 600000.[2] Tyger Roch is certainly got off from the Cape to Mauritius in a French ship.[3] Adieu.

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[1] On Friday, March 25, the Boston Port Bill passed the Commons. On March 28, Lord North moved for leave to bring in a bill regulating the Government of Massachusetts. (*Parl. Hist.*, xvii, 1179–89, 1192. Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 323–5.)

[2] The Masquerade was due to take place on May 3, at the Pantheon. An account, by someone who had not enjoyed it, is to be found in *Pub. Ad.*, May 6. For the Fuller family, see No. 238, ns. 5, 6.

[3] Paper torn.

[4] The family nickname for Miss Ann Firth, who had attended on Abigail Holroyd since her marriage.

244. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 310. *MW* ('96), i, No. XLVIII. *P*, No. 192. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 2d April 74. ansd. 5th Do'.

[1] Godfrey Clarke, of Sutton Hall, Derbyshire.

245. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 2/4/74

Dear Madam.

My Bucks affair is not settled, and I much fear that it will occasion me more trouble than I at first expected. Mr Lovegrove's difficulty not to call it by a harsher name turns on a point of fact not of law, and is so very unreasonable that he must be condemned either in the more eligible way of arbitration (which I hope will be settled) or in the Court of Chancery, should I be reduced to the sad necessity of calling it to my aid. The uneasy suspense that it has kept, and will keep me in for some time, defers[1] my intended visit to Bath and disapoints Mrs Porten, as well as myself of a pleasure which we had assured ourselves of enjoying.

I am at present engaging in two other tasks of a very different nature: the receiving one friend and the comforting another. d'Eyverdun arrived in Bentinck Street last Tuesday, and will, I believe go abroad again in about a month with Lord Middleton. I dined with him to day at Tommy Townshend's, his pupil's Guardian.[2] It's an unworthy office for him; but Lord M appears a very tame bear, and if we can fix a quiet annuity, he may after this Tour enjoy ease and independence for the rest of his life. Upon recollection this paragraph must seem very unintelligible to you, as I do not believe that I mentioned to you, his having been forced to quit Lord C,[3] by the little Peer's strange behaviour, the uncertainty that he could be of any use to him or to himself &c.

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[2] Muhammed Ali, Nawab of Arcot and the Carnatic, paid £400,000 for the help of British troops in conquering Tanjore. (*Ann. Reg. for 1774*, 115. *Camb. Hist. of India*, v, 279–80.) By the treaty of Benares, recently concluded with Shuja-ud-Daula, Nawab of Oude, the provinces of Kora and Allahabad were sold to him by the East India Co. for 50 lakhs of rupees. At the same time a secret agreement was made by which the Company were to furnish him with a brigade to help him conquer the Rohillas, in return for a further 40 lakhs of rupees. (*Camb. Hist. of India*, v, 218 sq.)

[3] Capt. David Roche had killed a man in a brawl in Cape Town, for which offence he was liable, under Cape law, to the death penalty, even though it had been committed, as he alleged, in self-defence. There were rumours in England that he had been tried and executed but he had been smuggled on board a French frigate and got away to Mauritius. He was later arrested at Bombay and sent home for trial. In Dec. '75, he was tried and acquitted. A letter, dated Nov. 11, '73, describing the affair at the Cape and Roche's escape, was printed in *Pub. Ad.*, June 10, '74. It was said to have been received in London on May 20. G. seems to have had earlier information. See also, *GM*, xliv (1774), 284, and xlv (1775), 347, 605–6, and *A Plain and Circumstantial Account of the Transactions between Capt. Roche and Lt. Ferguson*, 1775.

245. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 311. *P*, No. 193.

[1] G. wrote 'differs'.

My other occupation, which claims at present the far greater part of my time, is attending my poor friend Clarke who has just lost a very excellent father by a very sudden and terrible stroke. The old Gentleman who was perfectly well, died of a stroke of Apoplexy in his Coach as he was going out to dinner. Clarke feels it severely, and as he seems pleased with my Company I seldom leave him, except when he goes to his Sister.[4]

Is not Mr Eliot at Bath. How does he do at present? is Mrs E with him? Do they think of coming to town. Be so good as to say every thing proper in my name, and believe me Dear Madam most truly Yours,

London. April 2d 1774. E.G.

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[2] George, 4th Viscount Midleton, was nephew, through his mother, Albinia, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Townshend, to Thomas Townshend (here called Tommy), later 1st Viscount Sydney.

[3] Chesterfield. Cf. Nos. 186, 225.

[4] Sarah, married in '83 to Job Hart Price, who then took the name of Clarke. (*Reade*, *A. L.*, viii, 19.)

246. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* 13/4/74

Address [*in the hand of the franker*]. To John Holroyd Esqr. Sheffield place East Grinstead. Sussex. *Franked*, Dan. Lascelles. *Postmarks*. FREE; EK; 13.AP.

Dear H.

At length I am a little more at liberty. Clarke went out of town this morning. Instead of going directly into Derbyshire where he would have been overwhelmed with visits &c, he has taken his Sister, brother and aunts[1] to a little Villa near Farnham, in which he has the happiness of having no neighbourhood. If my esteem and friendship for Godfrey had been capable of any addition, it would have been very much encreased by the manner in which he felt and lamented his father's death: incredible as it sounds to the generality of sons, and as it ought to sound to most fathers, he considered the old Gentleman as a friend. He [is] now in very different circumstances than before: instead of an easy and ample allowance, he has taken possession of a great Estate, with low rents, and high incumbrances. I hope the one may make amends for the other: under your conduct I am sure they would, and I have freely offered him your assistance, in case he should wish to apply for it.

In the mean time I must not forget my own affairs, which seem to be covered with inextricable perplexity. R Way, as I mentioned about a Century ago, promised to see Lovegrove and his Attorney, and to oil the wheels of the Arbitration. As yet I have not heard from him. I have some thoughts of writing *myself* to the Jockey, stating the various steps of the affair, and offering him with polite firmness the *immediate* choice of Chancery or Arbitration.

For the time however I forget all these difficulties in the present enjoyment of Deyverdun's Company, and I glory in thinking that although my house is small, it is just of a sufficient size to hold my real friends, male and *female*; among the latter, My Lady holds

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246. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 312/3. *MW* ('96), i, No. XLIX. *P*, No. 194. Endorsed by JBH, 'Mr Gibbon. 13 Ap. 74. ansd. 15th Do'. Underlinings probably by JBH.

[1] Sarah and Gilbert Clarke and Catherine and Mary, sisters to Godfrey Clarke, Sen.

the very first place.—A propos of My Lady, Harry Hobart the other day gave me a *very pleasing hint*, which he received from his Wife. If there is any foundation for it, I sincerely congratulate you.[2]

We are all quiet—American business is suspended and almost forgot. The other day we had a brisk report of a Spanish War.[3] It was said they had taken one of the Leeward Islands. It since [tur][4]ns out that we are the Invaders, but the invasion [is][4] trifling.—Batt and Sir John not returned—[Are][4] you alone?—I have received another dozen of handkerchiefs, and you by this time have got your books and silver spoons, which Caplin has sent by the Coach. Adieu. April the 13th 1774. E G.

Bien obligè non (at present) for your invitation. I wish Mylady and you would come up to our Masquerade the 3d of May. The finest thing ever seen. We sup in a transparent temple that costs £450.

247. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.* 21/4/74

Address. John Holroyd Esqr Sheffield place. East Grinstead. Sussex. *Postmark*. 21.AP.

Dear H.

I begin to flag, and though you already reproach me as a bad Correspondent, I much fear that I shall every week become a more hardened Sinner. Besides the occasional obstruction of *Clarke and*

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[2] The hint was apparently baseless. The Holroyds' next and last child, Louisa, was not born till '76. Harry Hobart was son of the 1st Earl of Buckinghamshire. His wife, Anne Margaret, was daughter of John Bristow of Quiddenham Hall, Norfolk.

[3] An English ship was sent to collect sugar duties from the Island of Toracola or Crabb Island, near Porto Rico. The Spanish Governor objected on the ground that the island belonged to Spain. Exaggerated reports were reaching England about the action taken by the Spaniards, who were said to have bombarded Kingston in Jamaica, but all that had happened was that both parties had sent envoys home to consult with their respective governments. (*Ann. Reg. for 1774*, 111.)

[4] Paper torn.

247. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 314/5. *MW* ('96), i, No. L. *P*, No. 195. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 21 Ap. 74. ansd. 30th Do'.

Deyverdun[1] I must intreat you to consider with your usual candour 1. The aversion to Epistolary Conversation, which it has pleased the Daemon to implant in my nature. 2. That I am a very fine Gentleman, a Subscriber to the Masquerade where you and My Lady ought to come, and am now writing at Boodle's in a fine Velvet Coat with ruffles of My Lady's chusing &c. 3. That the aforesaid fine Gentleman is likewise a Historian: and in truth when I am writing a page, I not only think it a sufficient reason of delay, but even consider myself as writing to you, and that much more to the purpose than if I were sending you the tittle tattle of the town, of which indeed there is none stirring. With regard to America, the Minister seems moderate, and the House obedient.[2]

Hugonin's last letter, by some very *unaccountable accident* had never reached me, so that yours in every instance amazed me. I immediately wrote him groans and approbation. Winton however gives me very little uneasiness. I see that he is a bully and that I have a stick. But the cursed business of Lenborough in the midst of Study, Dissipation and friendship at times almost distracts me. R Way seems to have done nothing with the Jockey, (who indeed is as strange as Winton himself, singular luck enough I have had) nor have I yet ventured to cross the Rubicon by writing to him. *I wish your Journey here* and into Oxfordshire was to take *place soon* and yet I hardly know what you could do for me. I am surely in a worse condition than before I sold the Estate, and what distresses me is that, His Ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono.[3]

Both Deyverdun and Clarke wish to be remembered to you. The former, who has more taste for the Country than—,[4] could wish to visit you, but he sets out in a few days for the Continent *with Lord M.* Your letter for the latter was immediately mentioned and very kindly received. He is now at Aldershot with his family, and on this

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[1] The underlinings seem to be by JBH. The italicizing of '*with Lord M*' is evidently his, to remind him to inquire who Lord M was, thus leading to a more detailed repetition of the same information in No. 249.

[2] Debates on American affairs took place on April 15, when the Government of Massachusetts bill was read for the first time, and on 19, when Rose Fuller moved the repeal of the tea duty and was defeated. Burke made one of his most famous speeches on the second occasion. (*Parl. Hist.*, xvii, 1197 sq., 1210 sq. Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 331–3.)

[3] Virgil, *Aen.*, I, 278. [For them I see no bounds nor limit of time for their achievements.]

[4] So in MS; perhaps a slip for 'than I'.

occasion only I write to him almost every post as I am this moment preparing to do. Therefore Adieu.

April 21rst. 1774. E G.

248. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 23/4/74

Dear Madam

When I already began to chide my own lazyness, a little Gentleman from Bath brought me a very elegant proof of your kind attention to me. The little Man himself I could not see as I happened to be abroad twice when he called upon me, but I had the pleasure of hearing through him that Mr Eliot was quite or almost recovered. I beg you would assure him and Mrs Eliot how much I rejoyce in the news.

Clarke has now been at his House near Farnham some days. Next Week he is obliged to visit Town on some business, and expresses a violent intention of carrying me down with him. The pleasure of being of service to an afflicted friend, may make *even* the Country agreable. In that case I should leave Deyverdun in possession of Bentinck Street, though I should grumble at giving up any part of his short Stay.

I have likewise seen another Heir, younger and much more chearful than Clarke, though extremely decent, I mean Sir Harry Fetherston.[1] At present every[thing] carries[2] the appearance of sobriety and oeconomy. The Baronet, instead of flying to Paris and Rome, returns to his College at Oxford, and even the House at Whitehall[3] is to be lett. Lady Fetherston talked to me a great deal about you. Do you correspond with her?

Our attention is now very much taken up with a very grand Masquerade which Boodles is going to give at the Pantheon. We

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248. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 316. *P*, No. 196.

[1] Fetherstonhaugh; his father, Sir Matthew, had died on March 18.

[2] G. wrote 'every carries carries'.

[3] Now Dover House, opposite the Banqueting Hall, in Whitehall. It was built for Sir Matthew Fetherstonhaugh in '54–'58, from designs by James Paine and was occupied after his death by Lord Melbourne and called Melbourne House. In '87 it was bought for the Duke of York. (Wheatley & Cunningham, *London Past and Present* (1891), under *Melbourne House*.)

have a great deal of Money and consequently of taste. Flying Bridges, transparent temples and eighteen thousand Lamps in the Dome are the general subject of conversation. For my own part I subscribe but am very indifferent about [it]. A few friend[s] and a great many books may entertain me, but I think fifteen hundred People the worst Company in the World.—I am still in very perplexing suspence about Bucks. Adieu Dear Madam most truly Yours,

Bentinck Street. April 23d 1774. E. Gibbon

249. To J. B. Holroyd [*Wed.* 4/5/74]

Dear H.

Mostly sincerely do I condole with you on the effects of Fanaticism. That furious principle which has sometime overturned Nations, has in this instance indeed been contented with unsettling the reason of a Cook: but the domestic Calamity must have been attended with very unpleasant circumstances, and I shall think it a very happy Catastrophe when the poor Wretch is safely and quietly lodged in Bedlam.—Last night was the Triumph of Boodles. Our Masquerade cost two thousand Guineas, and a sum that might have fertilized a Province, (I speak in your own style) vanished in a few hours; but not without leaving behind it the fame of the most splendid and elegant Fête, that was perhaps ever given in a seat of the Arts and Opulence. It would [be] as difficult to describe the magnificence of the Scene, as it would be easy to record the humour of the night. The one was above the other below all relation.—I left the Pantheon about five this morning, rose at ten, took a good Walk, and returned home to a more rational entertainment of Batt, Sir John,[1] and Lascelles who dined with me. They have left me this moment, and were I to enumerate the things said of Sheffield, it would form a much longer letter than I have any inclination to write. Let it suffice that Sir John means to pass in Sussex, the interval of the two terms.—Every thing in a word goes

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249. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 317/8. *MW* ('96), i, No. LI. *P*, Nos. 197, 198. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 4th May 74, ansd. 8th Do'.

[1] Sir John Russell.

on very pleasantly except the terrestrial business of Lenbourough. Last Saturday sevennight I wrote to Richard to press him to see Lovegrove and urge the Arbitration. He has not *condescended* to answer me. All is a dead Calm some times more fatal than a storm. For God's sake, send me Advice. I seem to be in a much worse situation than before I agreed with him.—Adieu. Mylady's and Maria's healths were drank unanimously to day. Deyverdun sets off for Lausanne in about ten or twelve days with Lord Middleton, Tommy Townshend's Nephew.[2]

250. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 24/5/74

Dear Madam

Instead of censuring my indolence (though You might as usual do it with very just reason) Listen to a tale of Wonders.

On Sunday last when my Servant came to the place where I had dined with the Carriage, He told me that Mrs Gibbon was come to town, had sent to Bentinck Street and wished to see me that Evening. It appeared somewhat singular that you should have ran up to town without giving me any notice, and somewhat unkind that you should not have made Bentinck Street your Inn.—But guess my surprize when a farther Enquiry discovered to me that it was not Mrs Gibbon of Bath but Mrs Gibbon—of Northamptonshire.[1] I immediately went to Surry Street where she lodged, but though it was no more than half an hour after nine, the Saint had finished her Evening Devotions and was already retired to rest. Yesterday morning (by appointment) I breakfasted with her at eight o'Clock, dined with her to-day at two in Newman Street, and am just returned from setting down. She is in truth a very great curiosity; her dress and figure exceed every thing we had at the Masquerade. Her language and ideas belong to the last Century. However in point of Religion she was rational that is to say silent.

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[2] The rest of the paper, nearly the whole of the second leaf, is torn off, but it looks as though the letter had ended here.

250. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 319/20. *MW* ('96), i, part of No. LII, extract. *P*, No. 199.

[1] Hester Gibbon.

I do not believe that she asked a single quaestion or said the least thing concerning it. To me she behaved with great cordiality and in her way expressed a great regard. In a light of interest however her regard is of little consequence to me; if I may judge from her appearance her life is a better one than mine. Please to communicate a proper part of this Intelligence to our Cornish friends. She expressed the utmost disapointment at not finding Mrs Eliot and her Children in town. I am sorry to hear that we have less chance than ever of seeing them, since Hams Cheeses and my little friend John are gone down to Bath. My knowledge of Mr Eliot['s] disinclination to writing has prevented me from giving him the trouble of an answer. My despair of equalling the elegant raillery of the Goddess has kept me silent on that quarter likewise. Lazyness you will say never wants an excuse.

As the Summer advances (and sorry am I to say that it advances much faster than my Bucks business) I now fear that Mrs P and myself must defer[2] our Bath Journey to the latter season of the Year. The[re] would however be a way which would bring us together much sooner. You have been long and impatiently expected at Sheffield place where I propose to pass at least the month of July. From Charles Street to Bentinck Street it is a pleasant drive. From Bentinck Street to Sheffield place little more than a morning Walk.

Mrs P tells me that she has just wrote to you. She ought to go to a Masquerade once a year. Did you think her such a Girl?

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours,

Boodle's May the 24th 1774. E.G.

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[2] G. wrote 'much differ'.

251. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* 24/5/74

I wrote three folio pages[1] to you this morning and yet you complain. Have reason and have mercy consider all the excellent reasons for silence which I gave you in one of my last and expect my arrival in Sussex when I shall talk more in a quarter of an hour than I could write in a day. A propos of that arrival never pretend to allure me by painting in odious colours the dust of London. I love the dust, and whenever I move into the Wold, it is to visit you and My lady, and not your Trees. About this day month I mean to give you *a visitation.*[2] I leave it to Guise Clarke and the other light Horse to prance down for a day or two. They all talk of mounting but will not fix the day. Sir John, whom I salute has brought you I suppose all the news of Versailles. Let me only add that the Mesdames by attending their father have both got the small pox.[3] Your Attorney has your Case. I congratulate you. I can make nothing of Lovegrove or his Lawyer. You will swear at the shortness of this letter.—Swear.
Boodle's. May the 24th 1774.

252. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 4/6/74[?]

I hope you, Templar,[1] Doves &c got down safe. Compliments to Maria and Mylady.—I passed this morning three horrid hours at Searle's Coffee House.[2] I was a Hero, L a Brute, N not exceedingly

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251. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 321. *MW* ('96), i, No. LIII. *P*, No. 200. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 24th May 74'.

[1] I.e. of *The Decline and Fall.* Cf. No. 247.

[2] Underlining probably by JBH.

[3] Louis XV died of smallpox on May 10, '74. His three daughters, the Princesses Adelaide, Sophie and Victoire, all caught the disease but recovered.

252. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 322. *P*, No. 201. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon 1st June 74'. Newton's charge for attending the meeting with Lovegrove and Matthews, at which it was agreed to consult Duane, is dated June 3. (*Newton*, p. 10.) There are therefore three possible dates for this letter, G's, JBH's and Newton's.

[1] Perhaps Robert Lascelles, of the Middle Temple. Cf. No. 157, n. 8.

[2] In Lincoln's Inn. A resort of lawyers.

clever and M more candid than I had yet seen him. We almost parted once with mutual defiance. At last they consented that on Monday and Tuesday, the two Attornies should examine the Deeds at Goslings, compare them with the Abstract, and lay the whole before Duane: and likewise that they should search Offices about my title to the great Tythes, *without prejudice* to the General Warranty which was agreed to by letter. If we coalesce at all, *Arbitration*, if not *Chancery*. The latter I fear, and I must own that I fear it in every respect. Adieu.
Bentinck Street. June 4th 1774. E.G.

253. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [11/6/74]

Address [*in the hand of the franker*]. John Holroyd Esqr. Sheffield Place East Grinstead Sussex. *Franked*, T. Halsey. *Postmarks.* FREE; 11.IV.

The enclosed came to-day—The business of the search is finished, and will I fancy be laid before Duane: The Omens are I think a *little* more favourable; when I see farther, I write. I will not affront either you or myself by thanking you for your Offers.—Embrace Mylady,—Clarke who is in town for 48 hours salutes you, he talks of taking Sheffield in his Way to his Kentish Estate; the time not determined. The Fete Champetre would fill Volumes: by all accounts dull ones.[1] Adieu.
Saturday Evening.

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253. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 323. *P*, No. 202. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 11th June 74 ansd 24 Do'.

[1] The *Fete Champêtre* was given by Lord Stanley, later 12th Earl of Derby, on June 9, to celebrate his approaching marriage to Lady Betty Hamilton. There is a long account of it in *Ann. Reg. for 1774*, 126–7. Three hundred of the nobility are said to have attended and, according to Walpole, it cost half a million pounds. (Walpole, *Letters*, ix, 11.)

254. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [25/6/74]

I am alive.

You know how much rather I would send my person than an Epistle to Sheffield. Therefore you will I flatter myself, forgive my silence, when I tell you that on Monday the 4th of July I shall certainly dine at the aforesaid place. Clarke will cross the Country from Aldershot nearly about the same time. My Lenborough business is almost at a stand, as I shall then tell you more particularly. It is indeed a damned affair.

Saturday Evening. Salute Mylady and Maria.

255. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 29/6/74

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Postmark.* 30.IV.

Dear Madam

Do you remember that there exists in the World one Edward Gibbon a Housekeeper in Bentinck Street? If the standard of writing and of affection was the same, I am sure he would ill deserve it. I do not wish to discover how many days (I am afraid I ought to use another word) have elapsed since the date of my last or even of your last letter and yet such is the sluggish nature of the beast that I am afraid nothing but the arrival of Mrs Bonfoy and the expectation of Mr Eliot could have rouzed me from my Lethargy. The Lady gave me great satisfaction by her general account of your health and spirits, but communicated some uneasiness by the mention of a little encounter in the style of one of Don Quixote's, but which proved, I hope as trifling as you at first imagined it. For my own part I am well in mind and body, busy with my Books (which may perhaps produce something next year either to tire

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254. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 324. *P*, No. 203. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon 25 June 74'.

255. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 325/6. *MW* ('96), i, part of No. LII, extract, dated May 24, '74. *P*, No. 204.

or amuse the World) and every day more satisfied with my present mode of life, which I always believed was calculated to make me happy. My only remaining uneasiness is Lenborough, which is not terminated. By Holroyd's advice I rather try what may be obtained by a little more patience than rush at once into the horrors of Chancery. But let us talk of something else. You remember surely Mrs Hobson (Mrs Comarque). She is just returned to England under a different name. She is now Madame la Baronne de Bavois. Her second husband is an old Swiss Officer about seventy, a Man of family, but with as little money as character who most probably married her for a fortune which he now begins to discover was spent to his hands.[1] They talk of leaving England very soon and fixing themselves in some cheap Provincial town in the south of France. The Baronne is more ridiculous, and will I fear be more miserable than ever. Mrs Porten out of regard to the laws of Hospitality gave them a dinner last Sunday & insists on my doing the same to-day, and her brother, Sunday next. She grows younger every day, but Sir Stanier much older. You remember I think in Newman Street, a good agreable Woman Miss Wybolt. The under Secretary is seriously in love with her, and seriously uneasy that his precarious situation precludes him from happiness. We shall soon see which will get the better Love or reason. I bet three to two on love.[2]—I cannot find your last letter (a sad memento) did not you ask me with whom Deyverdun was gone abroad? with young Lord Middleton. Lady Fetherston (as they are to return next spring) is mad to get him, but I should fancy Sir Harry must be consulted.—I hear confusedly of strange Revolutions in the Gould family.

Next week, I go to Sheffield place. Holroyd, who passed a few days with me, was sincerely concerned to hear that you had no thoughts of the Journey this summer. His Father, I find has had a violent attack.

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[1] George de Saussure de Bavois was first married to Jeanne Marie de Loys, by whom he had a numerous family. His daughter, Angélique, Mme de Charrière de Senarclens, known as Mme de Charrière-Bavois, was a brilliant figure in Lausanne society and known to G. during his last years there. The Baron de Bavois, whose estates had been seized for debt in '47, died in '83, leaving 1,800 liv. worth of further debts. (H. Perrochon, 'Une Femme d'Esprit: Mme de Charrière-Bavois', in *Evasion dans le Passé Romand*, Lausanne, 1941. *RHV* (1934), p. 109.) 'was spent to his hands' is perhaps a slip for 'came spent to his hands'.

[2] Sir Stanier Porten was at this time under-secretary to Lord Rochford, Secretary of State for the Southern Dept. He married Mary Wybault on Dec. 8, '74.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours,
Bentinck Street. June 29th 1774. E G.

The Goslings will obey your commands, whenever you please to signify them.

256. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [10/8/74]

Dear H

Though I can assure you that the first stage from S P was heavy and awkward, yet I am very glad that I came to town. Sir Edmund's intelligence was but too well founded, and poor Clarke is here in a very unpleasant way. His aunts and sister are come up on purpose. He is attended by Dr Thomas[1] and the family Apothecary who has known his Constitution from a Child: yet both are at a loss, his spirits, stomach and head are all violently affected: the disorder seems of an intermittent nature. I now write from his lodging. I had seen him in the morning (for last night he could not see me), and left him taking a medecine, he threw it up with a large quantity of black bile, and has been in bed (but not easy) since two o'Clock. Adieu. Embrace My Lady and Maria for me. May the Saturday be *correct*! I shall write soon. Send me some account of the progress of Architecture.[2]

Bond Street. Wednesday Evening.

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256. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 329. *P*, No. 206. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon, 10th Augt. 74 ansd 14th Do'.

[1] Probably Dr Noah Thomas, one of the king's doctors and physician at the Lock Hospital. He was knighted in the following year.

[2] Alterations were being made at SP. Cf. No. 262.

257. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* [12/8/74]

Dear H.

I write two lines to acquaint you *that Clarke* is much better than he was, all doors have been set open for the retreat of the unwelcome guest, and in a great measure he has taken the hint. Spirits have rose with health, and he desires to be remembered to S P.—Wilkes is dangerously ill, we shall lose much amusement.[1] The victory of the Russians is real but not decisive.[2] If you have an Irish *Cream cheese* to spare, Bentinck street is ready to receive it. Success to the *august morrow*. It will be over ere you receive this. Adieu. I shall remember your frank, but the paper is not in my pocket, nor the name in my memory.

Friday night.

258. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* [16/8/74]

Dear H.

Since my last we have had an alarm; a very terrible one indeed. On Sunday Clarke was better than I had yet seen him, and said that he felt himself getting well apace. He slept several hours in the night, but about five o'Clock the Monday morning, he was seized with a fit so very violent that it totally deprived him of his speech and almost of his senses; a blister and plaisters to his feet were immediately applied and Turton was called in to consult with

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257. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 330. *P*, No. 207. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 12 Aug. 74. ansd. 16 Do'. Underlinings probably by JBH.

[1] He was ill with ague for nearly three weeks. (H. Bleackley, *Life of Wilkes* (1917), 281.)

[2] The Russian General Romanzov defeated the Turks at Shumla and imposed the Treaty of Kutchuk Kainardji on them, by force of arms, in July. Dispatches relating to the campaign were in the London papers from early in August but news of the treaty did not appear till Aug. 24.

258. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 331. *P*, No. 208. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon. Aug. 74'. It was evidently written between Nos. 257 and 259, Aug. 12 and 20, and the only Tuesday in that interval is Aug. 16.

Dr Thomas his ordinary Physician. They both judged him in the most imminent danger and particularly were alarmed by a numbness (which he complained of as soon as he could speak) and which was the same symptom as had proved the forerunner of his father's apoplexy. He recovered however from his fit and even from the immediate consequences of it sooner than could have been expected, was perfectly sensible last night, and this morning appears even chearful and easy. But his Physicians still think him in danger of a Relapse, and to his friends the prospect is still shocking. You will easily forgive me for not writing on any other subject. Adieu.
Bond Street Tuesday morn. Eleven o'Clock.

259. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 20/8/74

I begin with what I am sure will interest you the most notwithstanding Your own schemes, I mean the state of Clarke's health, it is surprizingly well as likewise his spirits, both far better than by his own account they have been for many months. The recovery is indeed perfect: may it be lasting. But his Doctors have still their fears. [Six lines are here obliterated][1] When we meet I will explain blot. Think you can read of the other side.

Now to your designs. I have turned them on every side, and will give you my opinion as distinctly as so very slight a knowledge of your county will permit.[2]

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259. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 332/3. *P*, No. 209. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 20 Augt. 74'. Most of the underlining is by JBH.

[1] The succeeding two sentences are written in the margin. Enough of the obliterated lines can be made out to show their general sense. 'Turton suspects[?] . . . a possibility of consequences far more dreadful than death itself. The bare possibility however remote makes me tremble. But let me forget the suspicion and forget it yourself. Burn my letter and if you think it worth while copy the remainder.'

[2] JBH was thinking of offering himself as candidate for Sussex at the approaching general election. The sitting members were Lord George Lennox, brother of the Duke of Richmond, whose re-election was certain, and Richard Harcourt. At the county meeting on Sept. 27, the freeholders rejected motions thanking Harcourt for his services and proposing him for re-adoption as candidate, and adopted instead Sir Thomas Wilson. (T. H. B. Oldfield, *Representative History of Great Britain* (1816), v, 3. 'Notice to the Electors' by Lord George Lennox in *Pub. Ad.*, Oct. 11, '74.) For an account of what county elections were like at this time, see L. B. Namier, *The Structure of Politics* (1929), i, 82 sq., and, in particular, p. 90.

1. I cannot yet think you ripe for a County member. Five years are very little to remove the obvious objection of a *novus homo*, and of all objections it is perhaps the most formidable as it rouzes the foolish pride and envy of all the animals bears, hogs asses and Rhinoceros's[3] who have slept in the country for some generations. To these only (who by the courtesy of England are called Gentlemen) are you as yet known, and by these you will never be liked. Seven more years of an active life, will spread your fame among the great body of Freeholders at large and to them you may one day offer yourself on the most honourable footing, that of a candidate whose real services to the County have deserved and will repay the favour which he then solicits. You must recollect too some very good reasons you gave me yourself why the attempt might be more convenient and the success more desirable seven years hence than at present.

2. Consider that you are rising in rebellion against an establishment which however feeble always fights with very great advantages. When a vacancy happens either by death or resignation, any Gentleman who thinks himself qualified has a natural right to offer his services, and as he may succeed without envy so he may retreat without shame. Your *prise d'armes* must hurt you, I think, if you were not victorious. *People grumble*; Englishmen love to grumble, and are satisfied with having done it. You see many obstacles. Goodwood reluctant, [—], Ld Ash. hostile, the green plumb probably interested, and a large praevious subscription backed by strong interest.[4] As to the multitude, you cannot conceive the effect of the Magic sounds, *disturbing the peace of the County*.[5]

3. To all this you oppose Minden[6] (hur own if hur can catch

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[3] These animals have probably some heraldic significance, but if any particular families are indicated, they have not been identified.

[4] The references are to people with influence in the election: the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood, Lord Ashburnham at Ashburnham Place, near Battle, and Viscount Gage at Firle, near Lewes. A name and adjective before 'Lord Ash' have been obliterated by a later hand.

[5] This phrase was commonly used by candidates in their addresses to the electors, as a reason for withdrawing, or to discredit their opponents.

[6] Lord George Germaine, still shadowed by his disgrace after the Battle of Minden. The word has been obliterated by a later hand, but is legible. The significance of the

hur). But I should much distrust the strength of your desired Ally. Unpleasant recollections, a stately and supposed proud behaviour, a solitary life, since he never troubles himself with county meetings, must I should apprehend very greatly diminish his popularity, and conceal those abilities which you so justly value, but which few of your country boors are qualified to understand or esteem. Is the mere Dorset interest *a commanding one*?

4. You say that you are not apprehensive at Lewes[7] of a horrid silence or hiss. Perhaps not. But should you be so easily satisfied? Who do you design should propose you at the nomination meeting for much depends on that not only as to the hopes of success but even the dignity and propriety of the declaration. The person to move and the person to second (for both are necessary) should be distinguished in the County either by character or property; Minden would certainly do very well. You will tell me that your connection is not sufficiently formed to request such a favour. But is not that a proof that things are yet unripe?

5. If you proceed which upon the whole, I strongly dissuade, I would (in case of a favourable answer from Minden) immediately epistolize or rather visit Goodwood. Declare my intention of taking the *sense* (if any can be found) of the general meeting, requesting that if it should prove favourable to Lord G L and myself we might praeviously agree to advertise and act together. A refusal would permit you to retreat with honour, consent would enable you to advance with vigour and confidence, and even the proposal would place you on the so *much desired footing* of a future Candidate. After all for God's sake remember the expence, and do not trust your fortune and your passions[8] to the danger of a Contest.

Duane after a very long delay has at last given his opinion concerning the tythes, and the opinion is favourable. He thinks the title *clear safe and even compellable*, but directs that the original grants of James the first's time should [be] searched for in the proper office and copied. This will be attended with some expence

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succeeding Welsh reference is obscure. Lord George lived at Stoneland Lodge, near Withyham, and was uncle to the Duke of Dorset, who owned large estates in the county.

[7] I.e. at the county meeting to adopt candidates, which would be held at Lewes.

[8] Possibly 'possions', a slip for 'possessions'.

but it cannot be avoided. Newton, whom I saw to day writes by this post to Matthews and sends him the opinion. So that in a short time, we may I think either come to an amicable conclusion or meet them in arms on *firm ground.*—I hear nothing of the insurance.—Cream Cheese will be welcome.—To My Lady and the monstrous Maria, *salut.*
August the 20th 1774.

260. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [27/8/74]

I am in a violent hurry—Clarke is extremely well—I have sent you the Deputation.—The old Lady expects to hear from me *soon,* I wish your Geographer was arrived, & that Gilbert had discovered the Tythe owners.[1]—By your submission to the voice of reason you eased me of a heavy load of anxiety, I did not like your enterprize. Who is the green plumb? why the brother in law of Sampson to be sure.[2] As to papers I will shew you I can keep them safe till we meet.—What think you of the Turks and Russians? Romanzow is a great Man. He wrote an account of his amazing success to Mouskin Pouskin here, and declared his intention of retiring as soon as he had conducted the army home; desiring that Pouskin would send him the best plan he could procure of an English Gentleman's farm. In his answer Pouskin promised to get it, but added that at the same time he should send the Empress *a plan of Blenheim* a handsome Compliment, I think.[3] My Lady and Maria as usual. Where's my Cheese?
Saturday Evening.

260. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 334. *MW* ('96), i, No. LIV, extract. *P*, No. 210. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 27 Aug. 74'.

[1] Hester G. apparently wished to purchase the right to tithes from the estate at Meeching and Plumpton Piddinghoe, near Newhaven, left to her by her father. Charles Gilbert of Eastbourne, who practised as a solicitor at Lewes, was her agent in managing the estate.

[2] Wm Hall (Gage), 2nd Viscount Gage, who is said to have first introduced the greengage into Sussex, married Elizabeth, sister of Sir Sampson Gideon, later 1st Baron Eardley.

[3] See No. 257. Alexis Mouskin Pouskin was the Russian Ambassador in London. Romanzow, who was a man of modest tastes, was presented by the Empress Catherine with an estate, as well as with other rich presents. He was not, however, allowed to retire until '89. He then built himself a castle in the Ukraine, in the form of a fortress, where he is said to have lived in one room. (Michaud, *Biographie Universelle,* 1842–65.) Blenheim Palace was, of course, the gift of a grateful nation to the great Duke of Marlborough.

261. To J. B. Holroyd [*Tue.* 6/9/74]

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqr Sheffield place East Grinstead. *Postmarks.* MR; 6.SE.

With regard to your influencing the Jury, I am convinced that B is in the right. Out of twelve Jurymen, I suppose six to be incapable of understanding the question, three afraid of giving offence, and two more who will not take the trouble of thinking. Remains one who has sense courage and application. Ergo B is in the right. But as he has *no right* on this occasion to be in the right, and as you were not Foreman I am totally against *your committing* yourself with such a fellow, giving him any thing under your hand or permitting him to publish your letters. If it be really true that you were mistaken as to the date of the Defamation, you have gone further than perhaps you might have done in the article of damages, but as I still think you committed no injustice, I cannot see that the Jury, much less any individual of it owe him any reparation. Considering the profession of the two Men, very high damages were surely required for the accusation of so scandalous a crime, which was certainly groundless since it was *afterwards* disproved in a Court of Justice. What you supposed to be the case (and by the bye I would in a polite letter ask the quaestion of the Judge) was no more than an aggravation and an aggravation too of a public rather than a private nature, consequently relating rather to punishment than to damages. Upon the whole, I disapprove of your corresponding with B, who seems capable of any rascally trick. Nothing that he can publish will affect your character, especially in an affair where it is well known that you had neither interest nor passion to mislead you. However if you think differently, or find yourself too far engaged with him your letter is proper and guarded.[1]—You make me very uneasy by a part of your last: pray

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261. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 327/8. *P*, No. 205 (dated Aug. 6). Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 6th Augst. 74. ansd. 8 Do'. Both G's date and the endorsement must be wrong. See postmark and the reference to 'September' at the end of the letter.

[1] Henry Burtenshaw of Lewes indicted Charles Gilbert for perjury. Gilbert was acquitted

send me a speedy, and if you can a favourable account of Dr H's[2] visit. She has been so well a great while!—Clarke is now in the Country, Aldershot. I heard from him yesterday. His health there has been various and is not I fear quite settled—I break off to get into my Chaise for Twickenham.[3] People may talk of the town's being empty in September, my only complaint is the thickness of my engagements. I have not by many degrees been so diligent as I intended. I have conversed with Cadell and find him ready and even willing. He proposes next March (if I am prepared) and 750 Copies. *Deliberabimus.* The snails of the Law are copying the Tythe deed, and we shall soon see the effect of it.—Hugonin's letter I have not yet read, it is only a week since it was received, no hurry—I believe I must goad Gilbert in his enquiries, in case you cannot do it without giving room to surmises.[4]

Bentinck street. August 6th 1774. E G.

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and brought an action for damages against Burtenshaw, which was tried on Aug. 2, '74, before Lord Chief Baron Smythe and a special jury, of which JBH was a member, at the assizes at Horsham. Gilbert, who had claimed £5,000, was awarded £400. A new trial was asked for on the ground that the damages were excessive but the claim was rejected by the King's Bench. (*Pub. Ad.*, Aug. 8, '74. *Diary of John Baker, 1751–1778*, ed. P. C. Yorke (1931), 293. Capel Lofft, *Reports of Cases in KB, 12 Geo. 3–14 Geo. 3* (1776), 771. *PRO. Entry Bk. of Judgements, KB* (Ind. 9645), Trin. Geo. 3, p. 44, Sussex.) Both Gilbert and Burtenshaw were attorneys.

[2] Dr Heberden. See No. 262.

[3] To visit the Cambridges.

[4] Gilbert was manager of Hester G's Sussex estate (see No. 260); hence the intercourse between him and JBH, which, under the circumstances of the trial, might, G. says, lead to surmises.

262. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 10/9/74

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqre Sheffield place East Grinstead. *Postmarks.* MR; 10.SE.

Since Heberden is returned I think the road lyes plain before you, I mean the Turnpike road. The only party which in good sense can be embraced, is without delay to bring Mylady to B S. where you may inhabit two or three nights, and have any advice (Turton, Heberden &c) which the town may afford, in a case that most assuredly ought not to be trifled with. Do this as you value our good opinion. The Cantabs are strongly in the same sentiments. There can be no apprehensions of late hours &c as none of Mrs H's raking acquaintance are in town.—As to Burtenshaw's Manifesto, I can form no judgement of an imperfect fragment, except that it appears to me very artful. The case relative to you I have reconsidered but find no reason to alter my opinion. 1rst. An answer on your side cannot be necessary since he had no right to single you out. 2dly. It cannot be expedient since a fellow of so much passion and cunning will surely in the end either provoke you or entangle you in an unworthy contest. If however you have given him hopes of an answer I would positively declare to him that it should be the last and that no consideration should tempt me to a reply.—You give me no account of the Works. When do you inhabit the library? *Turn over*, *great things await you.*

It is surely infinite condescension for a Senator to bestow his attention on the affairs of a Juryman. A Senator? Yes sir at last Quod nemo promittere Divum auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.[1] About ten days ago Eliot spent an hour with me, talked sensibly of his will, and his children and requested that I would be Executor to the one and Guardian to the other. I consented to accept

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262. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 335/6. *MW* ('96), i, No. LV, extracts. *P*, No. 211. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 10th Sep. 74. ansd 12 Do'.

[1] Correctly, 'quod optanti divum promittere nemo auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro'. Virgil, *Aen.*, ix, 6, 7. [What no one of the gods would venture to promise to you, as you prayed (optanti), behold time, as it rolls on, has brought you of its own accord.]

an office which indeed I consider as an essential duty of social life—We parted—Yesterday morning about half an hour after seven as I was destroying an army of Barbarians, I heard a double rap at the door and my Cornish friend was soon introduced. After some idle conversation, he told me that if I was desirous of being in Parliament he had an *independent* seat very much at my service.[2] You may suppose my answer, but my satisfaction was a little damped when he added that the expence of the election would amount to about £2400, & that he thought it reasonable that we should share it between us. I paused and recovering myself hinted something of Parental extravagance and filial narrowness of circumstances and want of ready money, and that I must beg a short delay to consider whether I could with prudence accept of his intended favour on which I set the highest value. His answer was obliging, that he should be very much mortified if a few hundred pounds should prevent it, and that he had been afraid to offend me by offering it on less equal terms. His behaviour gave me courage to propose an expedient, which was instantly accepted with cordiality and eagerness, that when his second son John (who is now thirteen) came of age I would restore to him my proportion of the money. I am not disposed to build Castles in Spain, but I think my conduct prudent. Before that time my own honest[3] industry or deaths of old Ladies *may* make me a richer man: or else I can offer (some years hence) a fair and liberal bargain, that I will settle Beriton on John, in case I have no children, with the proviso that on the birth of a child, I shall pay him the money with legal interest. The agreement will be easy for me and advantageous to them.—This is a fine prospect open[ing to][4] me and if, next spring I should take my seat and pub[lish][4] my book, it will be a very memorable Œra in my life. I am ignorant whether my Borough will be Leskeard or St Germains.—You dispise Boroughs, and fly at nobler game. Adieu.

Bentinck Street. Sept. 10th 1774.

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[2] Cf. No. 230, n. 4.

[3] Inserted above line.

[4] Paper torn.

263. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* 14/9/74

You must not suppose that I mean to keep up with you *this Prussian firing* of four times in a minute, a letter every other day. I shall now hold my tongue for some time. Burtenshaw's end I like better than his beginning. Your expedient is excellent, honourable and safe: therefore execute it without delay, and think no more about the whole business.—I receive your Congratulations; as to consequences your scheme has the most apparent, mine the most real generosity, but there is not any hurry for either.—*Clarke* is returned, very indifferent the first day, but now perfectly well at least for the present. *Wilbraham* is like wise come up to make some preparations and to buy a little gold chain, (vulgo a ring) for his squirrel.[1] Both salute you.—The World may now be in flames when it pleases, provided the Sun fire Office be safe;[2] your Man was with me this morning; a very compleat puppy!—Not a word of *My Lady*! *is* she quite lively and spleepy?[3] nor a word about the *Journey to town*. there never was a more rational proposal. indeed there never was.—From My Lady *I pass to the Cheese*. It was divine in every respect but immortality. I fear the season is too far advanced for another—Enquire.

Bentinck Street. Sept. 14th 1774

You must (Lazarus as you may be) enquire farther *about this Borough*. I want to have you sit by me.

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263. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 337. *P*, No. 212 (postscript omitted). Endorsed by JBH, '14 Sep: 74. ansd 22. Do'. Underlining probably by JBH.

[1] George Wilbraham was engaged to Maria, daughter of Wm Harvey of Chigwell, Essex, whom G. had known in the militia. (*Jour. A*, 57 and *passim*.) The marriage took place in Oct. '74.

[2] A receipt from the Royal Exchange Assurance Co. for a fire insurance premium covering Sept. 1781–2 is in *Magd. Coll. Papers*, but in his letter of Oct. 21, '82 (No. 554), G. describes his insurance of the farm buildings at B'n as covering 'these last ten years', so that, unless he was inexact, a different insurance policy is referred to here. A search, kindly undertaken by the Sun Insurance Office, has, however, failed to reveal any policy in G's name in their records.

[3] Clearly so in MS. No explanation offers itself, except that the word must be a family one.

264. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 17/9/74

Address [*in the hand of the franker*]. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Franked*, G. B. Clarke. *Postmarks.* FREE; 17.[. .].

Dear Madam.

Without reproaching you for you[1] (which indeed would be the height of assurance) give me leave to inform you of a piece of news, with regard to which I am sure you will share my very agreable feelings. Mr Eliot has, in the most liberal manner assured me a seat in Parliament, an event which change[s] the colour of my whole future life. After such intelligence I could add nothing but what would be flat and insipid.

I am Dear Madam most truly yours

Bentinck Street. Sept. 17th 1774. E. Gibbon

265. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 24/9/74

As the matter admitted of no delay, and the paper was anonymous, it went by this morning's Coach. Otherwise I am a great friend to County meetings & resolutions to abide by their sense.[1] They form a happy medium between the Junto's of Grandees in town, and the Mob-archy of the rout of freeholder[s], and preserve *the peace of the County*, without sacrificing it's independence. Moreover I do not comprehend your plot—You are totally in the wrong in not coming to town. Does the Bath Journey hold? Mrs G grows impatient, but it will most wonderfully delay the fall of the Roman Empire.—I gave your holy paper, and reasonable request to Caplin.

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264. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 338/9. *P*, No. 213.

[1] For 'for your silence'?

265. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 340. *P*, No. 214. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 24 Sept. 74'.

[1] This seems to mean that JBH had decided to offer himself as a candidate for Sussex, independently of the county meeting, which was to be held on Sept. 27. (Cf. Nos. 259, n. 2, and 268, n. 1.)

He graciously promised to consider of it.—Clarke infinitely better, town very lively. Dine next Tuesday at Atwood's with Duke of Portland &c. Smythe[2] is sensible for he agrees with me, and I hope has tranquillized you.
September 24th 1774.

266. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 4/10/74

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath.

Dear Madam.

Last Friday I went down to Sheffield place at the particular request of Mr H to advise with him about a Parliamentary scheme of his own, but which proved impracticable. We then were talking only of next spring, but the next day I received from Clarke the unexpected intelligence.[1] The Sunday I wrote to Mr Eliot directing my letter into Cornwall where I supposed him long since arrived, and I now wait impatiently for an answer. As to my Journey it is now become impossible; the election will be over before I can get there. Indeed as I can have no interest there but his assistance, his presence is alone necessary or useful. However in my letter I offered *to fly*.—If you will answer for Mr Eliot's intentions I will answer for his power. His disturbance could arise only from his indolent temper, the surprize and perhaps some little concern about Grampound which does not relate to me.[2] As he is in firm possession the suddenness of the occasion is at all events more favourable to him than to any concealed or secret enemies. Therefore I do indeed consider myself as secure. Before his offer I could contentedly have borne my exclusion; but I could not now support the disapointment; and were it to happen, I would instantly and for ever leave this Kingdom. A few days will now determine my fate and you may depend on the first intelligence of it.

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[2] Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, the judge who tried the case of Gilbert *v.* Burtenshaw. G. had advised JBH to write to him. See No. 261.

266. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 341/2. *P*, No. 215.

[1] Of the dissolution of Parliament on Sept. 30. The legal seven-year term was not over until the spring of '75 and the announcement came as a surprise to most people. (Walpole, *Letters*, ix, 61, and *Last Journals*, i, 375.)

[2] For the methods used to influence the free and independent voters of Grampound see L. B. Namier, *Structure of Politics* (1929), ii, 430–6. In '58, being dissatisfied with the generosity of the then patron of the borough, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, they had offered their votes to Eliot and Wm Trevanion but they still needed careful nursing. G's letter to Eliot of Oct. 1 is missing.

I am Dear Madam ever yours,
Bentinck Street. October the 4th 1774. E Gibbon

267. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* 7/10/74

I do not find that Harcourt[1] has advertised in *any* of the Papers, and begin to doubt whether he will stand. Yet I wish you would curb your impatience and adopt my slow and cautious plan. Your *visit to Goodwood*[2] I cannot thoroughly like nor do I think that a seat were it attainable *on those terms would be any* very distinguished honour.—As for us we are all in hurry with London Westminster &c. but I could not write particulars without copying sheets of lyes from the Papers.[3]—Clarke is pretty well at *present*. He does not go into Derbyshire, and expects like me but with much more Philosophy the news of his success.[4] Deyverdun is arrived to-day with his friend Lord M,[5] who I believe is *satisfied* with his travels. He is with me and I have nothing more to say. I gave Mylady a little sermon about her un-wellness, which I hope she will profit by and consent to seek for some advice.
October 7th 1774.

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267. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 343. *P*, No. 216. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 7 Oct. 74'. Underlining by JBH.

[1] Richard Harcourt, one of the Members for Sussex in the recently dissolved Parliament. See No. 259, n. 2. He did not stand for re-election.

[2] Cf. No. 259, n. 4.

[3] Wilkes and his followers were actively supporting candidates for the City of London, for Westminster and for Middlesex. (Cf. Walpole, *Letters*, ix, 61–74.)

[4] Godfrey Clarke was declared elected for Derbyshire on Oct. 27, '74.

[5] Midleton.

268. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* 10/10/74

Since you have broke loose, my cold counsels must be changed into warm wishes and as far as my nothingness can extend, into warm actions.[1] Yet my outset may appear careless and dilatory in not writing either to you or to the others on Saturday night. Your damned Coach kept the parcel all the evening and it was not delivered to me till yesterday morning, therefore it was impossible to write sooner than to day. It is very few borderers that Sir Hugh can collect, but I am sure he will do his utmost. I had a proper opportunity of writing to Lady Fetherston, which I thought was still better than to Lascelles.[2] I have wrote to L likewise. I am sorry that you have started but since you have done the deed, I wish you had done it sooner. *Sir Thomas*[3] *has now the advantage* of time and the shew of a nomination. I shall be impatient to hear of your success with the Grandees. The few Elections already over have been conducted (thanks to the Grenvillian Act) with a sobriety a chastity and a parsimony unexampled in this venal Country.[4] My devoirs to My Lady, and the Cantabs; assure the latter that I much regret my running away from them. After Wednesday I shall hourly expect some Cornish news. Adieu.
October the 10th 1774.

Surely M d'Harcourt[5] uses both the County and his friends very ill in not taking the least notice of either. Do not they grumble? I congratulate you on the prospect of dining with your old acquaintance at the Mansion house.[6]

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268. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 344. *P*, No. 217. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 10th Oct. 74. ansd. 12th Do'.

[1] A notice to the electors of Sussex in the newspapers on Oct. 20, '74, announced that Sir James Peachey and Mr Holroyd had declared themselves candidates for the county. The election was to begin at Chichester on Oct. 20.

[2] JBH hoped that Hugonin, who lived on the borders of Hants and Sussex, would collect supporters in the latter county for his election. G. wrote to Lady Fetherstonhaugh for the same reason.

[3] Sir Thos Spencer Wilson. Cf. No. 259, n. 2. He and Lord George Lennox won the Sussex election. The underlining is probably by JBH.

[4] This was the first general election since the passing, in '70, of Grenville's Act, which reformed the method of deciding disputed elections. (See Lecky, *England*, iii, 436–7.)

[5] Richard Harcourt. Cf. No. 267.

[6] John Wilkes was now Lord Mayor of London.

269. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.* 13/10/74

I received this day your two Epistles, the one per post the other per coach. Your first was perfectly clear, and convinced of what you repeat in the second that an honourable retreat is your only ressource. Yet even that is difficult. What can you say? that you decline for the peace of the County? You advertised against a declared Candidate. Personal respect for Sir J P? Do you owe him any compliment? Besides you cannot approve of him without betraying the honour of the East. It is much easier to advance than to retire because you never can give the *true* reason of a retreat. Suppose you only say, 'To the Gentlemen &c. The Encouragement I have received from my numerous friends deserves and claims my warmest acknowledgements, but the powerful interest already formed in the *Western part of the County* and in the neighbourhood of the place of Election induces me to spare them the trouble of so long and probably so useless a journey. I am &c. J. B Holroyd.'[1]

It is nonsense, but I see no better nonsense you have to write. I wish you had never begun it. Remember my old slow plan. It is now more likely to succeed than ever.—I am now in constant expectation of hearing from Cornwall. Adieu. Duane has thouroughly opposed my great tythes.

October 13th 1774. E G.

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269. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 345. *P*, No. 218. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 13 Oct. 74. ansd. 16 Do'.

[1] A contest in Sussex was unavoidable, whether JBH stood or not, since Sir James Peachey ('Sir J P') had declared himself a candidate, and the county meeting had adopted Lord George Lennox and Sir Thomas Wilson. The western part of the county was under the influence of the Duke of Richmond, who supported Lennox. Peachey lived near Chichester, in West Sussex. JBH lived in East Sussex. Hence the reference to 'the honour of the East'. G's draft letter seems to be intended for publication but it has not been traced in any of the London papers. JBH did not stand at the election.

270. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* 14/10/74

I am sure you have generosity enough to hear with pleasure the news which I have just received: that I am elected Member of Parliament for Liskeard.

October the 14th 1774. E G.

Franks do not take place till the 20th.

271. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 14/10/74

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Postmark.* 14.OC.

Dear Madam.

I fancy Mrs Eliot has already conveyed to you the pleasing intelligence which I received to-day, that I am elected Member for Liskeard.

I am ever Yours,

Bentinck Street. October 14th 1774. E G.

The right of franking does not commence till the 20th.

272. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 22/10/74

By this time I suppose your Election over and would bet two to one that Sir James has carried it; a lucky circumstance for you, he will fill the place, and some years hence when you have shaken off the *novus homo* you may assert the liberty of the East.[1]—You are

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270. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 346. *P*, No. 219.

271. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 347/8. *P*, No. 220.

272. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 349. *P*, No. 221. Endorsed by JBH, 'Ed. Gibbon 22 Oct. 74'.

[1] The Sussex election opened on Oct. 20 but was not over till Nov. 16. Lennox and Wilson were returned. Peachey polled 1,856 votes against Wilson's 1,969, but on the third day of the poll he was well ahead. (See the state of the poll in *St. James's Chronicle*, Nov. 12–15, '74.) For 'the East', cf. No. 269, n. 1.

now quiet and I want to hear about the Bath Scheme. Amusement, Piety, *Health*[2] all recommend it; and I think that with the opening of next Month you and Mylady should find yourselves in Bentinck Street, stay two or three days for consultations purchases &c and then set out for Bath, which will allow me a clear fortnight there before I am summoned to town. I want a speedy answer about your plan.

Duane's opinion has been sent, but with very little effect. Lovegrove is at Bristol, I believe dying—Matthews shuffles as usual. I have directed a very clear peremptory Epistle.—Hugonin was much disposed for you, and even Sir Harry,[3] if I may trust a letter from his Mama. Adieu. I do not like Mylady, and think that on her account you should come up directly.

Shall I order the Papers to be directed to me at S P.[4]

Boodle's. October the 22d 1774.

273. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 29/10/74

Dear Madam.

You know I am never fond of long letters, and the less so when I have the near prospect of seeing you very soon. About the middle of the week after next, that is about the 8th or 9th of November Mrs Porten and myself propose getting into my Chaise, and lying one night on the road to arrive the second day in New Charles Street. My aunt is well *at present* and in vast spirits on the occasion. As my time is now circumscribed I should have set out sooner, were I not detained by some circumstances relative to the Holroyds. They have left me this morning after a short stay of only two nights in town. You will not alarm the family at Bath; but *I really think her very far from well.*

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. October the 29th 1774. E Gibbon

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[2] Filial piety (JBH's father lived at Bath) and Abigail Holroyd's health.

[3] Sir Henry Fetherstonhaugh.

[4] The newspapers. As G. was now an M.P., newspapers which bore his signature or an address which he had notified to the General Post Office, were post free. (*Joyce*, 191.)

273. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 350. *P*, No. 222.

274. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.* 3/11/74

Though I have nothing to say I must write two lines to say, what you know already how truly I sympathise with you. I hope at last Mrs H will hear with patience of Bath, and of the cold Bath. I am sure the latter (for air, exercise, and gentle amusement) would be of infinite service to her. My time as you see is so strictly defined, that I cannot wait longer than Thursday next. Deyverdun goes with us, and Clarke who is advised to try the Waters will possibly follow us. Both desire to be named to you. My Compliments to the Lady Cambridges; and many thanks to my fair Guest in particular. Next Monday I visit Twickenham.[1] O rare Sir Thomas Wilson.[2] Adieu.

Bond Street. November 3d 1774. E G.

275. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 5/11/74

Dear Madam.

Next Wednesday Mrs P and myself start from Town and hope to enjoy the pleasure of drinking Tea in Charles Street on Thursday. Deyverdun who is returned to England with Lord Middleton means to be of the Party: that is to say he will get into the Machine[1] when we mount the Chaise and will keep Company with us in the Journey. We mean to live with you and upon you, but as Mrs P is large and your house is small, I should think that if you procured us two bedchambers and a dining Room in the neighbourhood of Charles Street *we should have more room to swing a Cat*. However I submit every arrangement to your wise Counsels and am Dear Madam ever Yours

Bentinck Street. Nov. 5th 1774. E G.

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274. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 351. *P*, No. 223. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 3 Nov. 74'.

[1] The Cambridges lived at Twickenham but G. seems here to mean someone else.

[2] Perhaps a reference to an appeal from Sir Thomas to his supporters to go immediately to Chichester to vote for him, as he was only six votes ahead, printed in *Pub. Ad.*, Nov. 4, '74. G. may have seen the notice elsewhere. Or should this letter be dated Nov. 5?

275. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 352. *P*, No. 224.

[1] The public coach.

276. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* 9/11/74

I am not a little uneasy in not hearing either Monday or Tuesday from S P. Is Mrs H worse either in health or spirits? Has she tryed the Cold bath or does She at least hear the sound of it with less reluctance? I am still of opinion that Bath in every respect would be the best place for her *to make some stay in*, and if my intreaties or authority could have any weight I would wish you to give them their full force. I am now (Mrs Porten and Deyverdun are with me) now above half way on my journey. As your father is infirm and Sister a female shall I secure you a Lodging &c?—By this time I suppose Sir Thomas is Knight of Sussex. Cedat fortunae Ratio.[1] Adieu.

Spinhamlands.[2] Nov. 9th 1774. E G.

My Compliments to the Ladies Cambridge. I have used their Parent like a Dog; but it was unavoidable.

277. To J. B. Holroyd *Sun.* 13/11/74

Bath. Nov. 13th 1774

I arrived at Bath Thursday[1] night, and saw the Pater and Sorella the next morning: the former in my opinion surprizingly well. They gave me very satisfactory information as to health and designs. If you really arrive the eighteenth we shall have one week together in this enchanted spot where the Goddess of Pleasure is supposed by the vulgar to hold her Court. You may possibly see Guise, but I fear Clarke will not be prevailed on to leave Town. I have most strongly pressed him, and I think you will call on him in your passage, wherein I suppose of course you will lodge in Bentinck Street. I conclude: my Coffee house materials are most vile,

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276. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 353. *P*, No. 225. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 9th Nov. 74'.

[1] Reason must give way to chance.

[2] Speenhamland, near Newbury, about half way on the road from London to Bath.

277. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 354. *P*, No. 226. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 14 Nov: 74'.

[1] Over 'Friday', deleted.

and I hope this will not find you at Sheffield. My fellow travellers (Aunt and Deyverdun) are well, and Mrs G has almost choaked us with kindness and good things. Adieu.

E G.

278. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 29/11/74

Dear Madam

Our journey was successful and agreable. Mrs P arrived in town perfectly well and I believe writes to you by this post. This morning I took my seat and found it in every respect an easy one. Poor Clarke is extremely ill and I fear there is very great if not immediate danger. His present physician is Dr Addington with whom I am very much pleased. As to Bath it would be impossible to transport him.

I am Dear Madam most truly yours

Boodle's. Nov. 29th 1774 E Gibbon

279. To J. B. Holroyd [*Tue.* 29/11/74]

All safe and well. I am just returned from the Cockpit. The K's speech vigorous with regard to America; our Address a loyal Echo.—I have talked with Barrè about Trimlet;[1] he is an intimate friend both of the Colonel and of Dunning and they think him equal to all his Bath Atchievments.—Lord Clive certainly cut the jugular vein with a pen knife—it is called a feaver frenzy.[2] To morrow we are sworn in, and the amiable virtues of Sir Fletcher[3] will most assuredly procure him a Unanimety. I hope Bath still agrees with Mylady.—I wish I could send you a favourable account of poor

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278. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 356. *P*, No. 228.

279. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 355. *P*, No. 227. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. Nov: 74'. The King opened Parliament on Nov. 29 and M.P.s were sworn in on Nov. 30.

[1] The list of arrivals in the *Bath Chronicle* for Nov. 23, '74, includes Mr Trimlet and Mr and Mrs Holroyd.

[2] Lord Clive died by his own hand on Nov. 22, '74.

[3] Sir Fletcher Norton, later 1st Baron Grantley, Speaker in the previous Parliament, and unanimously re-elected in this one.

Clarke but he is really very bad. His looks more shocking than ever, neither strength rest nor appetite. Dr Addington his Physician *hopes* his liver is not touched but thinks him in one of the worst habits of body he ever saw. His complaint bilious and obstructions of the bowels, dreads an inflammation. It is a melancholy subject. Adieu see Mrs G.

280. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* 2/12/74

I wish I could speak more favourably of poor Clarke, but I much fear that there [are] very little hopes, It is in vain to enquire whether his complaint is bilious, that is a very *soft* word; but his situation is as bad as you can conceive. Dr Addington (whose skill is I believe equal to his humanity) as well as his very sensible Apothecary, seems only undetermined between the fear of a *short* fit or a *long* palsy. His Constitution is broke up. He has been persuaded to think of a settlement which may save a noble Estate from the hands of an idiot Brother,[1] and Skipwith and myself are to be Trustees; a painful and ungrateful office, yet th[ere][2] is not a moment to be lost.

I send you enclosed a dismal letter from Hugonin. Return it without delay, with observations. A Manifesto has been sent to Lovegrove, which must I think produce immediate peace or war. Adieu. We shall have a warm day on the Address next Monday. A number of young Members! Witshed *a dry Man* assured me that he heard one of them ask whether the King always sat in that Chair, pointing to the Speaker's. I embrace Mylady. Deyverdun thanks and salutes.

Bentinck Street. Dec. 2d 1774. E.G.

Sackville Street complained yesterday of silence.[3]

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280. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 358. *MW* ('96), i, No. LVI, extract. *P*, No. 229. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 2d Dec: 74'.

[1] Gilbert Clarke.

[2] Paper torn.

[3] AH's brother, Benjamin Way, had a house in Sackville Street.

281. To J. B. Holroyd [*Between Wed. 7 and Mon.* 12/12/74]

Poor Clarke is too melancholy a subject to dwell much upon. Had I wrote last night I should have said that symptoms appeared rather more favourable, but I must now have contradicted myself. I fear there remains but little hope. If I have any real good news to send you, I will not lose a moment. Otherwise permit me to be silent on that unpleasant head.

Monday last was our first engagement. You have seen the address, Lord John Cavendish's amendment and the numbers, 264 to 73. Burke was a water mill of words and images, Barrè an Actor equal to Garrick, Wedderbourne artful and able, Lord G Germaine though An Anti American remained silent. Hartley Sir W Maine and some other new Members lost their maidenheads with very little credit. Once or twice I was a little lewd but am now well pleased that I resisted the praemature temptation. I divided with the Majority. Your Lewes friend Sir Thomas (to the general surprize) with the minority.[1]—As to private affairs, It is a strange pair of brutes[2] that I am engaged with. I send your Letters as instructions to Hugonin. As to Lovegrove we expect his *Ultimatum*. The Bishop of Landaff gives a very bad character of Matthews.[3]

Last Tuesday I dined at Lethieullier's with Maudit, Lascelles, and Sir Thomas Millar.[4] Next Tuesday they dine in Bentinck Street,

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281. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 357. *P*, No. 230 (dated Dec. '74). Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. Dec: 74. ansd.'. 'Monday last' was Dec. 5 (*Parl. Hist.*, xviii, 40 sq.), and therefore 'last Tuesday', Dec. 6, and 'next Tuesday', Dec. 13.

[1] The debate on the Address showed strong support for the Government's American policy. Cavendish's amendment called for all the papers relating to America to be laid before the House. Burke, Barré and David Hartley spoke in favour of the amendment, Wedderburn and Sir William Mayne against it. (*Parl. Hist.*, *loc. cit.* Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 412–3.) Sir Thomas was Sir Thomas Miller, M.P. for Lewes, an old acquaintance of G's. (*Jour. A*, 86.)

[2] Winton, tenant of Beriton, and Lovegrove, prospective purchaser of Lenb.

[3] Shute Barrington, Bishop of Llandaff and brother-in-law of G's friend, Wm Guise, resided at Mongewell, near Wallingford, in which town lived Matthews, Lovegrove's lawyer.

[4] Benjamin Lethieullier, M.P. for Andover, was brother to Lady Fetherstonhaugh. Israel Mauduit was agent in England for Massachusetts. Both were opposed to the Government's policy on America. (*Hutchinson*, i, 294.) Millar=Miller. G. uses the same spelling in *Jour. A*.

with the addition of Batt. From some circumstances it appears that my romantic attack on Lord A might have succeeded.[5] Adieu. Embrace My Lady. The treaty between moles and poplin is far advanced.[6]

282. To Francis Hugonin *Mon.* 12/12/74

Address. Francis Hugonin Esqr. Nursted. Petersfield. *Franked,* E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; [date stamp, illegible].

Dear Sir,

I have this moment received your last letter.[1] The pain you express, has affected me with the most lively sympathy, nor can I defer to another post (though I am confined with a cold and sore throat) the care of justifying myself from an imputation, which must deprive me of what I value much more than your assistance in business; your personal regard and good opinion.

Since the dissolution of the last Parliament I have received two letters from Mr Jolliffe, the first within a week after that great event requesting my vote and interest for Sir Abraham Hume and himself. I might very naturally have been surprized into a promise, as I was then totally ignorant that *any opposition* was intended, much less that you took any active part in it. But my usual indolence supplied the place of prudence, and I did not return any answer whatsoever to Mr J's letter.

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[5] Perhaps this means that G. had made an attempt to persuade Lord Abergavenny to support JBH's candidature for Sussex. He was brother-in-law to JBH's friend, Lord Pelham, and lived near East Grinstead. He seems to have intervened in the choice of candidates for Sussex in the general election of '80 (see *Robinson*, 70). Lord Ashburnham, the other 'Lord A' with an interest in the Sussex election, was known to be hostile to JBH. (See No. 259, n. 4.)

[6] This seems to refer to some new piece of finery, designed, perhaps, in consultation with AH. Cf. 'elegant Poplin . . . for a fur coat' (No. 642).

282. Hist. Soc. of Pennsylvania, from the Julius F. Dreer Collection. Printed from photostat.

[1] What follows relates to a recent election at Petersfield. This borough had long been under the control of the Jolliffe family and Wm Jolliffe and Sir Abraham Hume presented themselves for election in '74, expecting no opposition. At the last moment, however, Capt. John Luttrell declared himself a candidate in the Whig interest. He

While I was at Bath, I received a second letter from the same quarter, which I send you enclosed, as I would do my answer had I preserved any Copy. You will give Mr S[2] and his story such Epithets as they may deserve, after I have assured you, that so far from promising my vote and interest, my letter related solely to the present petition and not to any future Election which may possibly be the consequence of it. I told Mr J that I had not seen the Petition, and were it brought me, should decline presenting it, begging at the same time that he would not send me any praevious account of the merits, as I might *possibly*, though not *probably* be called upon to determine them in a judicial capacity.[3]

At present therefore my Dear Sir, I am absolutely free, and could wish to remain neuter in a Contest of so disagreable a nature. With regard to futurity every thing appears to me dark and uncertain, the success of the petition, the *strength* of the opposite parties, the degree of my own trifling interest, and even the names of the Candidates. I cannot be very strongly inclined towards Captain L; he is quite a stranger to me; his antagonist is at least an acquaintance, with whom I live on terms of civility. If you stand yourself and my weight could turn the scales, you have acquired every right to command me: But you would not wish me to make an Enemy, without having it in my power essentially to serve a friend.

Compose your mind my Dear Sir, and if my friendship and

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was strongly supported by many of the local gentry, including, apparently, Hugonin, who seems to have thought that G. was bound to take the same side. Luttrell made little headway at the poll and at length withdrew, threatening to petition against the election of Jolliffe and Hume, on the ground that it was achieved by bribing the electors with money, meat, drink and entertainment. On Oct. 30, after his withdrawal, there was an enthusiastic demonstration in his favour at a ball which he gave at Petersfield, to which he was escorted by a procession of his supporters, and on the following day he presented a large Turtle and genteel entertainment to the free and independent electors of the borough. His petition was rejected on Nov. 16, '75, on the ground that the evidence of bribery was insufficient, and Jolliffe and Hume were declared elected. (Letters and notices in *Pub. Ad.*, Oct. 13, 14, 15, 25 and Nov. 1, '74. *A Petersfield Freeholder*, 1774. *Oldfield*, iii, 534 sq. S. Douglas, *History of Cases of Controverted Elections* (1775–8), iii, 1 sq.)

[2] Probably James Showell, Mayor of Petersfield, and returning officer at the election.

[3] As a Member of the House of Commons, G. might at any time be appointed to one of the select committees of the House, which, under Grenville's Act, were set up to decide disputed elections. Cf. No. 292.

gratitude are necessary to your happiness, be assured they are all your own.

Bentinck Street. December 12th 1774. E. Gibbon

Be so kind as to return the enclosed.

283. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 17/12/74

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Franked*, E Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 17.DE.

Dear Madam

With regard to my silence poor Clarke is too good and too melancholy an excuse. I know not what to say about him; he is reduced to nothing and his disorder is attended with every bad symptom. Yet his Physicians Addington and Thomas are on the whole less desponding than they were some days ago.

Surely no affair was ever put into better hands than mine has been. Your skill and friendship, I am not surprized at, but Mrs Portman[1] is a most excellent procuress, and The Lady Mother has given as proper an answer as could be expected. There is only one part of it which distresses me, *Religion*. It operates doubly, as a present obstacle and a future inconvenience. Your evasion was very able, but will not prudence as well as honour require us being more explicit in the *suite*. Ought I to give them room to think I should patiently conform to family prayers and Bishop Hooper's sermons.[2] I would not marry an Empress on those conditions. I abhor a Devotee, though a friend both to decency and toleration. However my interests are under your care and If you think that no more need be said on the *awkward* subject, I shall acquiesce.

After all, what occasion is there to enquire into my profession of faith. It is surely much more to the purpose for them to ask how

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283. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 359/60. *P*, No. 231.

[1] Anne, widow of Henry Wm Portman of Bryanston, Dorset. She and her son are frequently mentioned in *Jour. A* (see especially pp. 77–8) and DG stayed at Bryanston in '62. Her son married in '65 and she then retired to Bath. Her portrait by Gainsborough is in the Tate Gallery.

[2] Rt. Rev. George Hooper, Bishop of Bath and Wells, d. '27; his collected works were published in '57.

I have already acted in life, whether as a good son, a good friend, whether I game, drink,* &c. You once mentioned Miss F.[3] I give you my honor, that I have not either with her or with any other Woman, any connection that could alarm a Wife. With regard to fortune, Mrs P speaks in a very liberal manner; but above all things, I think it should not be *magnified*. If it should be necessary to hint at incumbrances, your delicacy I am sure could place them in such a light as might raise the character of the living without injuring the memory of the dead. You see how serious I am in this business. If the general idea should not startle Miss, the next consultation would be, how, and where the Lover may throw himself at her feet, conte[mplate][4] her charms, and *study her character*. After that we may proceed to other more minute enquiries and arrangements.

Mrs Porten knows she was *blind*.—Her brother is married.[5] —How go on your Civil Wars?[6] Next week Foote and Coleman will be with you. Adieu Dear Madam, most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. Dec. 17th 1774 Benedict Gibbon

Excuse me to Holroyd for a post or two.

* You know I never practised one, and in spite of my old *Dorsetshire* character,[7] I have left off the other.

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[3] Elizabeth Fuller? Cf. No. 232.

[4] Paper torn.

[5] Cf. No. 255.

[6] Referring to the rivalry between the Upper and Lower Assembly Rooms. Cf. Sheridan, *The Rivals* (written in the autumn of '74), 'at present we are, like other great assemblies, divided into two parties—High-roomians and Low-roomians'. (Act I, sc. i. See Sheridan, *Plays & Poems*, ed. R. C. Rhodes (1928), i, 31.) See *Bath Chronicle*, Nov. 17, '74, and subsequent issues; also *The Rival Ball-rooms; or a Collection of all the Pieces written in favour of the Upper and Lower Rooms at Bath during the present Disputes*, Bath, 1775.

[7] When he was stationed at Blandford in '60. (*Jour. A*, 12, 21.) G. attributed his gout to excessive drinking at that time. (*M*, 189.)

284. TO J. B. HOLROYD *Tue.* 20/12/74

Hear, but be silent, especially to Mrs G.— The *Gout has* attacked my left foot and that imperious Mistress if I presumed without her permission to dispose of myself.[1] However, she seems inclined to pardon and to leave me. In that case, poor Clarke is my next difficulty; without a hope of recovery he may linger longer, than some days ago I thought was possible. Should I find myself at liberty, I have *engaged* myself to visit the Widow[2], the first week in January; ten days from that date will lead me to the meeting of Parliament, an awful meeting indeed! You will *receive with this*[3] *the resolutions of the American* Congress.[4] I shall certainly be in town (if your impatience soon drives you from Bath) *to house you and Mylady in your passage.* Deyverdun is not averse to go to S P, when I go to Up-park.

Bentinck Street. December 20th 1774. E G.

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284. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 361. *P*, No. 232. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 20 Dec. 74'. Underlining by JBH.

[1] Sentence incomplete in MS.

[2] Lady Fetherstonhaugh.

[3] 'Receive with this' over 'soon see', deleted.

[4] The first Continental Congress, representing eleven American colonies, met at Philadelphia in Sept. '74. They resolved to suspend all trade with Great Britain, to demand the repeal of all recent Acts concerning America and to invite the people of Canada to join them. Definite information about the proceedings of the Congress did not reach London till Dec. 15. (*Ann. Reg. for 1775*, 23 sq. Lecky, *England*, iv, 180 sq. Walpole, *Letters*, ix, 106.)

285. To J. B. Holroyd [*Sat.* 24/12/74]

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqre. Bath. *Franked*, E Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 24.DE.

I do not upon the whole like your Sackville Street plan.[1] At least I should not like it were it not for an unlucky guest I have got in the house. I do not mean my Gout; for that is on the Wing, but a bad kind of small pox which has attacked one of my Virgins in the Garret.—I am deep in America with Maudit, passed four hours with [him] yesterday, and I shall dine and spend the day tète a tete with him next Monday: he squeaks out a great deal of sense and knowledge, though after all I mean to think perhaps to speak for myself. I likewise (at his house) conversed with Governor Hutchinson, with whom I mean to get acquainted.[2]—Trimlet I will try to see in May; but his book is not worth the 18 pence he gave for it. I mean barring the good Spanish. That Spanish is in truth the original, composed by one Miguel de Luna in the sixteenth Century, as a pretended translation from an imaginary Arabic Manuscript of General Tarikh. The History is a Romance mixed up with gross improbabilities and anachronisms.[3] Adieu. Young Cooke of Turin dined with me to day. I thought it a civility to Denham, though I believe only half the house will thank me for it.[4] He is a *very*

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285. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 364/5. *P*, No. 233. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. Dec: 74'.

[1] Cf. No. 280, n. 3.

[2] Thomas Hutchinson, late Governor of Massachusetts, had recently returned to England from America. He was anxious to support the colonies according to his lights, but he was distrusted by the people of Massachusetts, who had petitioned for his recall in '73. In his diary, under date Dec. 23, '74, he wrote, 'I walked into the city to Mr Maudit's. Mr Gibbon, a Member of Parliament came in, to be informed of what passed between Mr Grenville and the Colony Agents, when the Stamp Act was passed; for Charles Fox, he said, had charged Mr Grenville with smuggling that Act through the House.' (*Hutchinson*, i, 331.)

[3] The book was *La verdadera Hystoria del rey Don Rodrigo: compuesta por Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique. Nuevamente traduzida de la lengua Arabiga por M. de L.*, Granada, 1592–1600. There were a number of editions of it.

[4] Considering the reference to Denham, the home of the Ways, 'young Cooke' must have been one of the brothers of Mrs Benjamin Way (daughter of Wm Cooke, Provost of King's Coll., Cambridge); perhaps he was Edward Cooke (1755–1820), who subsequently distinguished himself in Irish politics and was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1812–17.

fine Gentleman. Adieu. I salute Mylady. Do you Salute Madame ma mere Sunday morning, tell her that I am sorry for her Rheumatism, have taken care of the Lees, and will epistolize her Monday or Tuesday. A propos I thought of the Arabic Ms but had almost forgot to tell you that Gilbert of Lewes was with me this morning. He has discovered the owner of the Tythes an Attorney Mr Charles Down of Hythe where he is at present, but who lives in town.

I fear to put the Saint[5] to any expence, and remembered what you said of negotiating in person. Therefore agreed that when Gilbert comes to London next month, we would see Down together; in the interim silence: But if you think not a moment should be lost, I can by a line dispatch Gilbert to Hythe. Again. Adieu.

286. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 28/12/74

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon.
Postmarks. FREE; 28.DE.

Dear Madam

My poor friend died last Monday and has left me, together with Mr Skipwith his Executors and Trustees, a very painful and perhaps thankless Office.[1] You will easily suppose that the shock however expected, and the hurry of melancholy business, have swallowed up the remembrance of any lesser disapointment, and indeed engross all my thoughts. The Holroyds dine with me to-morrow.—You will be so kind as to excuse the Christmas draught for a week or ten days at farthest.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. December 28th 1774. E G.

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[5] Hester Gibbon. Charles Gilbert was the agent in charge of her Sussex estate. See No. 260.

286. *Add.MSS* 34883, ff. 362/3. *P*, No. 234. A few words added in DG's hand must be a draft of part of her reply: 'where sympathy of mind has drawn a close tye nor will you any longer wonder that the world has little charms for one who has lived to have every tye of that sort torn asunder by the hand of death'.

[1] After 'duty', deleted.

287. To J. B. Holroyd *Thurs.* [5/1/75]

B.S. Thursday Evening

Winton has *submitted*
His whole rent is remitted

But what is become of you and My Lady? are you both swallowed up in the Sussex roads? Deyverdun desires to be remembered. A Letter of business from his Lord M, which he daily expects still detains him in town. Give him a line *about your motions and till when* you may be ready to receive him. I say to him rather than to me, because I lie Saturday night at Twickenham, and dine on Sunday with the Widow.[1] The 17th (Tuesday sennight) I shall be in Bentinck Street again, as our Parliamentary Campaign opens on Thursday. Adieu I write with several people in the Room and am called away to a Chess party.[2] Will *Maria excuse* my silence? but she should early be taught that Men retreat, when young Ladies advance.

I have had two very long days with Skipwith on poor Clarke's affairs; they are indeed in a very distressed condition, and reckoning the brother and sister's fortunes, £100000 will hardly clear them, but the means are large, my Colleague indefatigable, and it is the only office of friendship now left in my power. I could only wish that our authority was less circumscribed.

On reading Sir Hugh's letter which I had not yet done, I find that after Winton's brother arrived they went to Petersfield consulted with another Lawyer and when they had *shamefully and scandalously* abused Andrews, paid the money, and gave up every thing, Straw demand &c. They think no more of law, but will pay their rent quarterly into my own hands only. Cannot I refuse it (it will be disagreable) and oblige them to pay it on the *spot to any person* I shall empower?

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287. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 300. *P*, No. 235. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. Jan: 5th 74. ansd 8th Do', but references in the letter, including the one to Clarke, show that the year was '75. Underlinings, except perhaps the last but one, by JBH.

[1] Lady Fetherstonhaugh. Cf. No. 288.

[2] G. was a member of the Chess Club, in St. James's Street, founded in '74, of which Wedderburn and Charles Fox were both members. (*Low*, 235.)

288. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 7/1/75

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Franked,* E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* WR; FREE; 7.IA.

Dear Madam.

After the loss of my poor friend I begin to be a little relieved from the load of business and anxiety which his confidence has devolved upon me in conjunction with Mr Skipwith: and with his assistance the affairs of poor Clarke will soon be brought into a regular method, which in time may enable us to discharge our trust, and to deliver a very noble Estate from a very heavy incumberance of debt. I now propose to spend the ten days that remain before the meeting of Parliament at Up-park. The change of Air will not I fancy do me any harm either in mind or body. I mention the latter, as I find Sir Stanier betrayed me. The Gout has now asserted his rights in an unquestionable manner but on this occasion he has exercised them in a very gentle manner, and I can say with truth that I find myself rather benefited than injured by his transient visit. I hope you may be able to send me as good an account of the Rheumatism.

The Willow Garland you sent me has not much disconcerted[1] my Philosophy, and indeed the Sanctity of the Lady had a little prepared me for, and reconciled me to the disappointment. I am only sorry that the ill-success of a negociation conducted with so much ability and of so promising an appearance should have given you a disgust for the honourable profession of Ambassadress. On the contrary I should hope that, in the well furnished Market we might, either now or hereafter, find the opportunity of retrieving our first miscarriage.—Sir Stanier and Lady Porten exhibit a very pretty picture of conjugal fondness and felicity and yet they have been married very near three Weeks.

I have now dear Madam sent you the Christmas Draught, and

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288. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 1/2. *P*, No. 236.

[1] After 'discontent', deleted.

hope the short delay has not been attended with the least inconveniency to you. It was occasioned by the obstinacy of Winton who obliged me to distress for rent. Hugonin obeyed very spirited orders with skill and alacrity, and the well timed chastisement has rendered the Brute perfectly tame and submissive. His character indeed is of much less consequence to me than his substance, which is of a very responsible Nature. Excuse me for dwelling a moment on so trifling [and disa][2]greable a subject.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours
January the 7th 1775. Bentinck Street. E Gibbon

I set out about twelve o'Clock, take a dinner and bed with the Cambridges, and dine to-morrow at Up-park.

289. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [18/1/75]

I received at Up park your *long expected rescript*. Yesterday I returned to town. Our party was numerous. Lady F proposed to have her brothers, Sir Thomas and Lady Miller &c. But so uncertain are human affairs, that accidents disapointed her. In their room we had the fox hunting friends of Sir Harry.[1] Lord Egremont who is civil and sensible;[2] General Pitt with his Wife a determined Sportsman (I mean Sportswoman)[3] who hunted all the morning and slept all the evening. On my return I slept with Hugonin. He was lamentable as you may suppose about Winton repairs &c. Yet I am satisfied. Winton is cowed, and my Repairs which were represented as a most dreadful account leave Hug in debt to me. They are all furious against Jolliffe, and Lutterel endeavours to prove that the Lord of Buriton is the real Lord of the Manor of Petersfield.[4] I think I am obliged to him. Will you have some matches, they may entertain Mylady whom I salute.

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[2] Paper torn.

289. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 3. *P*, No. 237. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 18 Jan. 75. ansd. 21 Do'.

[1] Harry Fetherstonhaugh. G. said of Lady F's brothers that one had good-nature without the appearances of it and the other the appearances without the reality. (*Jour. A*, 184.)

[2] George O'Brien Wyndham, 3rd Earl Egremont, patron of hunting and racing, friend to Haydon, Constable and Turner.

[3] Wm Augustus Pitt and Mary, daughter of 2nd Viscount Howe. Walpole, writing of her mother, commented that the Howes were 'so manly a family'. (*Letters*, iv, 191.)

Lord Beauchamp.——Lady F Wyndham.

Mr T Conway———Lady Holland (when brought to bed).[5]

I did hear two more, but I fear confusion and mistake. When do you come to town? Hugonin intends to meet you.

Wednesday Evening. Such a fog as I never saw in London.

290. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 31/1/75

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 31.IA.

Dear Madam.

An idle Man has no time and a busy Man very little. As yet the House of Commons turns out very well to me, and though it should never prove of any real benefit to me, I find it at least a very agreable Coffee house. We are plunging every day deeper into the great business of America, and I have hitherto been a zealous though silent friend to the Cause of Government which *in this instance*, I think the Cause of England. I passed about ten days as I designed at Up park, but was a little disappointed in my party. Instead of the Brothers I found Lord Egremont and fourscore fox hounds. Sir Harry is very civil and good humoured. But from the unavoidable temper of Youth I fear he will cost many a tear to Lady F. She consults every body but has neither authority nor plan. In my return I called on the Bayleys and lay at Nursted. The Troubles of Buriton are perfectly composed, and the Insurgents reduced to a state though not a temper of submission. You may suppose I

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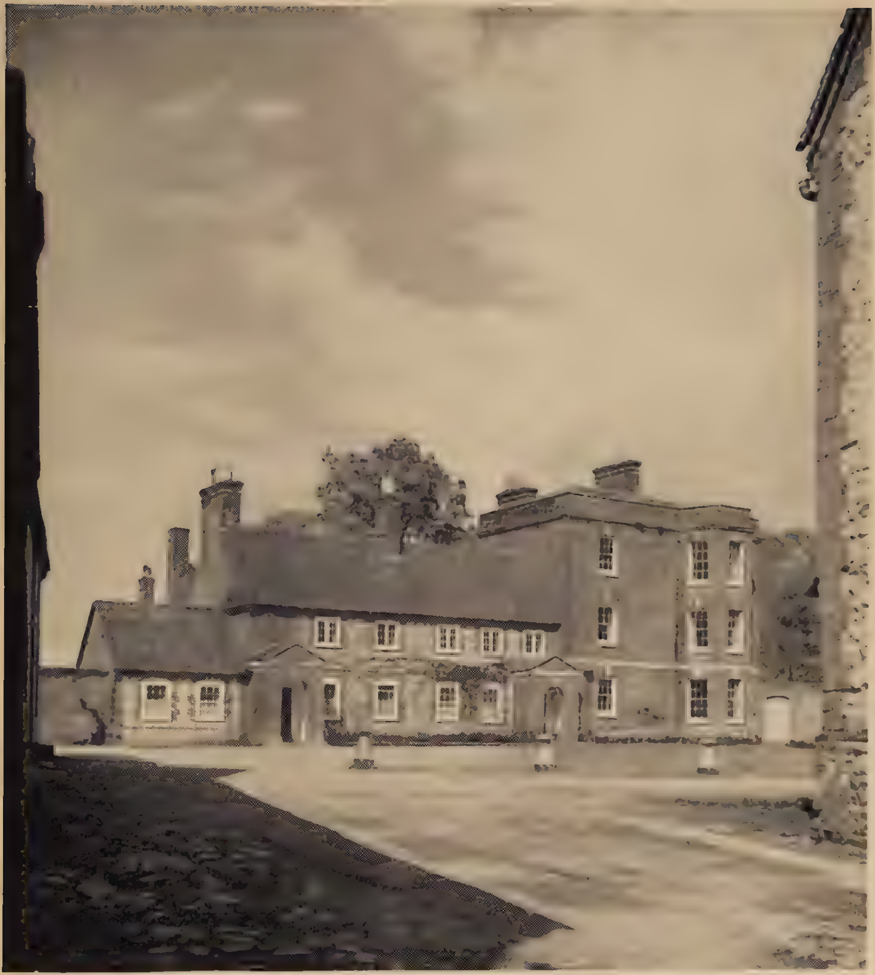
[4] Cf. No. 282. G's father owned part of the borough of Petersfield, for which he was elected to Parliament in '34. In '39 he sold his share to Wm Jolliffe's grandfather, who thus became sole owner of the manor and borough of Petersfield. (*M*, 18. *Hill*, 276.)

[5] Francis Seymour Conway, Viscount Beauchamp, later 17th Earl Hertford, lost his first wife in '72. He married again, in '76, Isabella Anne, daughter of 9th Viscount Irvine. Mr Henry Conway was in love with Mary, widow of Stephen Fox, 2nd Lord Holland, but she never married a second time. (*Corr. of Emily, Dss of Leinster*, ed. B. Fitzgerald, II (1955) 204.)

290. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 6/7. *MW* ('96), i, No. LVIII. *P*, No. 239.

PLATE II



Buriton Manor House

heard a great deal of Petersfield. Lutterel means to convict your friend[1] of Bribery, to transport him for using a second time old stamps, and to prove that Petersfield still is a part of the Manor of Buriton. I remain an impartial Spectator.

I like the Epigram much. Don't you apprehend that the Eliots [are] at Bath? Their Cornish friends talk of it. If I should run down at Easter. Would you secure me a Wife? It is surely a good Market. Adieu Dear Madam. I am ever Yours

London. January 31st 1775. E.G.

291. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* 31/1/75

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqre. Sheffield place. East Grinstead. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 31.IA.

Sometimes people do not write because they are too idle, and sometimes because they are too busy. The former was usually my case, but at present it is the latter. The fate of Europe and America seems fully sufficient to take up the time of one Man and especially of a Man who gives up a great deal of time for the purpose of public and private information. I think I have sucked Mauduit and Hutcheson[1] very dry, and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable Speaker. At all events I fancy I shall try to expose myself.

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[1] Wm Jolliffe.

291. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 4/5. *MW* ('96), i, No. LVII. *P*, No. 238. Endorsed by JBH, 'Ed. Gibbon. 31st Jan. 75. ansd'.

[1] Governor Hutchinson (see No. 285, n. 2). His diary shows that G. called on him on Jan. 20 and that on Jan. 24, he dined with Mauduit, in company with Mr Montagu (probably Frederick M., M.P. for Higham Ferrers), Sir Henry Hoghton (M.P. for Preston) and G. The two latter, he says, were 'both for supporting the authority of Parliament but ready to any reasonable concession'. On Jan. 29, he, Mauduit and Lethieullier dined at Bentinck Street, and he and G. called on each other several times during February. (*Hutchinson*, i, 358, 362, 370, and other entries for Feb.) On Feb. 18, G. lamented to him 'the want of a more general plan; says that in all great affairs since Lord North's administration this has been the case. Members who are independent and not obliged to follow the minister, are at a loss what part to take, for want of a more thorough knowledge of what is to be the next measure, &c.' (*Ibid.*, 379.)

Semper ego auditor tantum, numquamne reponam?[2]

For my own part, I am more and more convinced that we have both the right and the power on our side, and that though the effort may be accompanied with some melancholy circumstances we are now arrived at the decisive moment of preserving or of losing for ever both our Trade and Empire. We expect next Thursday or Friday to be a very great day. Hitherto we have been chiefly employed in reading papers and rejecting petitions. Petitions were brought from London Bristol, Norwich &c &c, framed by party and designed to delay.[3] By the aid of some parliamentary quirks they have been all referred to a separate inactive committee, which Burke calls a Committee of Oblivion, and are now considered as dead in law. I could write you fifty little House of Commons stories, but from their number and nature they suit better a conference than a letter. Our general divisions are about 250 to 80 or 90.—Gilbert was with me this morning. He has been with the Tythe Owner, whom Martin *knows very well*. The former seems inclined to sell but by auction. I wish you would send for Gilbert and settle something with him. I must soon write to Mrs G. What must I say? When do you fix the rent of Newhaven. Remember Lady day approaches: and we must say something definitive to Martin.[4] Caplin knows not any proper servant, but will be so kind as to enquire, for his friend Mr H. What wages &c do you give. Adieu. I embrace Mylady.

Boodle's. Jan. 31th 1775. E G.

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[2] Juv., *Sat*. I, 1. [Am I to be always a listener, shall I never reply?]

[3] The petitions were from merchants, concerned in trade with America, against Lord North's policy, which had led the colonies to boycott trade with Great Britain. It was Hutchinson's opinion that they petitioned from a desire to embarrass the Government, rather than from sympathy with the colonies. (*Hutchinson*, i, 402.)

[4] Wm Martin, Hester G's tenant in Sussex. See No. 260.

292. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [8/2/75]

I am not damned according to your charitable wishes, because I have not acted; there was such an inundation of speakers, young Speakers in every sense of the word both on Thursday in the Grand Committee, and Monday on the report to the house that neither Lord George Germaine nor myself could find room for a single word. The principal Men both days *were Fox* and Wedderburne, on the opposite sides, the latter displayed his usual talents. The former taking the vast compass of the quaestion before us discovered powers for regular debate which neither his friends hoped nor his Enemies dreaded. We voted an address (304 to 105) of lives and fortunes[1] declaring the Massachusets Bay in a State of Rebellion. More troops but I fear not enough go to America to make an Army of 10000 Men at Boston, three Generals Howe, Bourgoyne and Clinton. In a few days we stop the ports of New England. I cannot write Volumes, but I am more and more convinced that with firmness all may go well: yet I sometimes doubt Lord N. I am now writing with Ladies (Sir S Porten and his Bride) and two Card tables in the Library. As to my silence, judge of my situation by last Monday. I am on the Grenvillian Committee of Downton.[2] We always sit from ten to three and a half after which that day I went into the House and sat till three in the Morning. I will shew your letter to Caplin as well for Porter as footman. I do not understand your new schemes. *What will remain for Dining Parlour. Your drawing-room will never do*? Write soon about Gilbert.
Wednesday Evening. E.G.

I will write soon again.

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292. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 8. *MW* ('96), i, No. LIX. *P*, No. 240. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 8th Feb: 75. ansd. 14th Do'. Underlining probably by JBH.

[1] Lord North's motion on the Address, moved on Thurs., Feb. 2, referred to the need for asserting the authority of Parliament in the American colonies, 'for the protection of the lives and fortunes of all his Majesty's subjects'. (*Parl. Hist.*, xviii, 224.)

[2] Sir Philip Hales and John Cooper petitioned against the election of Thomas Duncombe and Thomas Dummer for Downton, Wilts. The petition was referred, under Grenville's Act, to a Select Committee of the H. of C. The committee sat from Feb. 4–14 and decided in favour of the petitioners. (S. Douglas, *History of Cases of Controverted Elections* (1775–8), i, 206 sq.)

293. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.*[15/2/75]

A letter to day from Mrs G, she has heard of the Tythesman being found, wishes to buy by private Contract, fears the price, distrusts Gil, and wishes to hear from you through me.[1] I shall use your hints to-morrow. I have found you a Servant George Barton a Native of Cheshire, Sir Harbord[2] whom he last lived with gives him (to me) a very good character. He is a middle aged, sober, well looking Man, loves the Country, takes care of horses, and likes your terms so well that if you chuse it by return of post, he will attend you. The post this instant rings, d'Eyverdun exists. Next week I think the fishery Bill.[3] There is some reason to think, (Barrè told me just now) that the New York Assembly has dissented from the Congress.[4] Adieu.
Wednesday Eve.

294. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.*[25/2/75]

Postmark. 25.FE.

Enclosed I send you Aunt's power of Attorney. It is not legal, owing I suppose to her ignorance of forms, but *still it expresses her sentiments* and will I think relative to her, authorize you to take

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293. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 9. *P*, No. 241. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 15 Feb. 75, ansd. 17 Do'.

[1] Hester G. distrusted Charles Gilbert. See No. 260, n. 1.

[2] Sir Harbord Harbord, 2nd baronet, later 1st Baron Suffield.

[3] The bill for restraining the New England trade and fisheries was introduced on Feb. 10; the second reading was debated on Feb. 24 and it passed its third reading on March 8.

[4] The province of New York had shown some signs that it was not in full sympathy with the other American colonies and at one time the Assembly declined to take part in the Provincial Congress, arranged for May, '75. Any hopes raised in England by these differences were ended when the Assembly later decided by a large majority to send delegates. (*Hutchinson*, i, 423. Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 440, 459.)

294. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 10/11. *MW* ('96), i, No. LX. *P*, No. 242. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 25 Feb: 75. ansd. 29 Do'. Underlining by JBH. Most of the second leaf is torn away but no writing seems to have been destroyed except the address.

any measures that may be expedient for the general good, and they must be taken without delay. I think if we *could get a tolerable lease* of the Tythes for a good term of years, it would be a stop gap in our favour till at better leisure we could purchase them.[1]—We go on with regard to America if we can be said to go on, for on last Monday a conciliatory Motion of allowing the Colonies to tax themselves was introduced by Lord North in the midst of lives and fortunes, War and famine. We went into the House in Confusion every moment expecting that the Bedfords would fly into Rebellion against those measures. Lord North rose six times to appease the storm; all in vain, till at length Sir Gilbert declared for Administration, and the Troops all rallied under their proper standards.[2]—On Wednesday we had the Middlesex Election, I was a Patriot, sat by the Lord Mayor who spoke well, and with temper but before the end of the debate, fell fast asleep.[3]—I am still a Mute, it is more tremendous than I imagined; the great speakers fill me with despair, the bad ones with terror.—When do you move? My Lady answered like a woman of sense, spirit and good nature. 'Neither she nor I could bear it'. She was right, and the Dutchess of Braganza would have made the same answer.[4] How do you like your footman? Sir H only parted with him because the Man wanted to set up his trade in his own Country.[5] Adieu.

Saturday Evening.

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[1] See No. 260.

[2] North's proposal, coming after speeches in which war, famine and loss of lives and fortunes had been the constant theme, surprised both his supporters and his opponents. Great confusion followed, until Sir Gilbert Elliot, leader of the extreme Tory party, indicated that the Tories were expected to support Lord North. (*Parl. Hist.*, xviii, 319 sq. Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 436–7.)

[3] The Lord Mayor was Wilkes, who moved to expunge the resolution expelling him from the House, passed in '69, after his election for Middlesex. By calling himself a Patriot, G. indicates that he voted against the Government (see No. 439, n. 2), as did others who usually supported Lord North. (Walpole, *op. cit.*, i, 437–8. *Parl. Hist.*, xviii, 377–8.)

[4] AH is compared to the heroine of Robert Jephson's tragedy, *Braganza*, then playing at Drury Lane. The Duchess urged her husband to follow where his honour and just rights led him, were he to perish in the enterprise. G. is no doubt referring to JBH's plan to visit Ireland, where he went in the following May (cf. No. 302). The 'White Boy' raids there were, at this time, causing some alarm. (Lecky, *Ireland*, ii, 20 sq.) Jephson had been at the same school in Dublin as JBH. (J. Prior, *Life of Edmund Malone* (1860), 5.)

[5] I.e. county. See No. 129, n. 6.

295. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.*[28/2/75]

The Bell rings.[1]—I like the intended Journey of Sunday. For sundry reasons think you had better auspicate[2] by Twickenham, and reserve Bentinck Street, for the bonne bouche *week*. Still dumb: but see hear, laugh sometimes, am oftener serious but upon the whole very well amused. Adieu.
Tuesday Evening.

296. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 7/3/[75]

Address. Mrs Gibbon Charles Street Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks*. FREE; 7.MR.

E G is alive, well, but much ashamed of himself. In two or three posts, he intends to write somewhat more at large. The Hs will come to him next Sunday.
March 7th.

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295. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 12. *P*, No. 243. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 28 Feb: 75'.

[1] The bell rung by the letter-carriers, collecting letters for the post. Cf. Vol. I, p. xx.

[2] 'To enter upon an undertaking in a way which may be attended with good or bad consequences.' (*OED*.) G. evidently means 'you had better start your expedition favourably, by visiting the Cambridges at Twickenham'.

296. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 144/5. *P*, No. 340 (dated 1778). DG endorsed this 'E.G. 1774 or 5'. The references to 'two or three posts' (cf. No. 297) and to the Holroyds' impending visit to London (cf. No. 295) suggest '75 as the right year.

297. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 30/3/75

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 30.MR.

Dear Madam.

I hardly know how to take up the pen. I talked in my last pen of two or three posts, and I am almost ashamed to calculate how many have elapsed. I will endeavour for the future to be less scandalous. Only believe that my heart is innocent of the lazyness of my hand. I do not mean to have recourse to the stale and absurd excuse of business; though I have really had a very considerable hurry of new Parliamentary business: one day for instance of seventeen hours, from ten in the morning till between three and four the next morning. It is upon the whole an agreable improvement in my life and forms just the mixture of business of study and of society which I always imagined I should, and now find I do like. Whether the House of Commons may ever prove of benefit to myself or Country is another quaestion. As yet I have been mute. In the course of our American affairs, I have sometimes had a wish to speak, but though I felt tolerably prepared as to the matter, I dreaded exposing myself in the manner and remained in my seat safe but inglorious. Upon the whole (though I still believe I shall try) I doubt whether Nature, not that in some instances I am ungrateful, has given me the talents of an Orator, and I feel that I come into Parliament much too late to exert them.

The Hs have passed a fortnight with me and went away yesterday. I regret them much. We often thought and talked of you, and the more so as we stumbled on your friend Mrs Ashby.[1] She is an agreable Woman, though we cannot think her either handsome, or proper for your daughter in law. Do you hear of Port Eliot coming to Bath, and above all do you hear of Charles Street coming to

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297. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 13/14. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXI. *P*, No. 244.

[1] Charlotte, daughter of Robert Jones of Fonmon, Glamorgan, widow of Thomas Ashby. She was three times married.

Bentinck Street in its way to Essex[2] &c. Adieu Dear Madam I am most truly Yours
March the 30th 1775 E Gibbon

298. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.*[8/4/75]

Saturday Night. Atwood's as usual

A Letter from Aunt.[1] *She supposes* me too much taken up with Public business to write. And yet alas throughout that public business I have remained silent and notwithstanding all my efforts chained down to my place by some invisible unknown invisible power. Now America and almost Parliament are at an end. I have *resumed my History with vigour* and adjourned Politicks to next Winter. Deyverdun will render account of his own Commissions. Lord Stamford and Booth Gray *hunt Brown*[2] *for* your service. He is difficult to catch. I embrace Mylady and Maria. *She* (I mean Mylady) is good and grateful. Adieu. Lovegrove still shuffles: I know not what to do.

299. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 11/4/75

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 11.AP.

Dear Madam.

I am sorry to hear of your Rheumatism, but the return of spring is much in your favour, I wish you would follow Mrs Porten's method who is never out of order above four and twenty hours at a time, and is still take her upon the whole one of the youngest

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[2] DG's friends, the Masseys, lived in Essex.

298. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 18. *P*, No. 245. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 8th April. ansd. 14 Do'. Underlinings by JBH.

[1] Hester G.

[2] 'Capability' Brown, the landscape gardener. See No. 239, n. 2.

299. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 15/16. *P*, No. 246.

Women I know about town. I am glad to find that Mr Eliot is coming to Bath; he will be in town I suppose some days after the end of the Sessions. His friends continually ask me about him, and when his name is drawn upon a Ballot it is a standing Joke in the House of Commons. It will certainly not be in my power to attend him and to visit you as I could have wished, during the very short period of our Holydays.[1] I never yet found myself more taken up with business: one part of it, though indeed the most trifling you will not I believe be displeased at, *a presentation at Court next Week.* I likewise have an engagement to meet Lord North at dinner, which will probably be followed by another at his own House (but this between ourselves). Besides all this the melancholy duty which I am discharging to poor Clarke makes it impossible for me to move for some time, as my Colleague Skipwith takes the Country business and leaves me that of Town which is much more perplexing and tedious than I expected. So you see Dear Madam that you must return my Visit, and I hope you will seriously think of it. Deyverdun kisses your hands and will soon send you something either in verse or prose.

I am dear Madam most truly Yours,
April 11th 1775. E G.

Be so good as to give me a line on Mr E's arrival with some idea of his intended motions, that I may epistolize him.

300. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 2/5/75

Dear Madam

I accept the Pomeranian Lady with gratitude and pleasure, and shall be impatient to form an acquaintance with her.—My presentations passed graciously, and I am glad that I can now walk about the Rooms on a footing with other people. Sir S P[1] had no concern in the business which was transacted by the Lord of the

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[1] The House of Commons adjourned on April 13 and reassembled on April 25.

300. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 17. Part of *MW* ('96), i, No. LXII. *P*, No. 247.

[1] Stanier Porten.

Bed-Chamber in one place and the Chamberlain on the other. My dinner at Twickenham was attended with less ceremony and more amusement.[2] If they turned out Lord N to-morrow they would still leave him one of the best Companions in the Kingdom.—By this time I suppose the Eliots with you; I am sure you will say every thing kind and proper on the occasion. I am glad to hear of the approbation of my Constituents, for my vote on the Middlesex Election; on the subject of America I have been something more of a Courtier. You know I suppose that Holroyd is just stept over to Ireland for a fortnight. He passed three days with me on his way. Adieu, Dear Madam. You have had but a disagreable Winter I think in point of health. A Journey to town Essex &c would do you a great deal of good. ever Yours,

House of Commons. May the 2d 1775. E.G.

301. To Mrs Abigail Holroyd *Tue.* 9/5/75

Address. Mrs Holroyd. Brighthelmstone. Sussex. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 9.MA.

Whether you are the most careless of all Ladies, or I am the most negligent of all blockhead[s] is not yet fully decided: But thus much is certain that among a variety of papers which arrived last night by the Post and were immediately transferred to my right Coat pocket, the letter to Miss H which you mentioned in your Epistle was not to be found this morning. I think I have still a chance but a very doubtful one of finding it, and thus much for your Commission.—I rejoyce in the dip, and admire both your Courage and obedience. Now I am fully convinced of both, I begin to be reconciled to your Brighton Sejour during the Irish Trip.[1] Sappho[2] whom I saw yesterday morning thinks you ought to elope for France during his absence. Such is the unbroken spirit of Girls. I am much obliged to you for the Verses; they are very pleasing, and the Queen of Bath Easton seems to possess the wonderful power of making the D of C appear reasonable and judicious.[3]—The family has been scouted, but protest their innocence and punctuality.—Behold your Franks and a Letter which arrived last night and is not mislaid. Adieu.

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[2] There was a famous dinner at the Cambridge's, at Twickenham, on April 18, at which Dr Johnson was present and of which Boswell gives a long account, with one slighting reference to G. (*Boswell*, ii, 361 sq.) G. totally ignores this here and describes only the dinner on the previous day, at which Lord North was a guest. Mrs Harris, wife of James Harris, who is mentioned in Boswell's account of the party on the 18th, refers briefly to both dinners in a letter written on April 20. (*Letters of the 1st Earl of Malmesbury* (1870), i, 302.)

301. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 19/20.

Pall Mall. May the 9th 1775. E G.

I expect to hear of your farther progress in the Aquatic character.

302. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* 10/5/75

You will be somewhat surprized at finding the seal of the enclosed broke open. It was owing to Mylady's liveliness. This day I received a letter from her with the agreable news of her being become an Otter.[1] In that Epistle was enclosed another without any direction either explicit or implicit. I doubted whether it was designed for Dublin or Bath; I paused, hesitated, and at last, rather than wait another post I broke the seal. I need not say that I saw no more than was *absolutely* necessary to clear up any doubts.—By this time I suppose [you] in the Bog; busy and not unhappy. Your rapidity both in the journey and return is so great that I have nothing new to say. Parliament languishes and expires, though we shall

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[1] JBH had gone to Ireland for a fortnight.

[2] Elizabeth Fuller. See No. 232.

[3] Anne, wife of John Miller (later Sir John Riggs Miller, Bt.), of Bath Easton, conducted a literary salon which was frequented by most of the distinguished visitors to Bath and ridiculed by many of them. Selections from the verses composed at these gatherings were published from time to time under the title, *Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath.* The first of these volumes was published in Jan. '75. (R. A. Hesselgrave, *Lady Miller and the Bath Easton Literary Circle*, 1927.) D of C = Duchess of Cumberland?

302. Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. Printed from photostat. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 10th May 75'.

[1] An 'aquatic character'. (See No. 301.) AH's letter arrived on 9th. (*Ibid.*)

still have two American days: one to-morrow on a petition fro New York which will not I believe have the happiness of pleasin any party: the other on the repeal of the Quebec bill, moved b Lord Cambden and Sir George Saville.[2] Have you struck upon th Smalls.[3] We are just voting you a Light house upon them, so kin are we now to the Irish Gem-mes. No answer from Lovegrove. Kingdom may be surveyed before that beast understands reason My other Beast[4] has offered to submit our differences to arbitration I wish I could defer my answer till I see you; and will try to do s Adieu. Deyverdun envies your prospects.
May the 10th 1775.

303. To J. B. Holroyd [*Mon.* 15/5/75]

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqr. Dublin. Ireland [*these two word deleted by Post Office*]. Sheffield Place Sussex. *Franked*, E. Gibbon Postmarks. FREE; 15.MA; MY.19; 27.MA.

Since your departure a considerable event has happened wit regard to Deyverdun which disconcerts many of our schemes. Si Abraham Hume has proposed to him to go abroad with his younge brother[1] for four years. Our friend was undetermined especiall as the first year or eighteen months were to be passed in the uncomfortable University of Gottingen. But as he was offered in very handsome way a Life annuity of £100 pr annum which wi secure him a Philosophic independence free from the odious necessity of riding post with young Cubs, reason has compelled him to accept and me to acquiesce. He sets out soon though he still hopes to see you. A fortune that would enable a Man to give him an Equivalent on less unpleasant terms would just now be a very desirable thing.—Returned this moment from an American debate. A Remonstrance and Representation from the Assembly of New York, presented and feebly introduced by Burke but most forcibly supported by Fox. They disapprove of the violence of their neighbours, acknowledge the necessity of dependance on Parliament with regard to Commercial restraints, and express some affection and moderation; but they claim internal taxation, state many grievances, and formally object to the declaratory Act.[2] On the last ground it was impossible to receive it. Division 186, to 67. The House tired and languid. In this season and on America the Archangel Gabriel would not be heard. On Thursday an attempt to repeal the Quebec bill, and then to the right about, and for myself having supported the British I must destroy the Roman Empire. Are we not very popular in the Bog.[3] Is your business done and when do you superas evadere ad auras.[4] I frequently hear from the Heroine of Brighthelmstone[5] and in the brevity of my Rescripts treat her with the dignity of a Sultan. Adieu. No news from Lovegrove. The affair begins to make me seriously unhappy.

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[2] The debate on the Remonstrance of the New York Assembly took place actually o May 15; the House refused to receive it. The Quebec Act, passed in '74, regulated th boundaries of the Province of Quebec and gave a measure of emancipation to its Roma Catholic inhabitants. (*Trevelyan*, ii, 74–5.) The motion for its repeal was moved i the Lords by Lord Camden on May 17 and in the Commons by Sir George Savile o May 18 and was rejected by both Houses.

[3] A bill granting a patent for the erection of a lighthouse on the Smalls, a group dangerous rocks off the coast of Pembrokeshire, passed its second reading on May It was, however, rejected on its third reading on May 16.

[4] Winton.

303. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 21/2. *P*, No. 248. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon, May 75'. Th second (Dublin) and third postmarks are barely legible.

[1] Alexander Hume, now aged seventeen.

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[2] The Declaratory Act, affirming the right of Parliament to tax the colonies, was passed in '66, at the same time as the repeal of the Stamp Act.

[3] The Newfoundland fisheries had been thrown open to Ireland and some small trade concessions made early this summer. (*Ann. Reg. for 1775*, *113–*114. Lecky, *Ireland*, ii, 152.)

[4] Virgil, *Aen.*, VI, 128. [Come up to the air above.]

[5] Mrs Holroyd.

304. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 16/5/75

Dear Madam

To-day Deyverdun myself and another Gentleman dined at home. After drinking Coffee in the Library we went down stairs again and as we entered the Parlour, our ears were saluted with a very harmonious barking, and our eyes gratified by the sight of one of the prettiest animals I ever saw. Her figure and coat are perfect, her manners Genteel and lively, and her teeth (as a pair of ruffles have already experienced) most remarkably sharp. She is not the least fatigued with her Voyage, and compleatly at home in Bentinck Street. I call her *Bath*. Gibbon would be ambiguous and Dorothea disrespectful. However it may still be changed. A thousand thanks and if the E's are arrived, many Compliments.

I am dear Madam ever Yours,

London. May the 16th 1775. E G.

305. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* 30/5/75

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqr. Sheffield place. East Grinstead. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks*. WR; FREE; [3]0.MA.

You will probably see in the Papers, the Boston Gazette Extraordinary.[1] I shall therefore mention a few circumstances which I have from Governor Hutchinson.

That Gazette is the only account arrived. As soon as the business was over the Provincial Congress dispatched a Vessel with the news

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304. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 23. *P*, No. 249.

305. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 24/5. *P*, No. 250. Endorsed by JBH, Gibbon. 30 May 75'.

[1] It contained news of the battle of Lexington, fought on April 19. John Derby, master of the ship bearing the news, arrived in London on the evening of May 28. (*Hutchinson*, i, 455.) An account of the battle from the *Essex Gazette* (Salem), dated April 25, '75, was printed in the London newspapers on May 29 and 30. The *London Gazette* on May 30 published a notice from the Secretary of State's Office to say that no official report was yet available.

for the good people of England. The Vessel was taken up to sail instantly at a considerable loss and expence, as she went without any lading but her ballast. No other letters were allowed to be put on board nor did the Crew know their destination till they were on the Banks of Newfoundland. The Master is a man of character and moderation and from his mouth the following particulars have been drawn. Fides sit penes auctorem.[2] It cannot fairly be called a defeat of the King's troops; since they marched to Concord, destroyed or brought away the stores, and then returned back. They were so much fatigued with their day's work (they had marched above thirty miles) that they encamped in the evening at some distance from Boston without being attacked in the night. It can hardly be called an engagement; there never was any large body of Provincials. Our troops during the march and retreat were chiefly harrassed by flying parties from behind the stone walls along the road, and by[3] many shots from the windows as they passed through the Villages. It was then they were guilty of setting fire to some of those hostile houses. Ensign Gould[4] had been sent with only twelve men to repair a wooden bridge for the retreat. He was attacked by the Saints with a Minister at their head, who killed two men and took the Ensign with the others prisoners. The next day the Country rose. When the Master came away he says that Boston was invested by a Camp of about fifteen hundred tents. They have Canon. Their General is a Colonel Ward[5] a member of the late Council and who served with credit in the last War. His outposts are advanced so near the town that they can talk to those of General Gage.

This looks serious and is indeed so. But the Governor observed to me that the month of May is the time for sowing Indian corn the great sustenance of the Province, and that unless the Insurgents are determined to hasten a famine they must have returned to their own habitations: especially as the restraining act (they had already

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[2] 'Confidence may be placed in my source.' This is a variation on Sallust., *Bell. Jug.*, xvii, 'caeterum fides eius rei erit penes auctores' [the responsibility in this matter will be with my authorities]. G. seems to have changed the phrase so as to indicate that he trusted Hutchinson's account.

[3] Followed by 'firing', deleted.

[4] Edward Thoroton Gould, of the King's Own Regiment. His account of the battle was printed in the *London Chronicle*, May 30–June 1.

[5] Col. Artemas Ward.

heard of it) cuts off all foreign supply, which indeed generally become necessary to the Province before Winter. Adieu.
May the 30th 1775.

306. To Edward Eliot *Wed.* 31/5/75

Dear Sir

I am happy to hear from various quarters that you have at length reached Bath in good health, spirits and a disposition to take the amusements which the Law of Moses[1] may prescribe to you. John I am sure, William I hope,[2] are happy and well, but I hear that Mrs Eliot already begins to turn her eyes again toward Cornwall. With regard to yourself I must beg the favour of a line to inform me of your intended motions. If you do not mean to proceed farther westward I will certainly contrive to run down to Bath for a week rather than miss the opportunity, but if inclination or business leads you to the Capital, my literary engagements will persuade me to defer till the Autumn my annual Visit to Mrs Gibbon and to content myself for the present with saluting my rustic Cousin from a distance.

You have seen by the papers the unpleasant news from America; unpleasant as a single drop of blood may be considered as the Signal of civil war. For otherwise it was not an engagement, much less a defeat. The King's troops were ordered to destroy a magazine at Concord. They marched, did their business and returned, but they were frequently fired at from behind stone walls and from the windows in the Villages. It was to those houses that they were obliged to set fire. Ensign Gould (of Northamptonshire) had been left with twelve men to guard a bridge and was taken prisoner. The next day the Provincial Congress sent a Vessel without her freight express to England; no letters were put on board but their own, nor did the crew know their destination till they were on the banks of

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306. Port Eliot Papers. Original not seen; here printed from *Low*, 240–1. Extract ('You have seen . . . Governor Hutchinson'), printed in P. H. Stanhope (Lord Mahon), *History of England, 1713–1783*, vi (1851), p. x.

[1] Dr Delacour, DG's doctor at Bath, was a Jew.

[2] Eliot's two younger sons, aged fourteen and eight, respectively.

Newfoundland. So that Government has not any authentic account. The Master says that the day after the engagement the Country rose and that he left Boston invested by 1500 Tents with Canon and under the command of Colonel Ward who was at the head of a Provincial Regiment in the last war, but unless Fanaticism gets the better of self-preservation they must soon disperse as it is the season for sowing their Indian corn, the chief sustenance of New England. Such at least is the opinion of Governor Hutchinson from whom I have these particulars.

I am Dear Sir most sincerely Yours

London. May the 31rst 1775. E. Gibbon

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307. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 3/6/75

The American news becomes every hour more problematical. Darby the Master of the Ship has not condescended to shew to any one the original of the Salem Gazette. He has refused to come to Lord Dartmouth,[1] and what is still more extraordinary though he says he left his Ship at Southampton, a person of confidence sent down there by Government has not been able to learn the least news about it. Yet on the other hand, a Ship from New York is certainly arrived at Bristol with the *report* that a Skirmish at Boston was talked of. No news from Gage.—What I am to do about Handkerchiefs. I thought the letter you sent me for Downs was an order for them. He sent them to me without my application, and they are already marked and used. On the other hand Mrs B W is outrageous. It is all your fault and must be cleared up by you.[2]—I think I see some hopes about Lovegrove though too faint to be worth as yet any detail. I rejoyce in my Lady's health. What is the name of her friend the Dutchess's Captain. Deyverdun is on the

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307. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 26. *P*, No. 251. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon, 3 June 75'.

[1] Wm Legge, 2nd Earl Dartmouth, at this time Secretary of State for the Colonies. Cf. Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 465.

[2] Downs = probably, the Rev. Dive Downes (see No. 241, n. 3). He was now a prebendary in Dublin and might have been asked to send some Irish linen handkerchiefs. They seem to have been intended for Mrs B[enjamin] W[ay] and hence her being outraged when G. appropriated them. The letter to Downes had presumably been sent to G. in order that he might frank it.

wing. I wish you would make and send me a Cheese. I must eat two before I think of Sheffield. Bath[3] who desires his Compliments promises himself a very pleasant summer there.
Bentinck Street. June the 3d 1775. E G.

308. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.*[7/6/75]

Though Derby's vessel cannot be found it is pretty clear he is no impostor. He arrived in his boat at Southampton and probably left his Ship in some Creek of the Isle of Wight. He has now left town, and is gone, it is said on a trading Voyage to purchase Ammunition in France and Spain. Do you not admire the lenity of Government. This day news came that a Ship arrived at Liverpool from Rhode Island. She sailed the 20th the day after the Skirmish and has brought a general confirmation of it. There was a report this evening of the arrival of the Sukey from Gage, but it certainly is not true, and you know as much of the matter as Lord North.[1]
Wednesday Evening.

309. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 7/6/75

Dear Madam
The post after I received your last letter, I wrote to Eliot to know whether he had any intention of coming to town from Bath, but his Lazyness has not yet condescended to answer me. With the frankness that our friendship permits and requires, I will fairly

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[3] See No. 304.

308. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 28. *P*, No. 253 (dated June '75). Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. June 75'. *Hutchinson*, i, 465, mentions under date June 7 a report, 'to-day', that a ship had arrived at Liverpool from Rhode Island.

[1] General Gage's report on the Battle of Lexington did not reach London till June 10. (*London Gazette*, June 10, '75.)

309. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 27. Part of *MW* ('96), i, No. LXIV (dated August 1775), extract. *P*, No. 252.

tell you the state of the case. If he does not visit London, decency and perhaps gratitude call upon me to meet him at Bath; but if he relieves me from that necessity, the Autumn will be a much more convenient time for me to make my appearance in Charles Street. The season is more agreable, and I am just at present engaged in a great Historical Work, no less than a History of the Decline and fall of the Roman Empire, with the first Volume of which I may very possibly oppress the public next winter. It would require some pages to give a more particular idea of it: but I shall only say in general that the subject is curious and never yet treated as it deserves, and that during some years it has been in my thoughts, and even under my pen. Should the attempt fail, it must be by the fault of the execution. Adieu, Dear Madam, all Compliments, where they are due, and believe me most truly Yours

London. June the 7th 1775. E G.

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310. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 17/6/75

I have not courage to write about America. We talk familiarly of Civil War Dissolutions of Parliament, Impeachments and Lord Chatham. The boldest tremble, the most vigorous talk of peace. And yet no more than sixty five rank and file have been killed. Governor H assures me that Gage has plenty of provisions fresh and salted, flour fish vegetables &c *hopes* he is not in danger of being forced.[1]—What can I know of the Tythes? Gilbert has done nothing. I acquainted Mrs G with it in a very polite Epistle, which she has answered by a very polite silence—After calling twice on Sir Richard Sutton,[2] I sent to know when I could have the honor &c. He was gone for the summer that very morning—Mylady has

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310. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 61. *P*, No. 254. Endorsed by JBH, 'Ed. Gibbon. 17 June 1775. ansd. 18'.

[1] G. spent the evening of June 13 with Hutchinson and Mauduit. He called again on June 19, when he told H. that 'many who were strong for the measures of Parliament are much discouraged by the news from America, they having been made to believe there would be no action'. H. comments, 'I think, in general, he will be in opposition; dropped something like Lord Chatham's being a necessary man in such difficult cases.' (*Hutchinson*, i, 470, 472.)

[2] Sir Richard Sutton, 1st Baronet, at this time M.P. for St. Albans.

received Sevignè that is one of the new Volumes, instead of the other a different book (I fancy Danville's Geographie Ancienne) was sent: as it may be of [more] use to me than to her, the error should be mutually rectified.[3]—Deyverdun goes next week. Yesterday I gave a dinner on his account to the Humes, Sir Charles Thompson,[4] and Sir Richard Worsley. He is going to marry the youngest Miss Fleming: love and £80000.[5]—This day I sent almost a Charte blanche to Lovegrove (do not be frightened) offering to warrant according to Duane's directions, or wishing to know what he should expect as a Compensation. The letter was settled between Newton and me, and if it does no good, will do no harm. Adieu.
London. June the 17th 1775. E G.

311. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.*[29/6/75]

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqr. Sheffield place. East Grinstead. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks*. WR; FREE; 29.IV.

America is too great a subject—Tythes are best in your hands—Nothing satisfactory from Lovegrove to whom I have offered, Warranty secundum Duane, Arbitration, or a treaty about some compensation—Now Lrd Stamford and his brother are out of town I know not how to get at Brown. The Roman Empire will derange Sheffield; the Press is just set to work, and I shall be very busy the whole summer in correcting and composing.—Deyverdun wrote to me from Calais; he will not be fixed till his arrival at Gottingen.

[3] Two new volumes of Mme de Sévigné's letters had recently been published: *Lettre, Nouvelles et Nouvellement Recouvrées de la Marquise de Sévigné et de la Marquise de Simiane*, Paris, 1773, reprinted 1774, and *Lettres de Mme de Sévigné au Comte de Bussy-Rabutins* Amsterdam, et se trouve à Paris, 1775. (Tchemerzine, *Bibliographie des Edition, Originales . . . d'Auteurs Français*, x (1933), 329.) G. had two copies at Bentinck Street. one in folio and one in 3 vols., 12mo, of J. B. B. d'Anville's *Géographie Ancienne Abrégée*.

[4] See No. 303. General Sir Charles Hotham Thompson, 8th Baronet, was Groom of the Bedchamber to George III. G. dined in company with him, Thomas Pownall, M.P. for Minehead and one-time Governor of Massachusetts, and Josiah Quincy, a young lawyer from Boston, at Hutchinson's on June 26. (*Hutchinson*, i, 477.)

[5] The marriage, which turned out badly, took place in Sept.

311. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 29. *P*, No. 255. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 29 June 75, ansd'.

He has left me somewhat dull and melancholy. My respects to Mylady, Mamma[1] and the sweet Maria. Adieu.
Thursday Evening.

Batt dined with me yesterday.[2] You mistook me when I talked of his visiting Sheffield. It was not Lawyer Batt, but Dog Bath; who sends you his Compliments and proposes to himself great amusement in Sussex.[3] What does Foster(Mac)[4] in England. He speaks of the Bog with great modesty.

312. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* 3/7/75

If I was to relate my transactions with Lovegrove in the Hugonin style they would fill Volumes. Take an abridgement in the Salustian manner—I offered to convey as Maddox and Duane should agree: he would be guided *by Duane only*—I consented to it; He refused any warranty in the form of Conveyance, but would have *a Compensation*—I sounded him about the quantum that he should require, he flew off and declared for *an arbitration*, *Palmer alone or with another*.—I gave into the two with the usual addition of an Umpire, but in his last letter (that is Matthews's) he absolutely *refuses any Umpire, which if the two* should disagree would after *a consumption of time and expence* make the arbitration nugatory. In the mean time, my tranquillity is disturbed by constant fretting, the Goslings must grow impatient and the purchase money melts away in interest. Where, when, or how will this end? For God's sake send me some effectual advice. I am convinced that if at the expence (I had almost said of £1000) I could terminate the business without plunging into Hell of Chancery, I should be a gainer both in mind and pocket. Palmer is a Man of fair Character, and though he may be prejudiced by Lovegrove he would listen to evidence and weigh circumstances. Suppose I should accept him as *sole Arbitrator*. It would shorten and simplify the decision. Lovegrove thinking himself sure of the award would tie himself to tie me, I should be in the hands of a Man of honour, and his decision though perhaps unfavourable would not be scandalously iniquitous. What else or what more can I do. Newton's letter is suspended till I have your answer. Hasten it.

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[1] JBH's Mamma, Dorothy Holroyd. She seems to have lived at SP and not with her husband and daughter at Bath. (Cf. *MJH*, 1–2.)

[2] The MS is confused here but it seems that G. dated his letter and then began the postscript by writing in 'Batt . . . yesterday' after 'Adieu' and continued round and after the date.

[3] Cf. No. 307.

[4] JBH's friend, John Foster, from Ireland. See No. 216, n. 5.

312. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 31. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 3d July 75. ansd. 5th Do'. Underlining by JBH.

July 3d 1775. E G.

313. TO DOROTHEA GIBBON *Mon.* 3/7/75

Dear Madam

I wish you would believe, what is really the case, that before I received your letter I intended to have written this very post. It is true that I had the same intention for many posts before and that the glorious spirit of procrastination always told me that the next would do just as well; I do not mean as to your franks, for those I must confess I had absolutely and irrecoverably forgotten.

Deyverdun had left me just before your letter arrived, which I shall soon have an opportunity of conveying to him. Though I flatter myself he broke from me with some degree of uneasiness, the engagement could not be declined. At the end of the four years, he has an annuity of £100 for Life and may, for the remainder of his days enjoy a decent independence in that Country which a Philosopher would perhaps prefer to the rest of Europe.—For my own part after the hurry of the town and of Parliament I am now retired to my Villa in Bentinck Street which I begin to find a very pleasing Solitude at least as well as if it was two hundred miles from London; because when I am tired of the Roman Empire I can laugh away the Evening at Foote's Theatre[1] which I could not do

313. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 30. Part of *MW* (96), i, No. LXII (dated May 2, '75), extract. *P*, No. 256.

[1] Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres were closed in the summer but Samuel Foote was licensed to open the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, from May to September and his company played there on three evenings a week. (E. R. Page, *George Colman the Elder* (N.Y. 1935), 240 sq.)

in Hampshire or Cornwall.—You know I am not a writer of news but I cannot forbear telling you that the Dutchess of Bedford made regular proposals of marriage to the young Earl Cholmondely and was as regularly refused. Poor as he was (he replied to Mr Fitzpatrick the Embassador,) he was not quite poor enough to accept them.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours
Bentinck Street, July the 3d 1775 E Gibbon

314. To Abigail Holroyd *Thur.*[13/7/75]

Address. Mrs Holroyd. Sheffield place. East Grinstead. *Franked,* E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* EK; FREE; 14.IY.

The parsimony of Your Spouse, who rather chuses to build Gateways than to buy books has hitherto deprived *you of Hume.* Having just got the best Edition I have sent you a good one. By this time you have probably *received Sevignè.*—Enclosed Mr H will *find Aunt's letter*; I have not read it, as I never read more business than is absolutely necessary. You will please to inform him that a letter on his plan has been sent to Lovegrove. *I write no news* 1rst because there are none authentic, and 2dly because you will see dear Mac-Foster[1] to-morrow. *How does sweet Maria*? You have both used me ill in sending me no intelligence about her. I shall write again to the Baron, and inform him of the reasons *which may delay my* Journey. Those that would hasten it you will know.

Your Slave
Boodle's. Thursday Evening. E G.

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314. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 32. *P*, No. 257. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 13 July 75. ansd. 16 Do'. Underlinings by A.H.

[1] See No. 311, n. 4.

315. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.* 20/7/75

July 20th 1775

Do you believe that my inclination leads me to S P? If you do not you are a D fool to give yourself the trouble of asking me. If you do, you may as well believe that I am giving you reasons and not pretences. I am just now in the most busy moment of my life, nor is it so small a work as you may imagine to destroy a great Empire. I do not merely mean correcting the sheets from the press: that might certainly be performed at S P, as both Printer Strahan and Author, a odd circumstance are Senators.[1] but from a natural impatience as you well know I have begun to *print the head before the tail* was quite finished; some parts must be composed, and as I proceed in the reviewing so many emendations and alterations occur, which require the neighbourhood of my Library that in any other region of the Earth, I should find myself every day at a full stop. As well as I can see before me, I think that I may give you September, *but I promise nothing*: As soon as I find it within my power, I shall order my Chaise. Therefore be silent and resigned. *General Frazer*,[2] *with whom I dined* to day at *the British*[3] talks of visiting you next month. *Do you remember my Aunt whom you invited, and who is much disposed to accompany me? I was thinking* that your Mother's illness might render that less convenient. If it does *you may give her a civil Epistle*. You recollect de Salis: he is in town, and asked after you.—As to public affairs we are in hourly expectation of a battle, and flying reports arrive but do not prevail. They are certainly praemature.[4] What do you think of £1700 a year for 31 years on poor Ireland to gain Flood and to pay some of C F's debts without making a friend of him, but only to buy his place at an extravagant

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315. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 33. *P*, No. 258. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon, ansd. 27th Do'. Underlining by JBH.

[1] Meaning that both, being M.P.s, could frank their letters.

[2] Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat.

[3] The British Coffee House. Cf. No. 238, n. 1.

[4] The Battle of Bunker's Hill was fought on June 17. Hutchinson mentions reports of it on July 18 (*Hutchinson*, i, 489); the official account was published in the *London Gazette* on July 25.

price.[5]—My domestic affairs seem calm, the Wintons are quiet, and the other brute has graciously accepted the arbitration of Palmer and will mention it to him in a few days. Booth Gray to whom I wrote about Brown is silent. *Downe was so till this morning*, when he sent me a note that he had been ill, and could not visit the Tythes of Newhaven till September. Your projects are vast; but the essential thing seems to be a *present* decent increase of rent for aunt Gibbon.

E.G.

I approve of the *fall* rather than *decline* of the Sussex society.

316. TO J. B. HOLROYD *Tue.* 1/8/[75]

Your apprehensions of a precipitate work &c, are perfectly groundless. I should be much more addicted to a contrary extreme. The *head* is now printing? true: but it was write last year and the year before. the first Chapter has been composed de nouveau *three times*, the second *twice* and all the others have undergone reviews, corrections &c. As to the tail it is perfectly formed and digested (and were I so much given to self content and haste) it is almost all written. The ecclesiastical part for instance is written out in fourteen sheet, which I mean to refondre from beginning to end. As to the friendly Critic, it is very difficult to find one who has leisure candour, freedom and knowledge sufficient. However Batt and Deyverdun have read and observed. After all the public is the best Critic. I print no more than 500 copies of the first Edition, and the second (as it happens frequently to my betters) may receive many improvements. So much for Rome, now for Ireland. I am desired

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[5] The Government wished to win over Henry Flood, a formidable opponent in the Irish Parliament, by making him Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. Charles Jenkinson, who held the office, was given instead the post of Clerk of the Pells, which C. J. Fox had inherited from his brother Stephen. Fox was paid £30,000 and a pension of £1,700 a year for thirty-one years, payable from Ireland. He was subsequently obliged to give up the pension, as it was found that it disqualified him for a seat in the House of Commons. Flood, after some hesitation, accepted the proffered Vice-Treasurership. (Lecky, *Ireland*, ii, 147–8.)

316. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 66. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXIII. *P*, No. 259. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 1st Augst'.

to consult you about Lord Ely who (between ourselves) pays his court to a niece of Eliot's[1]. His fortune is very large, he is a Widower and as we hear behaved well in his first place; but we wish to get an impartial account of his general character manners, inclinations, virtues and defects. Can you give or procure it?—We have nothing new from America. But I can venture to assure you that administration is now as unanimous and decided as the occasion requires. Some[thing] will be done this year: but in the spring the force of the country will be exerted to the utmost. Scotch highlanders, Irish papists, Hanoverians, Canadians, Indians &c will all in various shapes be employed. Parliament meets the first week in November. I think his Catholic Majesty may be satisfied with his summer's amusement. The Spaniards fought with great bravery and made a fine retreat, but our Algerine friends surpassed them as much in conduct as in number.[2] Adieu.
Bentinck Street. August 1rst.

The Dutchess has stopped Foote's piece. She sent for him to Kingston house, and threatened, bribed, argued, and wept for about two hours. He assured her that if the Chamberlain was obstinate, he should publish it with a dedication to her Grace.[3]

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[1] Anne, daughter of Mrs Bonfoy and niece of Ed. Eliot. Lord Ely was aged sixty-six and at least forty years her senior.

[2] An expedition from Spain attacked Algiers on July 2, '75, but was driven off. The preparations for this expedition had caused some alarm in England during this summer as it was feared that the Spaniards might be preparing to attack us. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 459, 472.)

[3] Samuel Foote's play, *A Trip to Calais*, was based on the history of the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, so-called Duchess of Kingston. She appealed to the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Hertford, and he refused Foote a licence to produce it. (Wm Cooke, *Memoirs of Samuel Foote* (1805), i, 198 sq. Fowell & Palmer, *Censorship in England* (1913), 152–4.) For correspondence between the Duchess and Foote see *Pub. Ad.*, Aug. 16 and 18, '75.

317. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* 4/8/75

A vue de pays I should have reached S P the first week in September. If you visit Sir John[1] about that time, you and Mylady will of course lodge in Bentinck Street, and in your return I may condescend to accompany you. *Gage*[2] *is recalled.* Good men rejoyce. Patriots[3] murmur. Adieu.

Bentinck Street. August 4th 1775. E.G.

A quadrille party in the next room. Mrs Bonfoy, Lady Ely &c, we are impatient.[4]

You have acted like yourself about Newhaven.

318. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* 15/8/75

I have not time to hold a long conversation: but I want to settle the *plan of our visit* (*Aunt*[1] and self) to S P. According to our last it seemed that you were to go into Bucks *the first week in September*, and that it would suit us all to *attend your return into* Sussex. But as I was pacing along the Strand last week, the Baronet[2] arrested me with a friendly laugh and *a hearty shake*, and told me among other curious and interesting particulars that your visit to him would not take *place before the 18th*: an awkward period as it intersects the time that we could bestow upon you. Suppose you *were to defer it till the first week in October*. We could then give you the whole month of September, and come up with you. Siquid novisti

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317. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 34. *P*, No. 260. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 4th Augst'.

[1] Sir John Russell at Chequers, Bucks.

[2] General Gage, in command in America.

[3] See No. 439, n. 2.

[4] Impatient for JBH's report on Lord Ely, on which Anne Bonfoy's prospects of becoming Lady Ely depended.

318. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 35. *P*, No. 261. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 15 Augt. 75. ansd 17 Do'. Underlining by JBH.

[1] Catherine Porten.

[2] Sir John Russell.

rectius, candidus imperti:[3] sinon.—I have nothing to add about the enclosed.—Palmer is out of town, and Lovegrove and Matthews appear wonderfully nonchalant.—Eliot is stepped down into Glocestershire. I shall communicate the Lord's portrait;[4] and I think it will please and suit them.
Bentinck Street. August 15th 1775.

319. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 18/8/75

Dear Madam

Will you excuse my present litterary business as an excuse for my not writing ? I think you will be in the wrong if you do; since I was just as idle before.—At all events however it is better to say three words than to be totally a dumb dog. A propos of dog, but not of dumb; Bath (a foolish name enough) is the comfort of my life; pretty, impertinent fantastical all that a young Lady of fashion ought to be. I flatter myself that our passion is reciprocal.—Have you seen Mr Eliot very lately? He left us about ten days ago to make a visit in Glostershire, and perhaps may have [looked in][1] upon you at Bath: we expect him again in town very soon, and shall live together as we did before in a very pleasant society for the time of year. Next month I believe Mrs P and myself shall [pay] a short visit to Sheffield place. Deyverdun from whom I heard the other day desires his Compliments and best wishes to you.

You will [be] surprized and concerned to hear as I did last week by a letter from Mrs Dawkes at St Omers that poor Pitman is dead. I know no other particulars about it.

Adieu Dear Madam ever Yours,
Bentinck Street. August 18th 1775. E G.

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[3] Hor., *Ep.*I, vi, 68. [If you know anything more correct, tell me honestly.]
[4] Cf. No. 317, n. 4.

319. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 36. *MW* ('96), i, part of No. LXIV, extract. *P*, No. 262.
[1] 'looken', or just possibly, 'broken', in MS.

320. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.*[26/8/75]

I think that through the dark and doubtful mist of futurity, I can discern some faint probability that the Gibbon and his Aunt will arrive at S P, before the Sun or rather the Earth has accomplished eight diurnal Revolutions. A Caledonian Hero, who commands the Warriours of the Fraserian tribe, seemed likewise to threaten an invasion about the same period.[1] Adieu.
Saturday night.

Lord Ely has given great satisfaction. The business is concluded.[2]

321. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.*[30/9/75]

I arrived in town about one, and calling on the Eliots, found they received yesterday a letter from their Sister[1] at Bath, that Mrs G's small pox is of a very bad confluent sort. I got out of town about half an hour after three (too much hurried to write) have travelled till the Moon failed me, propose being at Bath about noon to-morrow. Shall write to-morrow evening.
Saturday. ten o'Clock in the Evening. Spinham lands.[2]

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320. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 37. *P*, No. 263. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 26 Aug. 75. ansd. 29 Do'.

[1] General Simon Fraser had raised a regiment of Highlanders (the 78th) during the Seven Years War and was now raising another (the 71st or Fraser's Highlanders) to fight in America. (E. E. Curtis, *Organisation of the British Army in the American Revolution* (1926), 72.)

[2] The engagement of Lord Ely and Miss Bonfoy was announced on Aug. 29 and they were married on Sept. 18, '75.

321. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 38. *P*, No. 264 (dated 1775). Written on the Saturday preceding Oct. 2 (see No. 322).

[1] Miss Catherine Eliot.

[2] Speenhamland, halfway on the road to Bath.

322. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* 2/10/75

To continue my Journal, I departed from Spinham lands about five o'Clock on Sunday morning, and arrived here at eleven.[1] Caplin whom I had sent on before met me at the town's end, and agreably surprized me with the most favourable account. Miss Eliot had too rashly taken the alarm, as Mrs G's sort though confluent was a very good one. It has turned in the best manner possible the ninth day: and she has at present but in the slightest degree the secondary fever. Dr Delacour assures me that she is perfectly out of all danger: but hesitates about acquainting her with my arrival these three or four days. He knows not the value of time, when the fate of an Empire depends upon it. Without disclosing my motives, I urge business: and at all events talk of setting out Thursday. Even if I should not see her the attention would be the same. I ought to have acquired some merit at the expence of infinite hurry, twenty pounds (for I rattled with four horses and two Servants for the sake of sending Caplin forwards) and above all of a week's loss of time. I am impatient on all accounts to get away; notwithstanding the agreable society of Mrs Cochrane, Misses Sharp, Major Matthews and Bresboro the conjurer.[2]—After separating them by a very long dash, I shall mention that I saw Brock Street[3] last night, Sally looks very poorly and Mr H made me melancholy by his desponding way of talking of himself. I have likewise seen Foster the father of Harry,[4] who enquired much after Jack Holroyd. Methinks he has *something* of the Brogue upon the tip of his tongue now. How do you relish Solitude? Can you endure so many severe strokes which were inflicted in one day? My adorations wait on Mylady: nor do I forget the infant Spinny.[5] Have you

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322. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 39. *P*, No. 265.

[1] A receipted bill, dated Oct. '75, from Rebecca Griffin, for a week's lodging in Bath, is in *Magd. Coll. Papers*.

[2] Probably Mrs Margaret Cochran of Ochiltree, mother of DG's friend, Mrs Gould; Major Thomas Matthews, famous for his duels with Sheridan in '72 and brother-in-law of DG's friend, Mrs Ashby; Breslaw (not Bresboro), a conjuror well known both in London and Bath.

[3] I.e. JBH's father and sister. See No. 218.

[4] John Foster, see No. 216, n. 5.

[5] Maria Holroyd?

had any more Desserts à la Françoise. Depend upon [it] you will always be properly opposed in such arbitrary measures.
Bath. October the 2d 1775. E G.

323. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 14/10/75

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqr. Sheffield place. East Grinstead. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 14.OC.

Yes, yes, I am safe enough in town, and so comfortably in mine own dear Library, and mine own dear Parlour, that I thought I might as well give myself a few Holydays from any Epistolary cares. Aunt Hester starts Monday or Tuesday *certainly*.—It is *needless to say much of Bath* from whence you receive weekly folios. You have been *informed how artfully the conspiracy was carried* on, and how I arrived eight and forty hours after I came. Since my return (I will not tell you what day) I have had regular and favourable dispatches from Mrs Gould, and this day for the first time an Epistle from Mrs Gibbon herself, full of health good spirits, and expressions of gratitude. She is much concerned that I had the trouble of coming to Bath, but if I know her would have been much *more concerned if I had* not come. So much for that business which has proved no inconsiderable interruption. As to my domestic War, *Madox and the Solicitor-General*[1] are enlisted; they have each of them received a Guinea to drink my health. Newton wanted likewise the Attorney-General;[2] I hesitated and asked whether it was necessary to employ three great Lawyers to puzzle one plain cause. A peremptory message was sent at the same time to Matthews to demand his ultimate answer. He replied by the next post that he would write as soon as he had seen Lovegrove who was then from home. Unless they are at once subdued by the terror of my arms, I much fear that our dispute will last as long as the American Con-

323. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 40/41. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXV, extract. *P*, No. 266. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 14 Oct. 75. ansd. 18th Do'. Underlining by JBH.

[1] Alexander Wedderburn.

[2] Edward Thurlow.

test.—A propos of that Contest, I send you two pieces of intelligence from the best authority, and, which unless you hear them from some other quarter, *I do not wish you should* talk much about. 1rst. When the Russians arrive, (if they refresh themselves in England or Ireland) will you go and see their Camp. We have great hopes of getting a body of those Barbarians. In consequence of some very plain advances, George with his own hand wrote a very polite Epistle to sister Kitty, requesting her friendly assistance. Full powers and instructions were sent at the same time to Gunning,[3] to agree for any force between five and twenty thousand men. Carte blanche for the terms, on condition however that they should serve not as Auxiliaries but as Mercenaries, and that the Russian General should be absolutely under the command of the British. They daily and hourly expect a Messenger and hope to hear that the business is concluded.[4] The worst of it is that the Baltic will soon be froze up, and that it must be late next year before they can get to America. 2. In the mean time we are not quite easy about Canada: and even if it should be safe from an attack, we cannot flatter ourselves with the expectation of bringing down that martial people on the back settlements. The priests are ours; the Gentlemen very prudently wait the event, and are disposed to joyn the stronger party; but the same lawless spirit, and impatience of Government which has infected our Colonies, is gone forth among the Canadian Peasants, over whom since the Conquest the Noblesse have lost much of their ancient influence.[5]—Another thing which will please and surprize, is the assurance I received from a Man who might tell me a lye but who could not be mistaken, that no arts no management whatsoever have been used to procure the *Addresses which fill* the Gazette,[6] and that Lord N was as much surprized at the

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[3] Sir Robert Gunning, British Ambassador to the Court of Catherine, Empress of Russia.

[4] Nothing came of this scheme to employ Russian troops in America. See *Trevelyan*, ii, 36–7.

[5] Disquieting reports were coming from Canada. (Cf. *Hutchinson*, i, 545. Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 480.) American attacks on Quebec and Montreal were feared and the attitude of the Canadians was uncertain, though the Quebec Act (see No. 302, n. 2) was expected to influence them in favour of the British. (H. E. Egerton, *Causes and Character of the American Revolution* (1931), 118–9. *Trevelyan*, ii, 70 sq.)

[6] Addresses to the King in support of the war were presented by Manchester, Lancaster, Leicester and Liverpool (*London Gazette*, Sept. 12–16, '75) and a number of other

first that came up as we could be at Sheffield.—We shall have I suppose some brisk skirmishing in Parliament, but the business will soon be decided by our superior weight of fire. A'propos I believe there has been some vague but serious conversation about *calling out the Militia*.[7] The new Levies go on very slowly in Ireland. The Dissenters both there and here are violent and active. Adieu. I embrace Mylady and Maria.
Bentinck Street. October the 14th 1775.

Bath not Batt[8] qui croit et s'embellit, sends you his best Compliments and expresses great satisfaction [at] the hopes of visiting S P next summer.

324. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 16/10/75

Dear Madam.

Though I am always pleased to hear from you, I can assure you that no letter ever gave me so much satisfaction as your last. You have now completely got over a very serious disorder, and without being a Prophet, I will venture to assure you, that you are armed against [it] for the remainder of your life. I understand that your Doctor has made a general confession of all his tricks; and indeed no Christian ever lyed on a proper occasion with more zeal and humanity than that honest Jew has done. At present he will, I hope, assure you with as much regard but with more truth, that your constitution in the late attack has shewn its strength, thrown off its incumbrance, and taken a new and a long lease, of many, and, I flatter myself of happy years. We must soon talk of your finishing your recovery by breathing the pure and healthy air of Mary le Bone. In the mean time take care of yourself, and present my most hearty thanks to Mrs Gould for the kind and friendly part, she has

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towns. It was believed in opposition quarters that these demonstrations had been inspired by the Government. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 474–5. *Trevelyan*, ii, 10 sq.)

[7] A bill for embodying the militia was introduced early in the next session.

[8] Two words inserted above the line. Cf. No. 311.

324. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 42. *P*, No. 267.

acted in the whole course of this once alarming but now agreable transaction.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours
Bentinck Street. October the 16th 1775. E G.

325. To John Whitaker *Mon.* 16/10/75

Bentinck-street. Oct. 16, 1775

Dear Sir

Though the hurry of a thousand avocations will not allow me to make you a very long epistolatory visit, they shall not prevent me from making a short enquiry into the present state of your health, your business, and your intentions, with regard to London, for the ensuing Winter.[1]

For my own part, about February next, I intend to oppress the Public with a quarto of about five or six hundred pages, and am only concerned that the happy choice of the subject will leave no excuse for the feebleness of the execution. I do not say this from any false modesty, but from a real consciousness that I am below my own ideas of historical merit. In a few days our political campaign will open, and we shall find ourselves engaged in carrying on the most serious business, perhaps, that the Empire has ever known. A dark cloud still hangs over it, and though it may be necessary to proceed, the contest will be difficult, the event doubtful, and the consequence destruction. Your municipal glory is however

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325. R. Polwhele, *Traditions & Recollections* (1826), i, 250. Original not found.

[1] G. wrote to Whitaker about his *History of Manchester*, probably in '74, soon after the second ed. of Vol. I appeared (see *MW*, ii, No. LXIX, there placed in '76, but evidently in error) and other letters passed between them. They met when W., who lived mostly in Manchester, came to London. Their acquaintance terminated owing, according to W. to G's religious opinions, but according to Lord Sheffield, because of G's unfavourable criticism of W's *Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated*, 1788. (*MW*, i, 243, n.) W. subsequently published an abusive review of the last three volumes of *The Decline and Fall*. (*Norton*, 82, 241, 242.) His letters to G. are preserved in *Add.MSS* 34886 and printed in *MW*. Of G's side of the correspondence, only this letter is known. W. gave it to the Rev. Richard Polwhele, saying, 'Here is a letter which I do not value. Take it if you like.' (Polwhele, *loc. cit.*) See in general, J. E. Bailey, 'John Whitaker, the Historian of Manchester', in *Manchester Literary Club Papers*, iii (1877), 148 sq.

secure, and Mancunium, in sounding the alarm, has displayed the zeal which generally succeeds a sincere and recent conversion.[2] With regard to your old friend Ossian, the dogmatic language of Johnson, and the acquiescence or indifference of the Scotch, particularly of Macpherson, seem to have given the bard a dangerous, if not a mortal wound. It appears at least to be the prevailing opinion, that truth and falsehood, the Highland ballads, and the fancy of the translator are blended together in such a manner, that unless he himself should condescend to give the clue, there is no power of criticism capable of untwisting them.[3]

I am, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

E. Gibbon

326. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.*[31/10/75]

In the midst of Avocations, Litterary, Parliamentary and Social, which now on all sides overwhelm me, you must not expect any regular correspondence.—Sayer's business (you must know it by this time) is foolish beyond description. *He* was a fool, Richardson a busy knave, and Lord R an acting Justice of the Peace who was obliged to take the information.[1] You will see by the numbers that last Thursday we had an easy, but it was a languid victory.[2] We have a warm Parliament but an indolent Cabinet. The *Conquest* of America is a *great* Work: every part of that Continent is either lost

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[2] See No. 323, n. 6.

[3] W. attacked Macpherson's Ossian in his *Genuine History of the Britons Asserted*, 1772. Dr Johnson had recently reaffirmed in *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, published in Jan. '75, his belief that the poems had never existed except in Macpherson's version. For more of G. on Ossian, see *The Decline and Fall*, Ch. VI (pp. 141–2 of Bury's edition, 1914, vol. i).

326. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 43. *P*, No. 268. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 31 Oct: 75. ansd. 3d Nov:'. Underlinings, except perhaps the first, by JBH.

[1] Stephen Sayer, or Sayre, was accused by an American called Richardson of plotting to seize the King on his way to open Parliament and to secure a dissolution by force. He was arrested and brought before Lord Rochford, who committed him to the Tower on a charge of high treason. He was later discharged and awarded £1,000 damages. It was believed in opposition circles that the Government had exaggerated the affair in order to work up popular opinion in favour of the King and his ministers. (*Ann. Reg. for 1776*, 53–5. Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 481–2, 562.)

[2] Parliament met on Oct. 26. An opposition amendment to the Address was defeated by 278 votes to 108. (*Parl. Hist.*, xviii, 772.)

or useless. I do not understand that we have sufficient strength at home: the German succours are insufficient, *and the Russians are no longer hoped for.*[3]—When *do you come up*? I dined and lay at Twickenham Sunday. Batt was there—Govr Lyttleton[4] seconded the Address, matter good, manner ridiculous. Adieu. I delivered yours to C.[5]
Tuesday Evening.

327. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 4/12/75

Dear Madam

I am still alive, and in spite of the influenza perfectly well.[1] But why have you not at least written *one* line in so very long a space of time? All that I can say on the subject is to declare with the utmost sincerity that not a single morning has arisen without my forming the resolution to write before the Evening, and that not a single evening post bell[2] has rung, without sounding the alarm to my conscience. In the mean time hours, days, and weeks have imperceptibly rolled away: a perpetual hurry and long days of Parliamentary business, the whole world coming to town at once, and a great deal of occupation at home relative to my History, which will come out some time after Christmas. In a word I do not like to write to you, but I want very much to see you. Have [you] totally forgot your promise of making me a visit in town? I can lodge you &c without the smallest inconveniency, and I am sure that after getting the better of so formidable an Enemy as you have done, nothing would be so likely to give the last polish as a change of air, of situation and of company. Be so kind as to send me an *answer* and not a Compliment on this subject.—Mrs Porten is still well and young. Her sister in law has got and lost a child. The former wishes to be remembered to you.—You see the honour which Mr Eliot has acquired. I am amazed how he condescended to accept of it. The Member of St Germans might lurk in the Country, but the Knight of Cornwall must attend the House of Commons.[3]—I salute from a distance all Bath friends: and particularly the Colonel, Mrs G, Fanny,[4] Birds dogs &c &c.

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[3] Cf. No. 329; *Trevelyan*, ii, 42 sq.; No. 323.
[4] Wm Henry Lyttleton, formerly Governor of S. Carolina and of Jamaica.
[5] Caplin?

327. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 44. *P*, No. 269.
[1] There was an epidemic of influenza in London at this time. (*Hutchinson*, i, 548–9.)
[2] Cf. No. 295, n. 1.

I am Dear Madam Ever Yours

London. December the 4th 1775 E Gibbon

328. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 3/1/76

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* WR; FREE; 4.IA.

Dear Madam.

Had I not been engaged in hastening and finishing the Impression, I would with great pleasure have made you a Christmas visit. I may truly say to you and not to Bath, for I have never much relished the style and amusements of that seat of idleness which so many people are fond of; and I am much inclined to think that if you fixed your residence in any other part of the Kingdom, I might pass the remainder of my life without ever seeing Bath again.—Since I have mentioned my Book let me add that it will probably make its appearance about the middle or end of February: and that one of the very first Copies of it shall be carefully transmitted to Charles Street. The Public I know not why except from the happy choice of the subject, have already conceived expectations, which it will not be easy to satisfy: the more especially as lively ignorance is apt to expect much more, than the nature and extent of historical materials can enable an author to produce. However if the first volume is decently received in the World, I shall be encouraged to proceed; and shall find before me a stock of labour and of amusement sufficient to engage my attention for many years. The prosecution of some scheme is in my opinion the circumstance the most conducive to the happiness of life, and of all schemes the best is surely that the success of which chiefly depends on ourselves. Parliamentary business, and agreable society fill up the intervals of my time; and my situation would in every respect be a comfortable one, if I could only put an end to my Buckinghamshire sale, which is still attended with difficulties, and will hardly be decided without the interposition of Chancery. You will not wonder that I lose time and catch at every hope, rather than involve myself in that Labyrinth of Chicane and expence.—I say nothing of public affairs. Never did they wear a more melancholy aspect. We much fear that Quebec will not hold out the winter. The Provincials have everywhere displayed courage and abilities worthy of a better Cause; and those of my Ministerial friends who are the best acquainted with the state of America, are the least sanguine in their hopes of success for next year.—An odd discovery is just now made. At a sale in the Country an old cabinet was going to be knocked down for twenty shillings, when the curiosity of some people present urged them to examine it more closely. Two private drawers were found; one of which contained bank notes to a very large amount: the other held an older and more valuable curiosity; the individual ring of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex Lady Nottingham &c: you remember the story. It was in a very fine purse embroidered with pearls; and is authenticated by a writing found in the same purse of an old Lady Cook who attended the Queen in her visit to the Countess and picked up the ring when her Majesty threw it from her with horror and indignation. I have seen the purse and ring (a yellow kind of Diamond) at Barlow's a silk Mercer in King Street Covent Garden, who affirms that he has read the paper; but the Mystery which is made about the place of the sale, and the name of the present proprietor, leaves room for suspicion. Horace Walpole is determined if possible to get to the bottom of the affair.[1]

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[3] Eliot was elected member for Cornwall on the death of Sir John Molesworth. As member for St. Germans, where he controlled the elections, he could do as he liked, but county members were obliged to consider the opinions of the country gentlemen. (Cf. No. 230, n. 4. *Trevelyan*, i, 214. L. B. Namier, *Structure of Politics* (1929), 90.)

[4] Col., Mrs and Miss Gould.

328. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 48/9. *P*, No. 271.

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[1] The Essex ring now preserved in Westminster Abbey is believed on very good evidence to have descended to the Thynnes of Longleat from Essex's daughter, Lady Frances

I hope dear Madam that not only your health but your beauty likewise are perfectly restored; but I must desire an explicit and *satisfactory* answer about your promised visit to London. The air will, I am sure, be of the greatest service to you; and as the spring will soon advance upon us, you may easily connect London with Essex, Sussex[2] or any other part of the Kingdom, where you have any visits to make or promises to fullfill.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

E Gibbon

Bentinck Street January 3d of the new year 1776. May you find it an agreable introduction to many happy ones.

PS. Mess. Gosling and Clive will honour your order whenever you chuse to draw for the last half year: and on every future occasion I will take care that it shall be ready for your draught: which I think, once for all, will be the best way of settling it.

329. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.* 18/1/76

How do you do? Are you alive? Are you buried under mountains of snow? I write merely to triumph in the superiority of my own situation, and to rejoyce in my own prudence in not going down to S P as I seriously but foolishly intended to do last week. Hugonin by appointment came to town, but we soon agreed that the expedition (on his side at least) must be deferred till next summer; for which time he made a very solemn and as I believe a very serious engagement. We talked over Horn farm, which will be let next month by auction, and I am only afraid of getting too much money for it. Chalk woods &c settled to admiration and every thing goes well except the d—d Lovegrove. However I have had the arrears

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Devereux. It was sold by the family in 1911 and its latest purchaser, the late Mr Ernest Makower, bought and presented it to the Abbey in 1937. G's story, to which there is no reference in Horace Walpole's works, seems to have been a *canard*.

[2] I.e. to visit the Masseys and the Holroyds.

329. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 50. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXVII. *P*, No. 272. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 18th Jan: 76. ansd 21 Do'.

of rent paid into Fleet street: which [leaves] a very moderate balance of interest against me.

We proceed triumphantly with Roman Empire, and shall certainly make our appearance, before the end of next month.—I have nothing public. You know we have got 18000 Germans from Hesse Brunswick and Hesse Darmstadt. I think our meeting will be lively; a spirited Minority, and a desponding Majority. The higher people are placed the more gloomy are their countenances the more melancholy their language. You may call this cowardice, but I fear it arises from *their knowledge* (a late knowledge) of the difficulty and magnitude of the business. Quebec is not *yet* taken. I hear that Carleton[1] is determined never to capitulate with Rebels. A glorious resolution if it were supported by 50,000 Men. Adieu. I embrace Mylady and Maria. Make my excuses to the latter for having neglected her birth-day.

London. Janry 18th 1776. E G.

330. TO J. B. HOLROYD *Mon.* 29/1/76

Hares &c arrived safe; were received with thanks and devoured with appetite: send more id est of hares. I believe in my last I forgot saying any thing of the son of Fergus;[1] his letters reached him.—What think you of the season? Siberia, is it not? A pleasant Campaign in America. I read and pondered your last and think that in the place of Lord G G[2] you might perhaps succeed; but I much fear that our Leaders have not a Genius which can act at the distance of 3000 miles. By the bye the little islands of the Bermudas have just declared in favour of the Congress[3]. You know that a large draught of Guards are just going to America, poor dear creatures!

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[1] General Guy Carleton, Governor of Quebec.

330. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 51. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXVIII. *P*, No. 273. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 29 Jan: 76. ansd. 6 Feb'.

[1] Adam Ferguson, professor of philosophy at Edinburgh, or possibly Sir Adam Fergusson, M.P. for Ayrshire.

[2] Lord George Germaine, Secretary of State for the Colonies since Nov. '75.

[3] Reports of the Bermuda agent in London were causing alarm, but the Bermuda Assembly was still balancing between the colonies, on whom the Islands depended for

We are met;[4] but no business. Next week may be busy; Scotch Militia &c. Roman Empire (first part) will be finished in a week or fortnight. At last I have heard Texier;[5] wonderful! Embrace Mylady. The weather too cold to turn over the page. Adieu.
January 29th 1776.

Since this I received your last, and honour your care of the old Women, a respectable name which in spite of Mylady may suit Judges, Bishops, Generals (Je *gage*[6] que j'ai raison) &c. Several letters directed to you and enclosed to me, have been franked. Fergusons might be among them. I am rejoyced to hear of Maria's inoculation. I know not when you have done so wise a thing. You may depend on getting an excellent house. Adieu.

331. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* 9/2/76

You are mistaken about your dates. It is to-morrow *sevennight* the 17*th*, that my book will decline into the World. I will attend to Coachman and house, though I could wish that in point of price and situation you had been a little more explicit. I am glad to find that by degrees you begin to understand the advantages of a Civilized City, and above all I rejoyce at the mysterious intelligence which relates to the month of August.[1] Adieu. I cannot say much as Batt and Cantab[2] who dined with me, Beauclerc and Lady Dy, are now sitting by the fire. They both are impatient to see you and

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food, and the British Government, which had recently sent a frigate to patrol their waters. On the eve of the Declaration of Independence, a memorial, assuring the King of the loyalty of the islanders, was sent from Bermuda. (H. C. Wilkinson, *Bermuda in the Old Empire* (1950), ch. xiii.)

[4] The House of Commons reassembled on Jan. 25.

[5] Texier (Le Texier, Le Tessier) had recently become famous in Paris and London for acting plays, in which he rendered all the different parts himself. There are frequent references to his performances in contemporary letters.

[6] An oblique reference to General Gage.

331. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 53. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXIX (extracts). *P*, No. 274. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 9th Feb: 76, ansd. 11th Do'.

[1] 'and above all . . . August', deleted by a later hand, refers to the expected arrival of JBH's third child, who was born, a girl, in the following Sept. and christened Louisa. Cf. No. 334.

[2] R. O. Cambridge.

My Lady and honour her glorious resolution in accompanying you to town.—No public business; Parliament has set every day but we have not had a single debate. There is a rumour that Quebec is taken and Washington is said to have communicated the news to Howe,[3] but it is not yet absolutely believed.[4]—I think you will have your book Monday. The Parent is not forgot, though I had not a single one to spare.
Bentinck-street. Feb. 9th 1776.

332. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.*[21/2/76?]

House of Commons. Wednesday evening

Dear Madam

I write two lines to return you my thanks for what you say of my book, of which you are not indeed so good a Judge as you would be of any written by another author. By a mistake you have received *two* bound books instead of one. Be so good as to return one of them by coach or waggon, and [I] will give orders that an unbound one shall go to-morrow to Brock Street.[1] Your soiled one (honourable marks) you will retain. But when will you flatter me in person in Bentinck Street? March approaches.

I am Dear Madam ever yours

E. Gibbon

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[3] General Sir William Howe, in command in America since Gage's recall.

[4] The report, brought by a ship arriving from Halifax on Feb. 6, was later contradicted. (*Hutchinson*, ii, 15–16.)

332. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 52. *P*, No. 275. If DG's copy of *The Decline and Fall* was sent at the same time as JBH's (see No. 331), Wed., Feb. 21, as the date of this letter would seem to allow enough time for her to look through it and to write to G. about it, which she would no doubt have done as soon as possible.

[1] To Isaac Holroyd.

333. TO DAVID GARRICK *Mon.* 11/3/76

Dear Sir

I know not whether I ought to think myself the most obliged to you or to Lord Cambden: to him for so flattering an encomium, or to you for so friendly a communication.[1] With regard to the wish which his Lordship so politely expresses of my being made known to him, you must give me leave to say, that if he were still a Chancellor or a Minister, I might perhaps be inclined to meet his advances with some degree of coldness and reserve;[2] but as he is now reduced to be nothing more than a great Man, I shall eagerly embrace the first proper occasion of paying my respects to him and shall consider the honour of his acquaintance, as the most satisfactory reward of my labour.

I am Dear Sir Your most faithful and obliged humble Servant

Bentinck Street. March the 11th 1776. E. Gibbon

334. TO DOROTHEA GIBBON *Tue.* 26/3/76

Dear Madam

Lazyness is ingenious; but on this occasion mine was provided with too good an excuse. I mean your own silence. From post to post I have expected a letter to fix the time and manner of your Journey to London. I now begin to despair and am almost inclined to think that your sedentary life has rivetted your chains, and cut off your wings. I must therefore try (though a very sedentary animal myself) whether I cannot visit you at Bath, and as the Easter

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333. New York Public Library (H. W. and A. Berg Collection). *Private Correspondence of David Garrick*, ed. J. Boaden (1831–2),ii, 145. C. J. Smith, *Literary & Historical Curiosities* (1890), 81 (in facsimile). Here printed from photostat of the original.

[1] Garrick's letter, to which this is a reply, is in *Add. MSS* 34886, ff. 59/60 and printed, *MW*, ii, 153.

[2] Lord Camden was made Lord Chancellor by Pitt in '66 and was dismissed by Lord North, to whose policy he was opposed, in '70.

334. *Add. MSS* 34884, f. 54. *P*, No. 276.

vacation seems to promise me the most convenient leisure that I am likely to enjoy in the whole year, I entertain some thoughts of running down to you for a few days. The Eliots who with great difficulty have existed in town about two months seem to intend moving towards that place about the same time. The Holroyds are likewise in town: they have inoculated their girl, and I understand with the greatest pleasure, that there are some hopes of an encrease of family.—As to myself I have the satisfaction of telling you that my book has been very well received, by men of letters, men of the world and even by fine feathered Ladies; in short by every set of people except perhaps by the Clergy who seem (I know not why) to shew their teeth on the occasion.[1] A thousand Copies are sold, and we are preparing a second Edition, which in so short a time is, for a book of that price a very uncommon event.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

London. March 26th 1776. E Gibbon

335. To Adam Ferguson *Mon.* 1/4/76

Dear Sir

I shall not pretend to deny that your approbation and that of your literary friends at Edinburgh, has given me very great pleasure. I am not proud enough to be above vanity, and I have always looked up with the most sincere respect towards the northern part of our island, whither taste and philosophy seemed to have retired from the smoke and hurry of this immense capital. Your good opinion, in particular, I should wish to cultivate, and am pleased to understand from some passages in your letter that you are engaged in a work which I am convinced will stand in the same proportion to my imperfect essay as the Roman Republic may be conceived to have done, if compared with the lower ages of the declining Empire.[1]

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[1] For an account of reviews and other criticisms of the first volume of *The Decline and Fall*, see *Norton*, 41–2, 64 sq.

335. C. Innes, 'A Memoir of Professor Dalzel', in A. Dalzel, *History of the University of Edinburgh* (1862), i, 22. The original (present whereabouts unknown) was shown to Innes by James Gibson Craig. A letter written at about this time by G. to Andrew Dalzel, Professor of Greek at Edinburgh University (see his letter to G., *Add.MSS* 34886, f. 104), has not been traced.

What an excellent work is that with which our common friend, Mr Adam Smith, has enriched the public![2]—an extensive science in a single book, and the most profound ideas expressed in the most perspicuous language. He proposes visiting you very soon, and I find that he means to exert his most strenuous endeavours to persuade Mr Hume to return with him to town. I am sorry to hear that the health and spirits of that truly great man are in a less favourable state than his friends could wish, and I am sure that you will joyn your efforts in convincing him of the benefits of exercise, dissipation, and change of air.[3]

If I were not afraid of being too troublesome, I would desire you to inform me by a line, of the particulars of his present condition, as well as of his intentions.

I am, dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,
Bentinck Street, April the 1st 1776. E. Gibbon

336. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.*[8/4/76?]

[G. hopes to drink tea with DG on Wednesday evening in Charles Street. Also a reference to the Eliots setting out on Thursday. Dated Monday evening.]

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[1] Ferguson was professor of philosophy at Edinburgh University. G. had sent him a copy of *The Decline and Fall*, Vol. I. His letter of thanks and reply to this letter of G's are in *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 66/7 and 72/3 and printed, *MW*, ii, Nos. LXXIX and LXXXI. He published his *History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic* in '83.

[2] *The Wealth of Nations* was published in March '76. Adam Smith was on a visit to London at the time of this letter.

[3] Hume did visit London shortly after this and G. met him then. (*M*, 313.) He was already mortally ill and he died in Edinburgh on Aug. 25, '76.

336. Original untraced. Listed, with a summary and attributed to 1778, in *Catalogue of Autograph Letters formed by Alfred Morrison* (1885), ii, 177, and in Messrs. Maggs' *Catalogue* No. 433 (1922), item 3264. It seems from No. 337 that G. arrived in Bath on a Wednesday in '76 and from No. 334 that the Eliots visited Bath at about the same time in that year. In '78 G. arrived in Bath on a Thursday. See No. 418.

337. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.* 11/4/76

I write two lines to signify my arrival at this place. Beauclerck's heart failed him and he left me in the lurch; but he had made me take such steps of giving notice &c that the journey was become unavoidable. I propose staying till this Day sennight and shall return for the Budget. This morning I saw *Pater*[1] and do not think him worse than he has been for these two or three years past. *Soror* is actually above stairs with Mrs G and other Ladies. Though I had not the opportunity of a whisper I suppose she desires Compliments. The place appears full and they say is lively, but you know how little its kind of pleasures have the happiness of charming me. I long to get back to the Library in Bentinck Street, where I shall speedily but not hastily undertake the second Volume. The Ladies here do *me* the honour of admiring me.
Bath. April 11th 1776.

338. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* [20/4/76?]

Reading a quarter past nine Saturday evening. Tout est bien
E G.

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337. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 55. *P*, No. 277. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 11th Ap: 76. ansd. 18th Do'.

[1] Isaac and (next sentence) Sarah Holroyd.

338. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 371. An examination of G's letters immediately after his various visits to Bath, indicates that this note and No. 420 were written on his return journies in '76 and '78, though we cannot be sure which of them is attributable to which year. Both of them were written on a Saturday and in '76 it must have been Saturday, April 20, when he had spent just over a week in Bath (cf. No. 337).

339. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 26/4/76

Dear Madam

Though you may censure my silence for two or three posts, you must allow that my taking up my pen while your daughter in law[1] is sitting close to me is an instance of no vulgar complaisance. I am a good deal taken up with the Neckers. We are vastly glad to see [one] another, but she is no longer a Beauty. How is Colonel Gould? I am well.

I am Dear Madam ever yours
London. April 26th 1776. E Gibbon

340. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [27/4/76]

Lest you should growl I write, though I have nothing to say, for the Dutchess alias Countess is not an object worthy of our attention.[1] I rejoyce to hear of your approaching arrival and *hope* that by that time Newton may have something to say.—Your letter to Foster is not forgot: nor was the visit to his namesake of Orchard street.—When will you send me up the lease for Mrs Gibbon who will soon complain of my delay by a thundering Epistle?[2] At Bath all were well, *Pater* not worse I think than last year, and Soror in much better looks and spirits.[3] You probably know that poor Lady Russel is brought to bed of a dead child. Great is the desolation of all the branches of the family. I write with three or four very fine Ladies round me. Therefore Adieu.

Saturday night. E.G.

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339. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 56. *P*, No. 278.

[1] Which of DG's favoured candidates for that post? Sappho, Mrs Ashby, the mysterious 'she' of No. 362, or another?

340. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 57. *P*, No. 279. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 27 Ap: 76. ansd. 29 Do'.

[1] The trial of Elizabeth Chudleigh for bigamy began on April 15 and ended on May 22. If innocent, she was Duchess of Kingston, if guilty, Countess of Bristol. She was found guilty.

[2] See No. 294.

[3] See No. 337.

341. To Georges Deyverdun *Tue.* 7/5/76

Address. À Monsieur Monsieur Deyverdun Gentilhomme Suisse chez M Huber Professeur des Belles-Lettres à Leipsic En Allemagne.

À Londres ce 7 Mai. 1776

My long silence (car il faut que je commence en Anglois sauf à reprendre le François si je m'y trouve disposè) my long silence has been occasioned, as far as I understand the anatomy of my own mind, by various reasons: during the summer it was mere idleness and procrastination: from the meeting of Parliament, when it became necessary to finish my book and to subdue America I found myself really involved in a greater hurry of public private and litterary business than I have ever known in any part of my life: Materials of correspondence have insensibly accumulated and from the despair of saying everything I have wisely persisted in saying nothing. En attendant il n'est pas necessaire d'avertir le cher lecteur que je l'aime precisèment æutant comme si je lui ecrivois tous les huit jours.—Par quel endroit donc entamerai je cette Epitre? Peut on faire cette question à un auteur qui vient de publier son livre. Je parlerai de moi meme et je gouterai ce plaisir qui rend si delicieuse la conversation des amis, le plaisir de parler de soi-meme avec quelqu'un qui s'y interresse. Il est vrai que j'aimerois bien mieux m'entretenir avec vous en nous promenant dans ma bibliotheque où je pourrois vous faire sans rougir tous les aveux que ma vanitè exigeroit de moi. Mais dans ce triste eloignement de Londres à Leipsic nous ne pouvons pas nous passer de confident, et l'indiscretion du papier pourroit un jour reveler les petits secrets que je suis obligè de lui confier. Sachez donc que l'histoire de la decadence et de la chute de l'Empire Romain a eu le succès le plus complet et le plus flatteur pour l'Ecrivain. Mais il faut reprendre les choses d'un peu plus loin. Je ne sai si vous vous rappellez que je m'etois

341. M. Louis Grenier. *Read*, ii, 386 (in trans.). A translation, made from a copy, with considerable differences in the wording of the parts that G. wrote in English, appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, March 1851.

arrangè avec mon libraire pour l'impression de cinq cens exemplaires. Ce nombre etoit assez modeste, mais je voulois pressentir le gout du public et me menager l'occasion prochaine de faire dans une seconde Edition tous les changemens que la critique et mes propres reflexions pourroient me suggerer. Nous en etions peutetre à la vingtcinquieme feuille lorsque mon libraire et mon Imprimeur gens d'esprit et de gout commencerent à s'apperçevoir que l'ouvrage en question pourroit bien valoir quelque chose et que les dits 500 Exemplaires ne suffiroient point à l'appetit des lecteurs Britanniques. Ils m'exposerent leurs raisons et me supplierent très humblement mais tres instamment de permettre l'impression de 500 autres Exemplaires. Je me rendis à leur priere, craignant toutefois que les cadets de ma nombreuse famille ne fussent condamnès à vieillir sans gloire dans le fonds d'un Magazin.[1] En attendant, l'impression avançoit toujours et malgré l'amour paternel je maudissois quelquefois les soins que j'etois obligè de donner à l'education de mes enfans pour les guerir de ces petits defauts que la negligence de leurs precepteurs avoit laissè passer sans les corriger. Enfin au mois de Fevrier je voyois arriver le moment decisif, et je vous avoue que ce ne fut point sans quelque espèce d'inquietude: Je savois que mon livre etoit bon mais je voulois qu'il fút excellent. Je ne devois pas la dessus m'en rapporter à mon jugement, et je craignois de me fier au public à ce tyran qui prononce si souvent sans ecouter, et qui anneantit d'un coup d'oeil le travail de dix ans. Enfin le seize de Fevrier je me donnoi à l'Univers; et l'Univers c'est à dire un petit nombre de Lecteurs Anglois m'acceuillit à bras ouverts. Dans quinze jours l'Edition entiere fut si parfaitement debitée qu'il n'en resta pas un seul exemplaire. M. Cadell (mon aimable libraire) me proposa d'abord de faire une nouvelle Edition de mille Exemplaires, et dans peu de jours il crut avoir des raisons pour me prier de la laisser porter jusqu'à quinze Cens. Elle va paroitre au commencement du mois prochain, et l'honnete personnage ose deja me promettre qu'elle sera enlevèe avant la fin de l'annèe et qu'il sera force de m'inportunè une troisieme fois.[2] Le Volume (un bel in quarto) coute une Guinèe non reliè; il s'est vendu, selon l'expression du libraire comme une brochure de six sous sur les affaires du tems.

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[1] For the effect of this decision in producing variant printings in half the copies of this volume see *Norton*, 37–9.

[2] A second edition of 1,500 copies was published on June 3 and a third of 1,000 copies in May '77.

Je me suis contentè jusqu'a present de vous citer le fait le moins equivoque en faveur de l'histoire. On a dit que le cheval est le seul qui ne flatte point les Rois lorsqu'ils trouvent à propos de le monter. Ne pourroit on pas ajouter que le libraire est le seul qui ne flatte jamais les auteurs quand ils ont la fantaisie de se faire imprimer? Mais vous comprenez bien que sur un si grand nombre de lecteurs avides on trouve toujours moyen d'attraper quelques louanges, et je vous avoue que pour moi je les aime beaucoup ces louanges. Celles des femmes de condition, surtout si elles sont jeunes et jolies, sans etre du plus grand poids ne laissent pas de m'amuser infinement. J'ai eu le bonheur de plaire à ces creatures là et l'histoire ancienne de votre savant ami a reussi comme le Roman du jour. Passons à des suffrages plus respectables; et sans vous fatiguer d'une longue enumeration choississons ceux de mes Maitres. Ecoutez Robertson dans une lettre qui n'etoit pas destinèe à tomber entre mes mains 'I have read Mr Gibbon's history with much attention and great pleasure. It is a work of very high merit indeed. He possesses that industry of research without which no man deserves the name of an historian. His narrative is perspicuous and interesting his style is elegant and forcible, though in some places I think rather too laboured, and in others too quaint. But these defects are amply compensated by the beauty of the general flow of language, and a very peculiar happiness in many of his expressions.'[3] Pretez l'oreille maintenant au bon David. 'As I have run through your volume of history with great avidity and impatience, I cannot forbear discovering something of the same impatience in returning you thanks for your agreeable present; and in expressing the satisfaction which the performance has given me. Whether I consider the dignity of your style, the depth of your matter or the extensiveness of your learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of esteem. I know it will give you pleasure (as it did me) to find, that all the men of letters in this place (*Edinburgh*) concur in their admiration of your work, and in their anxious desire of your continuing it.'[4] Savez vous bien au reste que le Tacite et le Tite Live de l'Ecosse m'ont ète utiles de plus d'une maniere. Nos bons Anglois gemissoient depuis longtems de la superiorité que ces historiens avoient acquise et comme le prejugè national se nourrit à tres peu de frais, ils se sont empressès de guinder, à force d'acclamations, leur indigne compatriote jusqu'à la niche de ces grands hommes.[5] De plus j'ai eu le bonheur d'eviter l'ecueil le plus dangereux dans ce pays. Un historien est toujours jusqu'à un certain point, un politique; et chaque lecteur suivant ses opinions particulieres cherche dans les siecles les plus reculès les sentimens de l'ecrivain sur les hommes les Rois et les Gouvernements differens. Un Sous-Ministre très attachè aux prerogatives de la Couronne m'a fait son compliment de ce que j'avois partout inculquè les plus saines maximes. M. Walpole d'un autre cotè[6] et Mylord Cambden tous les deux partisans declarès de la libertè et meme de la Republique sont persuadès que je ne suis pas eloignès de leurs idèes: c'est une preuve du moins que j'ai observè une honnete neutralitè. Considerons à present le revers de la medaille et respectons le moyen dont le ciel a voulû se servir pour humilier mon orgueil. Penseriez vous bien mon cher Monsieur qu'on auroit poussè l'injustice jusqu'au point d'attaquer la puretè de ma foi. Le cri des Eveques et d'un grand nombre de dames egalement respectables par leur age et par leurs lumieres s'est elevè contre moi. On ose soutenir que les deux derniers Chapitres de mon histoire pretendu ne sont qu'une satire de la Religion Chretienne satire d'autant plus dangereuse qu'elle est deguisèe du voile de la moderation et de l'impartialitè, et que l'emissaire de Satan après avoir longtems amusè son lecteur d'un conte fort agreable conduit insensiblement ses pas dans le piege infernal. Vous sentez Monsieur toute l'horreur de ce procedè, et vous comprenez bien que je n'opposerai qu'un silence respectueux aux clameurs de mes Ennemis.

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[3] Wm Robertson in a letter dated March 15, '76, to the printer, Wm Strahan. An extract from it, in G's hand, is in *Add.MSS* 34886, f. 63, and printed in *MW* ('96), i, No. LXX, and *MW*, ii, No. CXXVIII.

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[4] From Hume's letter to G., dated March 18, '76, *Add. MSS* 34886, f. 65. G. quoted the letter in full in his memoirs (*MW* ('96), i, 148–50, *MW*, i, 224–6, *M*, 311–13, n.). It appears from a letter from Hume to Strahan (*MW*, ii, No. LXXX, 'The Author tells me that he is already preparing a second Edition') that G. answered Hume, but this reply does not seem to have survived.

[5] There is a long list of quotations illustrating contemporary low opinion of English historians in *Hill*, 295.

[6] 'I think, nay, I am sure I perceive, that your sentiments on government agree with my own.' (H. Walpole to G., Feb. 14, '76, printed *MW*, ii, No. LXXV. Walpole's letters to G. are in *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 53–6.)

Et la traduction? Allez vous bientot me faire lire et bruler dans le reste de l'Europe? Apres une courte suspension dont il est peu necessaire de detailler les raisons j'ai repris l'envoi des feuilles à mesure qu'elles sortoient de la presse. Elles passoient regulierement par Gottingue, d'ou M Sprenger aura eu soin de vous les faire parvenir; et depuis longtems l'original Anglois doit etre tout entier entre vos mains. Quel usage en avez Vous fait? la traduction est elle achevèe? dans quel tems, dans quel endroit, sous quel forme vous proposez vous de la faire paroitre. Je ne laisse pas de craindre les accidens qui ont pu arriver en route et de craindre surtout votre paresse ou bien vos distractions; d'autant plus qu'il m'est revenu de plusieurs manieres que vous vous etes occupè de la traduction de je ne sai quel ouvrage Allemand.[7] Malgrè mon silence vous auriez pu m'instruire de l'etat des choses. En tout cas vous n'avez pas un instant à perdre et voici pourquoi. M le Duc de Choiseuil qui s'est engouè de mon ouvrage a communiquè à M. Walpole son intention de le faire traduire au plutot. Je crois avoir arretè ce dessein, en les assurant que votre traduction s'imprimoit deja à Leipsic: mais on ne peut pas longtems repondre des evenemens et il seroit egalement facheux de se voir prevenir par un bel Esprit de Paris ou par le Manoeuvre d'un libraire Hollandois.

Voila une Epitre assez honnete. Je sens cependant que vous ne devez guères m'en tenir compte, puisqu'elle a roulè toute entiere sur moi meme. J'ai mille autre choses à vous marquer et autant de questions à vous faire. Comptez sur une autre missive dans huit jours. Allez ne craignez rien. J'en jure la sainte amitiè et mon serment ne demeurera pas sans effet. Tout à vous.

E Gibbon

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[7] Goethe's *Leiden des jungen Werthers*. D's translation was published, under the title *Werther, Traduit de l'Allemand*, with two cuts by Chadowicki, at Maestricht, by Dufour and Roux, in '76 (*Keynes*, 136). A second edition was published in '84. Cf. *Read*, ii, 411.

342. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* 20/5/76

I am angry, that you should impede my noble designs of seeing foreign parts, more especially as I have an advantage which Sir Wilful had not, that of understanding your foreign lingos.[1] With regard to Mrs Gibbon her intended visit to which I was not totally a stranger will do me honour, and though it should delay my emigration till the end of July, there will still remain the months of August September and October. Above all abstain from giving the least hint to any Bath Correspondent and perhaps if I am not provoked by opposition, the thing may not be absolutely certain. At all events you may depend on a praevious visit. At present I am very busy with the Neckers. I live with her just as I used to do twenty years ago laugh at her Paris varnish, and oblige her to become a simple reasonable Suissesse. The man, who might read English husbands, lessons of proper and dutiful behaviour is a sensible goodnatured Creature. In about a fortnight I again launch into the World in the shape of a quarto Volume. The dear Cadell assures me that he never remembered so eager and impatient a demand for a second Edition.—The town is beginning to break up; the day after to-morrow we have our last day in the house of Commons to enquire into the instructions of the Commissioners; I like the man, and the motion appears plain.[2] Adieu. I dined with Lord Palmerston to day, a great dinner of Catches: Sir Farly and spouse part of the Company or rather of the family.[3] I embrace Mylady and the Maria.

London May the 20th 1776. E G.

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342. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 58. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXIV. *P*, No. 280. Endorsed by JBH 'Gibbon 20th May 76 ansd. 2 June'.

[1] 'I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town to learn somewhat of your lingo first before I cross the seas.' (Sir Wilful Witwould in Congreve, *The Way of the World*, Act v, sc. 14.)

[2] On May 22 General Conway moved in the Commons for the communication to the House of the instructions given to Admiral Lord Howe and General Howe, who, it was understood, had been empowered to open peace negotiations with the Americans. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 232–3.)

[3] For the Catch Club, of which Palmerston was a member, see No. 237, n. 3. Sir Farly (or Farby?) is unidentified.

343. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 24/5/76

Dear Madam

Shame, shame always shame—Yet two lines will I write in the midst of a crowd. My mornings have been very much taken up with preparing and correcting (though in a minute and almost imperceptible way) my new Edition which will be out the first of June. My afternoons (barring the House of Commons) have been a good deal devoted to Madame Necker. She, her husband and the rest of her Servants leave this Country next Tuesday, entertained with the Island, and owning that the barbarous people have been very kind to them. Do you know that they have almost extorted from [me] a promise to make them a short visit at Paris in the Autumn. But pray, Madam, when do you set out? the month of June draws near and both myself, the Portens and the inhabitants of Sheffield place are impatient to be informed of the time and circumstances of your intended journey.

Poor Mallet! I pity his misfortune and feel for him probably more than he does for himself at present. His William and Margaret his only good piece of poetry is torn from him, and by the evidence of old Manuscripts turns out to be the work of the celebrated Andrew Marvel composed in the year 1670.[1] Adieu Dear Madam. I am most truly Yours

Almack's. May the 24th 1776. E Gibbon

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343. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 59. *P*, No. 281.

[1] David Mallet died in '65. The ballad, *William and Margaret*, was published first in Edinburgh in '23, for the first time under Mallet's name in Savage's *Miscellany*, in '26 and many times subsequently. The authorship was first disputed in '73. In '76 Edward Thompson, in the preface to his edition of the works of Andrew Marvell, asserted that it was written by Marvell, to whom also he attributed Addison's 'The spacious firmament on high' and poems by other authors. He seems to have mistaken a Commonplace Book for an original MS by Marvell. There is no good reason to suppose that Mallet did not write the ballad. (D. Mallet, *Ballads & Songs*, ed. F. Dinsdale (1857), 71 sq. G. F. Sleigh, 'The Authorship of *William and Margaret*', in *The Library*, 5th Ser., vol. viii (1953), 121–3.)

344. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.* 6/6/76

To tell you any thing of the change or rather changes of Governors I must have known something of them myself: but all is darkness confusion and uncertainty; to such a degree that people do not even know what lyes to invent.[1] The news from America have indeed diverted the public attention into another and far greater channel. All that you see in the papers of the repulse at Quebec as well as the capture of Lee rests on the authority (a very unexceptionable one) of the Provincial papers as they have been transmitted by Governor Tryon from New York.[2] Howe is well and eats plentifully & the weather seems to clear up so fast that according to the English custom we have passed from the lowest despondency, to a full assurance of success.—My new birth happened last Monday. 700 of the 1500 were gone yesterday. I now understand from pretty good authority that Dr Porteous the friend and chaplain of St Secker is actually sharpening his goosequill against the two last Chapters.[3] Mrs G has not yet signified her intentions about the London and Sheffield expedition. I have not advanced one single step with regard to Lovegrove. Palmer will not interfere till he has seen the abstract of the title with Duane's

344. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 60. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXV. *P*, No. 282. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 6 June 76. ansd. 15th Do'.

[1] The Preceptor to the Prince of Wales, Wm Markham, Bishop of Chester, and the Sub-preceptor, Cyril Jackson, had been dismissed and the Prince's Governor, Lord Holdernesse, and Sub-governor, Leonard Smelt, had thereupon resigned. There were said to have been quarrels between the Preceptors and the Governors but no one understood why both parties should have left the Royal service, especially as all of them were offered handsome compensation. The difficult character of the Prince himself was thought to be at the bottom of the trouble. (Walpole, *Letters*, ix, 373–4; *ibid.*, *Last Journals*, i, 554 sq.) Markham was an old and dear friend of Catherine Porten.

[2] A message from Tryon, Governor of New York, stated that an attack on Quebec had been repulsed and that the American General, Charles Lee, had been captured, with other cheering information, most of it false. The news was in the daily papers on June 4, but it was not published in the official *London Gazette*, and its authenticity was doubted. (*Hutchinson*, ii, 60. Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 558.)

[3] Selby Porteous, at one time domestic chaplain to Thomas Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, and later Bishop of Chester, never published an attack on G. For his private opinion of *The Decline and Fall* see W. Forbes, *Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie* (1807), ii, 161.

observations, which we cannot get them to communicate even to their own friend. Adieu. I embrace Mylady and the Maria.
June the 6th 1776 from Almack's where I was chose last week.

345. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 29/6/76

Yes, yes I am alive and well but what shall I say? Town grows empty and this house where I have passed very agreable hours is the only place which still unites the flower of the English youth. The style of living though *somewhat* expensive is exceeding pleasant and notwithstanding the rage of play I have found more entertaining and even rational society here than in any other Club to which I belong. Mrs G still hangs in suspense and seems to consider a town expedition with horror. I think however that she will be soon in motion, and when I have her in Bentinck Street we shall perhaps talk of a Sheffield excursion. I am now deeply engaged in the reign of Constantine,[1] and from the specimens which I have already seen I can venture to promise that the second Volume will not be less interesting than the first. The 1500 Copies are moving off with decent speed, and the obliging Cadell begins to mutter something of a third Edition for next year. No news of Deyverdun or his French translation. What a lazy dog. Madame Necker has been gone a great while. I gave her en partant the most solemn assurances of following her *paws*[2] in less than two months, but the voice of indolence begins to whisper a thousand difficulties and unless, your absurd policy should thoroughly provoke me the Parisian journey may possibly be deferred. I rejoyce in the progress of ——[3] towards light. By Corke Street I suppose you mean the Carters[4] and highly approve of the place. We are in expectation of American news. Carleton is made a Knight of the Bath. The old report of Washington's resignation and quarrel with the Congress

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345. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 60. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXVI. *P*, No. 283. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 29 June 76. ansd. 3 July'.

[1] The account of the reign of Constantine was later re-written. (*M.* 315–6.)

[2] A hit, perhaps, at JBH's pronunciation of the French *pas;* cf. the common eighteenth-century use of 'Spaw' for 'Spa'. Mr D. M. Low suggests this interpretation.

[3] Blank in *MS*. The reference is to the Holroyds' expected new baby. See No. 331, n. 1.

[4] Perhaps Thomas Carter of Penn and his family. They were relations of JBH.

seems to revive.—I shall say nothing of Lovegrove, the beast makes me very uneasy, as I cannot devise any expedient to force to persuade or bribe him out of his obstinate silence. Adieu.
Almack's. June the 29th 1776. E G.

346. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 4/7/76

Dear Madam.

I can freely and sincerely tell you that [there] is no journey will give me half the pleasure of staying in Bentinck Street to receive you the latter end of next week, which I shall expect with impatience.

I am ever yours
Almack's. July the 4th 1776. E Gibbon

347. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.*[13/7/76]

Mrs G at last arrived. I enclose her letter. Our plan seems to be to visit Sheffield place towards the end of next week. A vue de pays Friday appears the most likely day. I have no news, public or private, and loose conversation may be deferred till our meeting. I was deeply engaged in the decline, but this visit and journey put a heavy spoke in the wheel. Adieu.
Saturday Night. Bentinck Street.

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346. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 63. *P*, No. 284.

347. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 64. *P*, No. 285. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 13 July 76. ansd 17 Do'.

348. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.*[17/8/76]

We expect you at five o'Clock Tuesday without a sore throat.—You have ere this heard of the shocking accident which takes up the attention of the town. Our old acquaintance poor John Damer shot himself last Wednesday night; at the Bedford arms his usual place of resort where he had passed several hours with four Ladies and a blind fidler. By his own indolence rather than extravagance his circumstances were embarassed, and he had frequently declared himself tired of life.—No public news, nor any material expected till the end of this or beginning of next month when Howe will probably have collected his whole force. A tough business indeed; you see by their declaration that they have now passed the Rubicon and rendered the work of a treaty infinitely more difficult.[1] You will perhaps say so much the better but I do assure you that the *thinking* friends of government are by no means sanguine. Mrs G seems likely to expect[2] you[r] arrival. She has had no answer out of Essex. I am pretty much a prisòner except about *one* hour in the evening: but as she dines to morrow with Mrs Ashby, I take the opportunity of eating turtle with Garrick at Hampton. Adieu. E G. Saturday evening.

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348. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 65. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXVIII. *P*, No. 286. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon Augst 76'. The date is fixed by the reference to John Damer, who shot himself during the night of Aug. 14/15.

[1] Howe had established himself on Staten Island, preparatory to beginning his attack on New York. This was known in London on Aug. 10 and further news was eagerly expected. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, i, 567; *ibid.*, *Letters*, ix, 298.) The text of the Declaration of Independence was published in the London papers on Aug. 11.

[2] *OED*, defining 'expect' as 'to defer action until some contingency arises', gives an example of its use in this sense in *The Decline and Fall*, (1781), ii, 92. 'Essex' in the following sentence means the Masseys. Cf. also No. 297, n. 1.

349. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 2/9/76

Dear Madam

Yesterday afternoon about half an hour past five a young *Lady* was introduced into the World,[1] and though her sex might be considered as an objection, she was received with great politeness. She is perfectly well, as likewise Mylady who eat a whole chicken for her dinner to day. How do [you] like your Essex ladies? Have they resisted the attacks of two and twenty years. I hope they will not detain you from Bentinck Street much longer, and I rather consider my having no letter to day as a good sign.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

London. September the 2d 1776. E Gibbon

350. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 25/9/[76]

Address. Mrs Gibbon Charles Street Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 25.SE.

25 Sep.

At a large meeting of the most considerable Wits of the two Islands it was agreed that Rouen Ducks have white Feathers, but this is not the whole business of this letter—The Gibbon has so often declared an intention of letting Mrs Gibbon know that he is well without so doing that it is just determined to acquaint her he exists. Moreover Mrs H. and the Brat are quite well & Mr H. wishes for an opportunity of promoting eloquence in Mrs Gibbon on Gothick Architecture.[1] Turn over.

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349. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 67. *P*, No. 287.

[1] See No. 331, n. 1.

350. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 68/9. *P*, No. 288. The first paragraph is written by JBH. It extends to the bottom of the page, where 'Turn over' is in G's hand, as is the rest of the letter.

[1] SP was being reconstructed in the Neo-gothic style.

It is a certain fact that the Gibbon exists and that his resolutions have been as usual much better than his intentions. He looks back with pleasure and regret on the time with[2] Mrs Gibbon and most sincerely hopes that as she has now conquered all the Lyons upon the road she will no longer entertain any apprehensions of the Journey. Mrs Porten is well, and I believe has written. The other day I told her that there was an Irish edition of the Decline. Her quaestion amused me. 'Do you understand it?' She supposed it was published in the Irish language. The natives have printed it very well, and the notes at bottom take up much less space than I could have imagined.[3]

ever Yours
E Gibbon

351. To Lord Ossory *Mon.* 14/10/76

In reply to an invitation to stay at Ampthill Park.

352. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.*[19/10/76]

I have waited so long that the bell is tolling in my ear;[1] but I know you would swear—. By the enclosed you will see Sir Hugh's[2] impediments, and if the rest of his letter requires any answer you may amuse yourself with scratching it out.—For the present I am so deeply engaged that you must renounce the hasty apparition at

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[2] 'which' in *MS*.

[3] In the first edition of vol. I of *The Decline and Fall*, the notes are printed at the end of the volume. Hume, in a letter to the printer, Wm Strahan, maintained that they would be better at the bottom of the page and this arrangement was adopted, against G's judgment, in the third edition. (*Norton*, 42–3.) The first Dublin edition (a piracy) was published by Wm Hallhead. (*Norton*, No. 41.)

351. Original untraced. Listed, with summary as above, in Sotheby's *Catalogue*, June 9, 1936; also in Messrs Maggs' *Catalogue*, No. 634 (1936), item 671.

352. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 71. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXIX. *P*, No. 289. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 19 Oct. 76. 3 Nov: 76'.

[1] See No. 295 n. 1.

[2] Hugonin's.

S P; but if you should be very impatient I will try (after the meeting[3]) to run down between the friday and monday, and bring you the last Editions of things.—At present *nought* but expectation. The attack on me is begun, an anonymous eighteen penny pamphlet, which will get the author more Glory in *the next World than in* this.[4] The Heavy troops, Watson and another are on their march.[5] —No news from Richard Way.[6] Adieu.
Saturday ¾ past eleven.

353. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 24/10/76

Address. Mrs Gibbon Charles Street Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* AMPTHILL; FREE; 25.OC.

Dear Madam

I hardly dare recollect how long I have been without writing to you but you know my sentiments and my lazyness; so I will say no more on that thread bare subject. I have been some days at this place,[1] and have spent them very agreably. Luckily the weather has been bad, which in a great measure has secured me from excursions, and confined us to an excellent house, conducted on an easy plan and filled with a comfortable society in which the principal part was performed by Mr Garrick. I return to town to-morrow. By the bye you will be so good as not to mention this Bedfordshire journey to Miss Holroyd; it might get round to Sheffield place which I have cheated of a promised visit.—In a few days our Parliamentary Campaign will open, and the beginning of success which we have tasted in America[2] will enliven our countenances if they should not be clouded again by the apprehensions of a French War which seem to encrease every day. With regard to another great object of hostilities, *myself*, the attack has been already begun by an anonymous Pamphleteer but the heavy artillery of Dr Watson and another adversary are not yet brought into the field. I was afraid that I should be hurt by them, but if I may presume of my future feelings from the first tryal of them I shall be in every sense of the word *invulnerable*.—My long depending and troublesome business with Lovegrove is at length, by the strenuous interposition of Holroyd, not concluded, but broke off. The fellow wanted either power or inclination to compleat his agreement, and after weighing all the difficulties and delays of Chancery, it was judged most expedient to consent to a mutual discharge.[3] By this transaction I have lost a great deal both of time and money, and am now to begin the sale again. It has occasioned me much vexation but Holroyd assures me that I have [been] guilty of no fault and that I may still entertain very fair hopes. The subject was grown so odious to me, that I could not bring myself ever to talk to you about it. Adieu Dear Madam. Remember that by your summer excursions you gain health, and give pleasure. This doctrine is true and I hope that another year you will draw some practical inferences from it.

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[3] Of the House of Commons on Oct. 31.

[4] *Remarks on the Two Last Chapters of Mr Gibbon's History*, published on Oct. 17, '76. It was by the Rev. James Chelsum, rector of Droxford, Hants.

[5] Dr Watson's pamphlet was published on Oct. 31 (see No. 354). The only other attacks this year were an anonymous letter in *GM* for Oct. (vol. xlvi, 441–2) and some notes by the Rev. Wm Salisbury in his translation, *The History of the Establishment of Christianity . . . from the French of Prof. Bullett.*

[6] About the sale of Lenb. See No. 353.

353. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 72/3. *P*, No. 290.

[1] Ampthill Park, the seat of Lord Ossory.

I am ever Yours

Ampthill Park. October the 24th 1776. E Gibbon

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[2] News of Howe's victory in the battle of Brooklyn, fought on Aug. 27, was published in the *London Gazette* on Oct. 10.

[3] The discharge was signed by both parties on Oct. 2. (*Newton*, under that date.)

354. To Richard Watson *Sat.* 2/11/76

Mr Gibbon takes the earliest opportunity of presenting his compliments and thanks to Dr Watson; and of expressing his sense of the liberal treatment which he has received from so candid an adversary.[1] Mr Gibbon entirely coincides in opinion with Dr Watson, that as their different sentiments on a very important point of history are now submitted to the public, they both may employ their time in a manner much more useful, as well as agreeable, than they can possibly do by exhibiting a single combat in the amphitheatre of controversy. Mr Gibbon is therefore determined to resist the temptation of justifying in a professed reply any passages of his history, which it might perhaps be easy to clear from censure and misapprehension. But he still reserves to himself the privilege of inserting in a future edition, some occasional remarks and explanations of his meaning. If any calls of pleasure or business should bring Dr Watson to town, Mr Gibbon would think himself fortunate in being permitted to solicit the honour of his acquaintance.[2]
Bentinck Street, Nov. 2d, 1776.

355. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* 4/11/76

I hope you bark and growl at my silence: growl and bark. This not a time for correspondence. Parliament visits dinners suppers, and an hour or two stole with difficulty for the Decline leave but very little leisure.—I dare say you admire the Hows; so do I; and

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354. *Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson. By Himself*, (1817), 61. A version, printed from G's draft (*Add.MSS* 34884, f. 74) is in *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXXII. It differs little from the above.

[1] Dr. Watson, professor of chemistry and divinity at Cambridge and later Bishop of Landaff, had sent G. a copy of his pamphlet, *An Apology for Christianity*, *in a Series of Letters addressed to Edward Gibbon Esq*, 1776.

[2] W's equally courteous reply to this letter, dated Nov. 4, is in *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 91/2 and printed in *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXXIII.

355. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 75. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXXI. *P*, No. 291. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon, 4 Nov. 76.'

I firmly believe that whatever force can effect will be performed by them. I send you the Gazette and have scarce any thing to add except that about five hundred of them have deserted to us, and that the New York incendaries were immediately and very justifiably destined to the Cord.[1] Lord G G with whom I had a long conversation last night was in high spirits and hopes to re-conquer Germany in America.[2] On the side of Canada he only fears Carleton's *slowness* but entertains great expectations that the light troops and Indians under Sir William Johnson who are sent from Oswego down the Mohawk River to Albany, will oblige the Provincials to give up the defence of the lakes for fear of being cut off.[3]—The report of a foreign War subsides. House of Commons dull; and Opposition talk of suspending hostilities from despair.[4]

An anonymous pamphlet[5] and Dr Watson out against me: both (in my opinion) feeble; the former very illiberal, the latter uncommonly genteel.—At last I have had a letter from Deyverdun, wretched excuses, nothing done, vexatious enough. To morrow I write to Suard a very skilful translator of Paris who was here in the Spring with the Neckers to get him (if not too late) to undertake it. —Not a line from R. Way! Adieu. I embrace &c.—Remember the fourteenth. I expect at least a week. Whats the whim of Mylady's not paying her proper respects to Bentinck Street?
November the 4th 1776.

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[1] The occupation of New York and the subsequent fire in the city had been known in London for several days. (Hutchinson, ii, 110–11.) The fire was started accidentally. A few people were executed on the spot, in the confusion of the night, but of a number arrested and later examined, none were found guilty. (*Trevelyan*, ii, 310.)

[2] This sarcastic application of Chatham's saying that he had conquered America in Germany, was originally made by John Wilkes à propos of Lord George Germaine's appointment as Secretary of State for the Colonies and with reference to his defeat at Minden in '59. (Walpole, *Letters*, ix, 339. *Ibid.*, *Last Journals*, i, 533.)

[3] Germaine seems to have outlined to G. his strategic plan for '77. The mixed force which he designed to meet armies from Canada and the South was, in the end, commanded by Col. St Leger. Sir Wm Johnson had died some two years previously. G. was confusing him with his son, Sir John Johnson.

[4] From the end of this session a number of the opposition members pointedly absented themselves from the House when American affairs came up for debate. (*Ann. Reg. for 1777*, 48.)

[5] See No. 352, n. 4.

356. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.*[7/11/76]

Letters from Bourgoyne.—They embarked on the lakes the 30th of September with 800 British Sailors, 6000 regulars 3000 Canadians and a naval force superior to any possible opposition: but the season was so far advanced that they expected only to occupy and strengthen Ticonderoga and afterwards to return, and take up their winter quarters in Canada.[1]—Yesterday we had a surprize in the house from a proclamation of the Howes which made its first appearance in the Morning post, and which nobody seems to understand[2].—By this time Mylady may see that I have not much reason to fear my antagonists. Adieu till next Thursday.
Almack's. Thursday evening.

357. To J. B. Suard *Fri.* 8/11/76

Monsieur.

Quand on se propose de visiter un pays etranger où la langue que nous parlons n'est pas connue, on doit chercher les plus habiles interpretes de ses pensèes. C'est pour cette raison que vous me permettrez de m'adresser à vous au sujet de mon histoire de la decadence et de la chute de l'Empire Romain.

Quand j'ai eu le plaisir ce printems dernier de vous voir à Londres

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356. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 76. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXXIV. *P*, No. 292. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 7 Nov 76. ansd. 10th Do'.

[1] More detailed news followed a fortnight later. See No. 359.

[2] The proclamation, issued by General Howe and his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, after the occupation of New York, offered to reconsider all measures by which the Americans felt aggrieved and was intended to persuade them to enter into negotiations independently of Congress. It had not been officially published in London and the terms of it, which were welcome to the opposition, were embarrassing for the Government to explain. The matter was raised in the Commons on Nov. 6, by Lord John Cavendish, seconded by Burke. (*Ann. Reg. for 1777*, 42 sq.)

357. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 77/8. *P*, No. 293. A draft, with a few small corrections which it seems not necessary to detail here. The letter itself has not been traced but may well still exist. Cf. No. 366. Suard's reply, politely declining to undertake the translation, is in *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 93/4 and printed in *MW*, ii, No. XCVI.

avec M. et Madame Necker, je crois vous avoir dit, que mon ami Deyverdun s'etoit chargè de ma traduction et qu'il se proposoit de la faire paroitre en Allemagne où il sejourne actuellement avec un jeune Anglois. Mais l'exactitude et la diligence ne sont pas du nombre des vertus de mon ami; et après un long silence qui n'a pas laissè de m'etonner, je recus hier au soir une lettre de sa part, par laquelle j'apprens que sa paresse ses occupations et les projets de son eleve l'obligent de renoncer absolument à cette entreprise qu'il avoit à peine commencèe. Me voici donc à present libre mais isolè. J'ai toujours meprisè la triste philosophie qui veut nous rendre insensibles à la gloire. J'ambitionne celle d'etre lu en France et dans le Continent; et je me verrois au comble de mes desirs, si la meme plume qui a si bien rendu l'eloquence historique de Robertson vouloit se preter à un ecrivain son inferieur à tous egards, mais qui a recu de l'indulgence de ses Compatriotes un accueil presqu'aussi favorable. Un succès si flateur m'encourage à me livrer avec ardeur à la composition du second Volume. Malgrè la dissipation de Londres et les soins du Parlement j'y ai deja fait quelque progrès et je compte avec une assurance assez bien fondèe de pouvoir l'achever dans deux, ou tout au plus dans trois, ans. Comme je m'empresserois alors de vous envoyer les feuilles à mesure qu'elles sortiroient de la presse, il nous seroit facile de nous arranger de maniere que ce Volume parut en meme tems dans les deux langues.

Si vous avez Monsieur l'inclination et le loisir de vous engager dans ce travail je ne prevois plus que deux obstacles; qui sont à la veritè assez considerables. Le premier c'est l'objet et la nature de mes deux derniers Chapitres, qui doivent paroitre moins edifians encore en France qu'en Angleterre. Je sens cependant qu'un homme d'Esprit rompu comme vous dans l'art d'ecrire seroit souvent en etat d'adoucir l'expression sans affoiblir la pensèe. Je ne craindrois pas de vous confier les droits les plus etendus pour changer et meme pour supprimer tout ce qui vous paroitroit le plus propre à blesser la delicatesse de votre Eglise et de votre police. J'irais moi meme au devant de leurs scrupules et si par le moyen des Couriers de nos ministres, vous m'envoyiez les feuilles de la traduction, je vous aiderois à enlever toutes les pierres d'achoppement. Enfin si malgrè toutes ces precautions l'ouvrage se trouvoit encore trop fort pour passer à la censure, ne pourroit on pas obtenir par le credit de nos amis communs un privilege tacite[1] qui suffiroit pour mettre votre Edition à couvert de l'aviditè des libraires. L'autre obstacle se tire de la crainte que dans cet intervalle de tems perdu par la negligence de mon ami Deyverdun, quelque main assurement moins habile ne vous ait deja prevenu. On m'a parlè fort confusement d'une traduction entreprise par Moutard libraire sur le quai des Augustins, mais j'ignore jusqu'à quel point elle est avancèe, et quelles mesures on prend pour la faire paroitre.[2] Vous etes à portèe Monsieur de vous en informer, et je concois que cet eclaircissement pourra influer sur vos resolutions, et j'ose vous prier de me les communiquer au plûtot.

Mes affaires ne m'ont pas permis de faire un Voyage à Paris cet ete. J'ai senti douleureusement cette privation dont je ne me suis consolè qu'en formant des projets pour l'annèe prochaine. Quand on se rappelle les momens delicieux qu'on a passès avec Madame Necker dans ce taudis de Suffolk Street, toutes nos Angloises paroissent encore plus froides et plus maussades. Ayez la bontè Monsieur de l'assurer que son souvenir ne s'effacera jamais de mon coeur, et de presenter en meme tems à Monsieur Necker mes respects les plus sinceres. Comme homme je dois applaudir à la justice qu'on rend au vrai merite; mais si je ne pensois qu'en Anglois je vous avoue franchement que ce n'est pas là le Ministre des Finances que je voudrois donner à la France. J'espère neanmoins que l'ami de l'humanitè sera disposè à nous epargner le plus terribles de ses flèaux.

Excusez Monsieur ce long barbouillage dont j'ai pris la libertè de vous importuner. On pardonne tout à l'amour paternel. Recevez mes remerciemens pour cet excellent discours à l'Academie Françoise dans lequel vous avez mis des idèes à la place de complimens.[3] A propos nous sommes fort en colere contre votre confrere Voltaire pour les blasphemes qu'il vient d'ecrire contre le Dieu du Theatre

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[1] A private permission to print, obtained from one of the censors or from a lieutenant of police. This was often applied for in default of the royal '*approbation et privilège*', necessary before a book could be legally published and copyrighted in France. (Mellottée, *Histoire Economique de l'Imprimerie* (1905), ch. 3.)

[2] The translation by De Septchênes (see No. 364) was published by Debure and Moutard.

[3] J. B. A. Suard and J. B. L. Gresset, *Discours prononcé dans l'Académie Françoise* 1774. (*Keynes*, 259.)

Anglois; et qu'on a lu dit on en pleine Academie dans la presence meme de sa pretresse Madame Montagu.[4]

J'ai l'honneur d'etre avec une consideration distinguèe Monsieur Votre très humble et très obeissant Serviteur

E Gibbon

Bentinck Street. Cavendish Square. ce 8 Novembre. 1776.

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358. To Suzanne Necker *Mon.* 18/11/76

Ne craignez pas, Madame, de me voir abuser de vos bontès pour vous embarasser du fardeau penible de tous les Anglois, qui veulent promener à Paris leur ennui et leur oisivetè. Mais lorsqu'il se presente l'occasion rare et heureuse de solliciter votre bienveillance en faveur d'un homme de merite et de genie je la saisirai avec la juste confiance de n'etre point exposè à vos reproches.

Monsieur Fox desire avec passion d'etre admis à vous faire sa Cour; et quoique je sente tout le prix de cet avantage j'ose vous assurer Madame qu'il en est digne. Vous n'ignorer point la reputation distinguèe d'Orateur et d'homme d'etat, qu'il s'est acquise dès sa plus tendre jeunesse; et je suis persuadè que vous lui trouverez autant de douceur et d'agrèmens dans la societè, qu'il a fait paroitre de force et d'eloquence dans le Senat. Il aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre, et son depart me fera sentir encore plus vivement le regret de ne pouvoir pas l'accompagner à Paris.

Je reponds en meme tems mais par le poste à une lettre charmante que j'ai reçu plus d'un mois aprés sa date.[1] Je ne sai Madame à

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[4] *Lettre de M. de Voltaire à l'Académie Françoise. Lue . . . le 25 Auguste, 1776.* It was written soon after the publication of the first two volumes of a translation of Shakespeare by Letourneur, published early in '76, and was printed at Geneva in the following September. The version read to the Académie omitted certain quotations from Shakespeare, as being too coarse for a public reading. (Bengesco, *Voltaire, Bibliographie de ses Oeuvres* (1885), ii, 336.) Suard thought Shakespeare a barbarian of genius. (*Lettres de Suard à Wilkes*, ed. G. Bonno (1932), 266.) Mrs Elizabeth Montagu published *An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespear* in '69.

358. Lady Gordon Cumming. See Vol. i, App. II.

[1] See No. 361. SN's letter, dated Sept. 30, '76, is in *Add.MSS.* 34886, ff. 88/90 and printed *MW*, ii, No. XCI.

quelles mains paresseuses vous l'aviez confiѐe, mais ce triste delai m'a privѐ d'un bonheur qui m'etoit destinѐ, tandis qu'il m'exposoit à un reproche que je ne meritois point.

J'ai l'honneur d'etre avec le devouement le plus parfait Madame Votre très humble et très obeissant Serviteur

Bentinck Street. le 18 November. 1776. E Gibbon

359. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* [22/11/76]

News from the Lakes. A Naval combat in which the Provincials were repulsed with considerable loss. They burnt and abandoned Crown point. Carleton is besieging Ticonderoga. Carleton I say for he is there, and it is apprehended that Bourgoyne is coming home.[1] We dismissed the Nabobs without a division. Burke and Attorney General spoke very well[2] This evening a letter from Aunt Hester. She seems angry with Gilbert's accounts, and dissatisfied with her poor balance. Adieu.

Friday evening.

360. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [23/11/76]

You will receive this post a large parcel which came last night from Northamptonshire and to which you must return an immediate answer as the old Lady seems impatient. Her wanting me to lend her money in contradiction to all rules established between

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359. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 79. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXXV. *P*, No. 294. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 22 Nov 76. ansd'.

[1] On Oct. 11 the Americans were defeated in a naval battle off Valcour Island, on Lake Champlain, and withdrew to Ticonderoga. News of the battle was in the London papers on Nov. 8 and Carleton's dispatch of Oct. 14 was published in the *London Gazette* of Nov. 19–23.

[2] Francis Sykes and Thos Rumbold, both of whom made fortunes in India, were elected for Shaftesbury in '74 but were unseated on petition and their prosecution for bribery was ordered. The Commons rescinded this order after a debate on Nov. 22. (*H. of C. Journals*, xxxvi, 52. *Oldfield*, iii, 395 sq.) *Lloyds Evening Post* for Nov. 22 refers to the speeches of Burke and Thurlow, the Attorney General.

360. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 80. *P*, No. 295. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 23 Nov 76. ansd'.

Aunts and Nephews is a very *ugly* circumstance. I do not like to borrow money to purchase land; nor to lend money without being able to call for either principal or interest. Yet she might in various ways be offended at my declining it. Therefore if the Tythes can be dispensed with, give an opinion against them. I do not like Gilbert; he says that Martin has a long lease of land two miles from Newhaven and that he could distress us by taking in kind. Consider and if there is doubt enquire.—Examine in your library an old translation of Tacitus by Sir Henry Saville: if it contains the life of Agricola, send up the book for the use of the Sollicitor General.[1]
I embrace &c.
Saturday evening.

361. To Suzanne Necker *Tue.* 26/11/76

À Londres. le 26 Novembre. 1776

Que vous avez bien raison, Madame, de celebrer l'art perfectionnè de l'exageration. Vous le faites briller dans chaque ligne de cettre lettre charmante que j'ai relue cent fois avec la plus vive satisfaction.[1] Par le magique de cet art seducteur vous avez sû plaçer un Ecrivain inconnu à cotè des plus grands hommes. J'embrasse avec ardeur l'illusion flateuse que vous avez substituèe à la triste Veritè; et je me persuade sans peine que tous vos arrêts seront confirmès par le public et par la posteritè. Ne croyez cependant pas que par une affectation orgueilleuse et deplacèe, je veuille rejetter tous ces lauriers dont vous me courronnez. Je sai que le sejour de Paris, en faisant eclater sur un plus grand Theatre votre gout et vos talens, n'a point etouffè votre franchise Helvetique. Le fonds de ce que vous dites de plus obligeant, vous le pensez veritablement; et quand votre partialitè pour l'auteur, vous auroit un peu seduit

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[1] Wedderburn; the book was *The Ende of Nero and Beginning of Galba. Fower Bookes of the Histories of Cornelius Tacitus. The Life of Agricola*. 1591.

361. Archives de Broglie. Printed from photostat. G. kept a draft of this letter (*Add. MSS* 34884, ff. 81/2) which is printed in *MW*, ii, No. XCVII. It differs in a few respects, especially in the last paragraph.

[1] See No. 358, n. 1.

sur le prix de son ouvrage, je ne perdrois rien au change. Votre amitiè vaut bien la reputation la mieux meritèe.

Vous me refusez cependant les qualitès d'un preux Chevalier toujours pret à rompre une lance pour l'honneur de Dieu et des Dames. Je serois peutetre en etat de me justifier par cet austere devoir qui ne permet pas à un historien de dissimuler les defauts des objets les plus sacrès ou les plus cheris. Mais etoit ce à moi de maltraiter les Femmes et de representer toutes leurs vertûs comme factices? Il me semble que ce n'est que sur leur courage que j'ai osè jetter ce soupçon. Votre sexe etois destinè à consoler le genre humain, à lui plaire toujours, quelquefois à l'instruire, jamais à le faire trembler. Vous connoissez d'ailleurs le pays où je vis, et la situation de nos femmes qu'on ne considere pas assez comme des compagnes libres et raisonnables. Quand on veut peindre les siècles les plus reculés, on les dessine, sans s'en appercevoir d'aprēs les modèles qu'on a devant les yeux. Nos Angloises ne savent etaler que leurs desordres et leurs ridicules: les graces, les talens, les vertus même sont ensevelies sous des glaces eternelles. Daignez vous rappeller que depuis douze ans, je n'ai passè que six semaines dans la societè de Madame Necker.

En reiterant une invitation dont je sens tout le prix, vous augmentez Madame, mon regret de ne pouvoir pas en profiter sitot que je le voudrois. Mon Voyage à Paris etoit decidè. Cependant l'annèe va s'ecouler et je me trouve dans la necessitè de renvoyer mes esperances au printems prochain. Vous ne desapprouverez pas le motif de ce delai. Je sacrifie le plaisir au devoir. Un Ami m'avoit nommè son Executeur testamentaire. Il a laissè des affaires à debrouiller, un procès très important à suivre dans les tribunaux, et des fonctions essentielles à remplir qui ne seroient que trop negligèes, si je m'eloignois actuellement de Londres.[2] Mon coeur anticipe avec la plus vive impatience le moment ou je pourrois me degager de ces liens, me rendre auprès de vous, et vous contempler dans la situation brillante et elevèe ou vous ètes placèe. Autrefois j'ai etudiè votre ame dans l'humble simplicitè de la vie la plus domestique. Vous avez soutenu l'adversitè. La moderation de votre Caractère n'a point etè corrumpû par le luxe et les applaudissemens de Paris. La fortune vous prepare une autre epreuve et par la justice qu'elle vient de rendre aux talens de M. Necker elle vous fournit une nouvelle occasion de l'apprecier et de la mepriser.[3] J'espère que votre digne Ami trouvera les moyens de concilier l'interet general de l'humanitè avec les interets exclusifs de la Monarchie dont il administre les Finances. C'est peutetre le problême le plus difficile de la Politique, mais dont la difficultè ne se fait sentir qu'aux hommes d'etat, qui sont en même tems des Philosophes vertueux. Si je n'avois pas craint de le detourner de ses occupations importantes, je l'aurois remerciè de toutes ses bontès. J'ignore cependant si c'est une lettre de felicitation ou de condoléance qu'on doit addresser à un nouveau Ministre.

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[2] Godfrey Clarke's will, of which G. was appointed one of the executors, gave rise to a number of actions in Chancery, of which the first was filed in Aug. '75 and concluded in June, '77. G. seems to have soon disentangled himself from the whole affair. In '92, in the course of another case, it was certified that he had never acted as either trustee or executor. See also Nos. 763, 877. An account of the various Chancery cases can be found in *Richard Arkwright v. the Marquis of Huntly and Charles Butler, Esq. Heard at the Bar of the House of Lords, June 24th, 1825*, of which there is a copy in *Add.MSS* 6715, ff. 182–96. See also *Pub. Ad*, March 14, '80; *Reade, A. L.*, viii, 24.

Je sai seulement qu'on s'empresse toujours à leur demander des graces, et pour me conformer à l'usage, j'aurois presque envie de le solliciter en faveur du pauvre le Texier, qui m'en a conjurè les larmes aux yeux.[4] Mais on peut se reposer sur M. Necker et sur vous Madame du soin d'encourager les talens et de relever les malheureux. Vous etes d'ailleurs bien plus à portèe de connoitre les vraies details de sa conduite passèe, et de juger jusqu'à quel point l'honnetetè et la prudence vous permettent de vous interesser pour lui. Je me contenterai donc de vous assurer que ses procedès dans ce pays lui ont acquis l'estime et l'amitiè des personnes les plus respectables; qu'il fait paroitre des sentimens et même de la sagesse; et qu'il s'est appliquè avec succès à la langue Angloise, au travail et à la traduction. Sa situation devient tous les jours plus triste, et s'il n'a commis que des indiscretions, il me semble qu'il en a etè puni suffisament.

A propos de traduction, la paresse de mon ami Deyverdun nous a sauvè à mon grand regrèt de ses Germanismes. Il a renoncè à

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[3] Jacques Necker had just been appointed Comptroller of Finance.

[4] Le Texier (see No. 330), who was now in London, had been accused of defrauding the French Exchequer. Mme Necker, in her answer to this letter (*Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 95/6; *MW*, ii, No. C), regretted her inability to do anything for him.

l'entreprise; et un mot de votre part pourroit determiner M. Suard à se preter à des vues que j'ai deja pris la libertè de lui communiquer. Malgrè votre prevention favorable, je ne puis me resoudre à mettre moi-même mon ouvrage en Anglo-François. On ne sait jamais qu'une langue à la fois, et même en vous ecrivant je sens combien ma pensèe se courbe sous le poids de ces entraves etrangeres. La composition du second Volume m'offre une occupation plus interessante pour moi, je n'ose pas ajouter et pour le public.

Mylord et Mylady Lucan m'entretiennent tous les jours de Paris et surtout de la maison de Madame Necker avec une effusion de coeur et de reconnoissance qui me prouve qu'ils n'etoient pas indigne de l'accueil qu'ils y ont reçu. Etes vous contente de Mr Fox? Je sai que du cotè du caractere ou plutot de la conduite il y a quelque[chose] à rabattre des eloges qu'on lui donne: mais en veritè c'est l'un des hommes les plus extraordinaire de son siecle. Je l'admire, Je le plains, et je l'aime. Daignez Madame m'ecrire avec une confiance dont je n'abuserai jamais, et soyez persuadèe que je suis tout à vous avec un devouement sincere et inalterable.

362. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 29/11/76

London. Nov. 29th 1776

Dear Madam.

Let me just write a line to ask how do you and to tell you that I am very well—very well and I think unhurt amidst as hot a canonading as can be pointed against Washington. Two answers (which you perhaps have seen) one from Mr Chelsham of Oxford the other from Dr Watson of Cambridge, are already born and I believe the former is choleric the latter civil, and both too dull to deserve your notice; three or four more are expected; but I believe none of them will divert me from the prosecution of the second Volume which will be much more laborious for me but not less entertaining to the reader than the first. I shall be pretty much fixed in town, though I have been forced into a kind of promise

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362. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 83. *P*, No. 296.

for S P, and tempted into another for Amptill. I understand and remember your question. *She* was in London and I see her much less than formerly as Beauclerc and Lady Dy are at Bath. *My lace.*[1]

I am entirely Yours

E G.

363. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [7/12/76]

Atwood's Saturday evening just going to supper

This day a dispatch arrived from Northamptonshire. Mrs G is extremely satisfied with my diligence and prolixity; but seems to wish that *we* would settle her account with Gilbert. I have not her letter about me, but will send it next post. I expect to receive from you some plan for the disposal of Lenborough, the great thorn which sticks in the side of my happiness.—Lord G G who is playing at Whist says there is not any news, though great hopes.—This morning I received by the *post* (charged two Guineas and a half) a first Volume of a French translation containing only the seven first chapters, but to be continued. I did not however regret the money as it is admirably well done by M. de Septchenes (Sevenoaks) a young man who has been lately in England and who sent me a very pleasant dose of flattery on the occasion.—I mean to eat my Christmas dinner with you and think Sir Hugh[1] will accompany me. I Believe in the mean time I shall run down to Bath and pay a charitable visit to poor Beauclerck.[2]

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[1] See No. 373.

363. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 84. *P*, No. 297. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 7 Dec 76. ansd 9th Do'.

[1] Francis Hugonin.

[2] This visit does not seem to have taken place.

364. To LECLERC DE SEPTCHÊNES *Tue.* 10/12/76

Le paquet interessant que vous m'avez addressè, Monsieur par la poste, m'a ètè rendu 1e 7me de ce mois: et c'est avec empressement que je saisis le premier instant pour rassurer votre modestie, et pour vous temoigner les sentimens auxquels[1] vous avez acquis les droits les plus legitimes. Representez vous les inquietudes d'un pere pour le sort d'un enfant cheri, egarè sans guide au milieu de Paris[2] et exposè au danger de deshonorer par des liaisons honteuses le nom qu'il portoit. S'il aprenoit tout d'un coup qu'une main secourable retirant son fils d'un etat aussi triste l'avoit presentè dans les meilleures compagnies de Paris avec un eclat et des avantages[3] qu'il ne tenoit point de sa naissance, jugez Monsieur des sensibilitès de ce Pere envers son ami et son bienfaiteur. L'estime seroit cimentèe par la reconnoissance, et leur affection commune pour l'objet de leurs soins deviendroit peutetre le lien le plus etroit de leur amitiè. Pour parler sans figure de votre traduction de l'histoire de la decadence de l'Empire Romain je l'ai lu Monsieur avec autant de plaisir que d'aviditè. Je crains de trop louer une production à laquelle j'ai moi-meme fourni les materiaux, mais cette crainte ne doit pas m'interdire d'accorder les justes eloges qui sont dûs à votre parfaite intelligence de l'original Anglois, et à la fidelitè aussi bien qu'à l'elegance avec laquelle vous l'avez transportè dans votre langue. Si dans un petit nombre d'endroits j'ai etè moins content de la traduction, ce ne sont que de legeres meprises presqu'inevitables dans un ouvrage de longue haleine et auxquelles l'obscuritè du texte peut quelquefois avoir donnè lieu. Je prendrai la libertè de vous envoyer à la premiere occasion, les observations qui se sont presentèes à mesure que je lisois votre ouvrage. Vous en ferez l'usage que vous jugerez le convenable. J'attens avec une vive impatience la suite de la traduction, et si le succès de la premiere partie ne vous encourage pas à la continuer, je declare

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364. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 85/6. *P*, No. 298. A draft.

[1] 'les sentimens auxquels' over 'l'estime et la reconnoissance sur lesquels', deleted.

[2] 'au milieu de Paris' over 'dans les pays etrangers', deleted.

[3] Over 'agremens', deleted.

d'avance que ce ne sera point votre faute mais celle de l'original. Au cas que vous ne renonciez pas à cette entreprise, je serois charmè que vous voulussiez bien m'envoyer les epreuves au sortir de la presse; je les examinerai avec toute l'attention de l'amour propre, et comme vous avez deja gagnè de vitesse sur vos concurrens, le delai de quelques jours seroit d'une assez petite importance. A propos Monsieur quel parti prendrez vous à l'egard des deux derniers Chapitres. En Angleterre meme, ils ont excitè je ne sai pourquoi du scandale parmis nos Ecclesiastiques, et malgrè toutes vos precautions louables, j'ai de la peine à concevoir comment ils pourront soutenir la censure severe de votre Eglise et de votre police. Mais nous avons du tems pour y songer; car je pense que dans tous ces chapitres qui formeront votre 2de partie, il n'y a rien, dont la delicatesse la plus scrupuleuse puisse se formaliser.

Je regrette sincerement de n'avoir pas eu le plaisir de vous connoitre dans votre dernier Voyage: mais comme le Libraire Elmsley m'assure que vous aimez ce pays et que vous le visitez souvent, je ne desespere pas de trouver une occasion favorable pour reparer mes pertes. D'ailleurs j'ai quelque idèe moi-meme de faire une course à Paris ce printems prochain. En ce cas là ma premiere demarche seroit de vous chercher Monsieur pour vous reiterer les assurances de l'estime et de la consideration avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'etre Votre très humble et très obeissant Serviteur

Bentinck Street. le 10 Decembre 1776. E Gibbon

P.S. Votre paquet m'a coutè deux Guinèes et demie. Il vaut bien son prix: mais il faut toujours eviter les depenses inutiles. Si vous addressez vos lettres, To Sir Stanier Porten. Under Secretary of State. Cleveland Row. London. Elles me parviendront avec suretè et sans frais.[4]

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[4] De Septchênes' reply, dated Dec. 28, '76, is in *Add.MSS*. 34886, ff. 85/6 and printed *MW*, ii, No. XCVIII. For the subsequent history of his translation and especially of its last two chapters, see *Norton*, 123 sq.

365. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.*[19/12/76]

Thursday Evening

Believe me when I say *upon my honour*, that a particular business of serious importance has just arisen, which as long as it is in agitation will not allow me to quit town for a day;[1] I still think however that I shall see S P before the close of the year. You may say in general in the family (if any should bark) that you are satisfied with my conduct, and order them to shut their trap.—Confused news from New York, the Howes's dispatches are not arrived; but it appears from some Officers letters which I have seen that we attacked and carried a post ill defended by 6000 men upon which they evacuated Kingsbridge, though they still occupy fort Washington on the Island of N Y. They shew little courage or conduct, but the ground is incredibly strong, and it seems running into a War of posts.[2]—I shall write to Mrs G.—Is the historian of the Roman Empire to write out twenty Copies himself of a few acres in Bucks. I should like to have them transcribed or even printed. Why not? Adieu.

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365. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 87. *P*, No. 299. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 19 Dec 76. ansd. 23 Do'.

[1] The case about Clarke's will? See No. 361, n. 2.

[2] After Howe's victories in Sept, Washington entrenched his army behind New York. Howe attacked several times during Oct. and reports of these actions were published in the London papers on Dec. 19. By Nov. 16, he had established a position from whence he took Fort Washington and drove the Americans from their lines. His despatch reporting this victory appeared in the *London Gazette* on Dec. 30. G. had perhaps heard from Hutchinson of a letter to Lord Townshend, in which the Americans were spoken of as rascals and cowards. (*Hutchinson*, ii, 120.)

366. To J. B. Suard *Fri.* 20/12/76

A Londres le 20 decembre 1776, thanks his correspondent for praising his book, promises to send the *Life of Hume* as soon as published, speaks of having seen the Ms of it and praises it.

367. To Lord Ossory *Sat.* 21/12/76

My Lord

Before I had the pleasure of receiving your Lordship's very obliging letter, the recollection of the agreable days which I had spent at Ampthill in the Autumn was sufficient to tempt me to repeat my visit. But I am very apprehensive that it will not be in my power to indulge my inclination. Some business of consequence will detain me here till the end of next week; after which I cannot avoid making a tour into Hampshire and Sussex, and as I scarcely shall be in town again before the meeting of Parliament, I much fear that I must content myself with paying my respects to your Lordship and Lady Ossory in Grosvenor place.

I am with the greatest truth and regard My Lord Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant

Bentinck Street. December 21rst 1776. E Gibbon

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366. Original untraced. Listed, with a summary, in Sotheby's *Catalogue*, Dec. 12, 1921. In French and apparently, from the reference to the *Life of Hume*, written to J. B. Suard, who had asked G. to send him a copy. (*MW*, ii, p. 185.)

367. Mrs Dorothy Vernon.

368. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 25/12/76

London. December the 25th 1776

Dear Madam.

Next week I go for a fortnight to Sheffield place, not from any weariness of an empty town, for in its most deserted state I still prefer it to the most agreable rural scene, but the little man is so pressing that I was obliged to sacrifice to his commands an invitation to Ampthill Park accompanied with all that could render the visit desirable.[1] Your silence gives me reason to hope that you have dismissed from your indisposition, which had made me a little uneasy. I hear the most favourable accounts of Beauclerc's recovery. Adieu Dear Madam, Messieurs Gosling and Clive are instructed to obey your commands whenever you please to send them.

I am most truly Yours

E Gibbon

369. To Abigail Holroyd *Thur.* 16/1/77

Downing Street. January 16th 1777

Inconstant pusillanimous Woman!

Is it possible that you should so soon have forgot your solemn vows and engagements, and that you should *pretend* to prefer the dirt and darkness of the Weald of Sussex to the splendid and social life of London. Before the reception of your Lord's epistle Downing Street[1] and Bentinck Street were ready to engage in a Civil war. They have now suspended their hostilities and united their interests; and they both, jointly and separately insist on your appearance with or without your mate on the appointed Saturday the 25th instant to remain a hostage in our hands till we think proper to dismiss you. Donna Catherina will undertake to dress you as

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368. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 88. *P*, No. 300.

[1] He went on Jan. 1. See Walpole, *Letters*, x, 1.

369. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 89. *P*, No. 301. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 16 Jan: 77'.

[1] General Simon Fraser and his wife, Catherine, had a house in Downing Street.

human and female creatures are usually dressed. A proper application of rouge will conceal the variety of colours, and the deficiency of hair may be supplied by a fashionable periwig. Adieu.

Donna Catherina, Mountaineer,[2] Le Grand Gibbon.

370. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 18/1/77

As I presume Mylady does not make a practise of tumbling down stairs every day after dinner, by this time the colours must have faded and the high places (I mean the temples) are reduced to a proper level. But what in the name of the great prince is the meaning of her declining the urban expedition; is it the spontaneous result of her own proud spirit, or does it proceed from the secret machinations of her domestic tyrant. At all events I expect you will both remember your engagement of next Saturday in Bentinck Street with Donna Catherina, the Mountaineer &c.—Things go on very prosperously in America. Howe is himself in the Jerseys and will push at least as far as the Delawar River. The Continental (perhaps *now* the rebel) Army is in a great measure dispersed, and Washington who wishes to cover Philadelphia has not more than 6 or 7 thousand men with him: Clinton designs to conquer Rhode Island in his way home: but what *I* think of much greater consequence a province [made] its submission and desired to be reinstated in the peace of the King. It is indeed only poor little Georgia, and the application was made to Governor Tonyn of Florida; some disgust at a violent step of the Congress who removed the President of *their* provincial assembly a leading and popular man co-operated with the fear of the Indians who began to amuse themselves with exercise of scalping on their back settlements.[2]—

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[2] Mrs Fraser and the General have each signed for themselves.

370. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 90. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXXVI. *P*, No. 302. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 18 Jan '77'.

[1] Cornwallis had advanced into New Jersey in pursuit of Washington, whose troops were now reduced by numerous defections to not more than 3,000 to 4,000 men. Howe did not move until the first week in Dec. This delay enabled Washington to extricate himself and he crossed the Delaware on Dec. 7–8. (*Trevelyan*, iii, 17 sq.) No official report of these operations was issued until the end of Feb. but some news came through privately. The *London Chronicle* of Jan. 7–9 referred to Clinton's designs on Rhode

The measures for Lenborough are in train, but we must wait for our turn in the papers. Adieu. Town fills and we are mighty agreable. Last year on the Queen's birthday Sir G Warren had his diamond star cut off his coat, this day the same accident happened to him again with another star worth £700.[2] He had better compound by the year.

Bentinck street. January the 18th 1777. E G.

371. To Abigail Holroyd *Tue.* 21/1/77

January 21rst 1777

What creatures women are! They talk of the art and management of the Highlander in every point which he has a mind to carry. But Donna Catherina with all her seeming naivetè exceeds him many a degree. By suggesting the Ab of Ab[1] for whom I cannot squeeze out a bed without obliging her to pig with Caplin, she has compelled me to consent to your emigration into Downing Street. Bien entendu however that when *you* are less *fine*, and can appear in town accompanied only by your own charms, Bentinck Street shall be restored to it's ancient rights. You puzzle us all by the mention of the 26th which is Sunday. Had you forgot the engagement to *dinner* in B S for Saturday the 25*th*, which still holds if you can move that day. Otherwise it stands for the 27th, as I am engaged Sunday. An answer to this by the return. I kiss your fair hands and party coloured face.

E G.

The Bristol fire is universally imputed to design and patriotic virtue.[2]

Island and had news of Cornwallis's advance on Jan. 16. Clinton's letter of Dec. 9, reporting his occupation of Rhode Island on Dec. 7, was published in the *London Gazette* on Jan. 22, a few days after G. wrote this letter. The story about Georgia proved to be ill-founded. (*Hutchinson*, ii, 132.)

[2] Sir George Warren was a Knight of the Bath.

371. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 91. *P*, No. 303. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 21 Jan: 77'. Underlining probably by JBH.

[1] Mrs Holroyd's Abigail, or maid-servant.

[2] This sentence, though written at the top of the page, was obviously a postscript. The fire at Bristol, though not serious, caused great alarm as it had been preceded by fires at Portsmouth and Plymouth. All the fires turned out to have been started by a burglar called James Aitken, alias John the Painter, who alleged that he had been instigated by American agents. (*Ann. Reg. for 1777*, 28 sq. Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 3.)

372. To Dr William Hunter [*Jan.* 1777]

Mr Gibbon presents his Compliments to Dr Hunter, and proposes himself the pleasure of attending some of his Anatomical lectures.[1] He sincerely laments that his litterary and Parliamentary avocations will not allow him to enjoy the whole benefit of so interesting and instructive a Course of Study.
Bentinck Street. Wednesday.

373. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 10/2/77

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Charles Street. Bath. *Franked*, E Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 10.FE.

London. February the 10th 1777

Dear Madam.

Your lace arrived safe, and now it is put on a fashionable frock makes a very handsome figure.[1] The Taylor tells me it would [be] impossible to get such stuff from the shops. Though the memorandum is quite superfluous it will often put me in mind of the Creator.—The Holroyds are just gone, not from me but from General Fraser's where they spent a fortnight. The town is now full and pleasant, though my usual hurry is encreased by a daily attendance on Dr Hunter's Anatomy lectures, which amuse me beyond any I ever studied.—My compliments to Mrs Gould. She shall not wait long for her franks. I am sorry to hear of young Gould. Adieu.

Sincerely Yours

E G.

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372. Royal College of Surgeons, London. *Chambers's Journal, Sixth Series*, ix (Dec. 16, 1905), 35. Hunter's spring course of lectures was delivered from the end of Jan. to mid-May. (G. C. Peachey, *Memoir of William and John Hunter* (1924), 128.)

[1] Cf. *M*, 315.

373. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 92/3. *P*, No. 304.

[1] The two inner pages of the sheet on which this letter is written are covered by a drawing or stencil of a piece of lace, presumably a pattern of the piece which DG had made for G.

374. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [15/2/77]

You deserve, and we exult in, your weather and disappointments.[1] Why would you bury yourself? I dined in Downing Street Thursday last and I think Wedderburne was at least as agreable a Companion, as your Timber Surveyor could be.—Lee is certainly taken but Lord North does not apprehend he is coming home. We are not clear whether he behaved with courage or pusillanimity when he surrendered himself; but Col. Keene told me to-day that he had seen a letter from Lee since his confinement. 'He imputes his being taken to the alertness of Harcourt and cowardice of his own Guard, hopes he shall meet his fate with fortitude, but laments that freedom is not like to find a resting place in any part of the Globe.' It is said he was to succeed Washington.[2]—We know nothing certain of the Hessians; but there *has* been a blow.[3] Adieu.

Saturday night. E G.

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374. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 94. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXXVIII. *P*, No. 305. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 15 Feb: 77'.

[1] H. Walpole wrote on Feb. 17, '77 of 'a third inundation of snow'. (*Letters*, x, 16.)

[2] General Charles Lee, late of the British, now of the American army, was overtaken by Col. Wm Harcourt, in command of a small body of dragoons. His escort deserted him and he was obliged to surrender. (*Trevelyan*, iii, 66–8.) The *London Chronicle* for Feb. 18–20 printed a letter in the same terms as G's quotation, said to be from Lee to Capt. Kennedy, a friend in the British army. Lee was not brought home and was exchanged in '78.

[3] Washington attacked Howe's advanced post at Trenton on Dec. 26 and took prisoner the Hessian soldiers who manned it. This foray was followed by a battle at Princeton, which gave him back the control of New Jersey. (*Trevelyan*, iii, 97 sq.) The London papers during Feb. were full of rumours, some false, some true. There was no news at all in the official *London Gazette* until Feb. 25, when Howe's despatches of Dec. 20, 29 and Jan. 5, covering all the operations from the time of Cornwallis' advance from the Hudson to the defeat at Princeton on Jan. 3, were printed.

375. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [5/3/77]

In due obedience to thy dread commands
I write. . . . .

But what shall I say? My life though more lively than yours is almost as uniform; a very little reading and writing in the morning, bones or guts[1] from two to four, pleasant dinners from five to eight and afterwards Clubs with an occasional assembly or supper.—As to Lenborough the bait is in the water but I have not heard of any fish biting.—America affords nothing very satisfactory, and though we have many flying reports you may be assured that we are ignorant of the consequences of Trenton &c. Charles Fox is now at my elbow declaiming on the impossibility of keeping America, since a victorious Army has been unable to maintain any extent of posts in the single province of Jersey.—Lord North is out of danger, the animal is so gross that we trembled for its important existence.[2]—I now expect that *Mylady* and you should fix the time for the proposed visitation to Bentinck Street. March and April are open, chuse. Adieu.

Almack's. Wednesday evening.

376. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 29/3/77

Dear Madam.

Instead of inventing any artificial excuses for my natural and original sin of indolence, I believe my most prudent method would be to quarrel with you for the provoking patience with which you have endured my long and scandalous silence. Even in the midst of the dissipation of this town I might have found a few moments to tell you that I have been perfectly well this winter and to enquire

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375. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 95. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXXVII. *P*, No. 306. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon Mch 5th 77'.

[1] Dr Hunter's lectures. See No. 372.

[2] When asked by his doctor what he felt, North replied, 'What I have not felt a great while, my own ribs'. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 13.)

376. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 96/7. *P*, No. 307.

after your health your spirits and your amusements. Lady Dy tells me that she was once in your company at Dr Delacour's for whom both she and Beauclerc express a veneration almost equal to your own. As little or no conversation passed between you she had only an opportunity of admiring the harmony of your voice and the beauty of your teeth on which she bestows the most lavish encomiums. They mean to visit Bath again this spring, and I am very desirous that you should be better acquainted with her; you will find her one of the most accomplished Women in the World, and she will soon discover in you qualities more valuable than those which are now the objects of her encomiums.—The decline of the Roman Empire does not yet decline; the clamour subsides, the sale continues and we are now printing a third Edition in quarto of 1000 Copies (in all 3500) with the notes at bottom.[1] I am often pressed about the second Volume which advances very slowly indeed. Last year was allowed for repose and preparation, the usual distractions of the Winter have been encreased by a constant daily attendance of two hours *every day* to Dr Hunter's Anatomy lectures which have opened to me a new and very entertaining scene within myself. This summer I propose passing at Paris, as I must not lose any time if I wish to catch my friends the Neckers in their brilliant and precarious situation of Ministers.[2] As soon as we have paid the King's debts I intend (about the end of next month) to set forward on an expedition in which I promise to myself very great and various entertainment. You need not in *any* respect be allarmed at my design. My seat at Westminster is a full security for my return in four or five months; the supplies for the Journey will be paid by the Roman Empire, and my business (particularly in Bucks) will be entrusted to the safe and active hands of the Lord of Sheffield. Adieu Dear Madam.

I am ever yours

E Gibbon

Mrs Porten is as young as ever. I understand that the giddy girl has neglected writing to you.

London. March the 29th 1777.

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[1] Cf. No. 350, n. 3.

[2] Necker was now Director General of Finance.

377. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [12/4/77]

Your dispatch is gone to R Way, and I flatter myself that by your assistance I shall be enabled to lose £1000 upon Lenborough before my return from Paris. The day of my departure is not absolutely fixed, Sunday sennight the 27th instant is talked of, but if any India business should come on after the Civil list, it will occasion some delay. Otherwise things are in great forwardness, a livery servant is provided, a Swiss who speaks French and English. I take my own Chaise, and begin to think of settling my Credit; pray if I can save four pr cent by it may I not decline Fleet Street, who are very indifferent I believe about that sort of business? Mrs G is an enemy to the whole plan and I must answer in a long letter two very ingenious objections which she has started. 1rst that I shall be confined or put to death by the priests, and 2dly, that I shall sully my *moral* character by making love to Necker's wife.—Before I go I will consult Newton about a power of Attorney for you. By the bye I wish you would remember a sort of promise and give me one day before I go.—We talk chiefly of the Marquis de la Fayette who was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty with 130000 Livres a year, the nephew of Noailles who is Ambassador here. He has bought the D of Kingston's Yacht and is gone to joyn the Americans. The Court *appear* to be angry with him. Adieu.

Saturday night. E G.

378. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 14/4/77

Dear Madam

I will freely acknowledge that I was not a little surprized and even vexed at finding by your last letter, that you had conceived so strong a dislike to my intended journey. But I must add at the

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377. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 98. *MW* ('96), i, No. LXXXIX. *P*, No. 308. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 12 Ap: 77. ansd. 17th Do'.

378. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 99/100. *P*, No. 309.

same time that I was equally sensible of the obliging frankness with which you communicate your objections. The less foundation I can discover for your apprehensions, the more I am convinced of the delicacy of your regard. True love is of very timid and even pusillanimous nature, and can easily transform the most harmless objects into horrid Phantoms which appear to threaten the happiness of those who are dear to us. But when you have indulged the exquisite sensibility of friendship, you will, I am sure, make a proper use of your excellent understanding, and will soon smile at your own terrors.

The constancy and danger of a twenty years passion is a subject upon which I hardly know how to be serious. I am ignorant what effect that period of time has produced upon me, but I do assure you that it has committed very great ravages upon the Lady, and that at present she is very far from being an object either of desire or of scandal. As a woman of talents and fortune she is at the head of the litterature of Paris, the station of her husband procures her respect from the first people of the Country, and the reception which I shall meet with in her house will give me advantages that have fallen to the share of few Englishmen. When I mention her *house* I must remove the misapprehension which seems to have allarmed you. I shall *visit*, but not *lodge* there. I have not the least reason to believe that they think of offering me an apartment, but if they do, I shall certainly refuse it for the sake of my own comfort and freedom: So that the husband will be easy, the world will be mute, and my moral character will still preserve its immaculate purity.

A moment's reflection will satisfy you that I have as little to fear from the hatred of the priests, as from the love of Madame N. Whatever might be the wishes of the French Clergy, the wisdom of the Government and the liberal temper of the Nation have rendered those monsters perfectly inoffensive. Their own subjects (Voltaire for instance, who resides near Geneva but in France) think, converse and write with the most unbounded freedom: and can you imagine that an English Protestant, a member of the British Legislature, living at Paris under the protection of his Minister, and in society with their own, will be exposed to the smallest possible danger or even trouble for having published a profane book in a foreign language and country? When David Hume (the name the most abhorred by the Godly) was at Paris, he was oppressed only with civilities; and the recent fame of my book is perhaps the circumstance which will introduce me with the most favour and eclat.

The scheme of passing some months at Paris (though I have patiently waited till I could execute it with prudence and propriety) has been formed many years ago. I cannot persuade myself, without any reason that strikes my understanding to renounce an expedition which promises so much entertainment and information: but it will be a very considerable alloy to my satisfaction if I leave any uneasiness or apprehension on your mind. I could very much have wished to fullfill my promise of an Easter visit; but I imagined that I had already explained how closely I was confined in town by my daily attendance on Dr Hunter's lectures. They prevent my setting out for Paris till after the 25th instant, by which time I hope we shall have paid the King's debts.[1] You may depend on receiving regular though concise intelligence of my motions.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. April the 14th 1777. E Gibbon

379. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [19/4/77]

It is not possible as yet to fix the day of my departure. That circumstance depends on the state of India, and will not be determined till the general court of next Wednesday. I know from the *first* authority if the violence of the Proprietors about the Pigot can be checked in the India house by the influence of a Government Majority, the Minister does not wish to exert the omnipotence of Parliament and I shall be dismissed from hence time enough to set forwards on Thursday the first of May.[1] On the contrary should we be involved in those perplexing affairs they may easily detain me till the middle of next month. But as all this is very uncertain I direct you and Mylady to appear in town to-morrow sennight. I have many things to say. You mistake about the dear inseparable Caplin. He rides at his ease in the Chaise with his master, while the Swiss, who will condescend to put on a livery at Paris will mount on horseback. We have been animated this week, and notwithstanding the strict oeconomy recommended by Charles Fox and John Wilkes we have paid the Royal debts.[2]

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[1] See No. 379, n. 2.

379. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 101. *MW* ('96), i, No. XC. *P*, No. 310. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 19 Ap: 77. ansd. 21 Do'.

[1] For the arrest of Lord Pigot, Governor of Madras, see *Camb. Hist. of India*, v, 280. Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 15, 17, 25, 27, 260. H. D. Love, *Vestiges of Old Madras*

Atwood's. Saturday night. E G.

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380. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* [21/4/77]

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqr. Sheffield place. Sussex. *Franked,* E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 21.AP.

Bad news from Hampshire.—Support Hugonin, comfort me, correct or expell Winton, sell Lenborough and remove my temporal cares. When do you arrive.

Monday night.

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381. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [23/4/77]

It is uncertain whether India comes to Westminster this year,[1] and it is certain that Gibbon goes to Paris next Saturday sennight.

(1913), iii, chs. vi, vii. On May 7, after G. had gone to France, the Proprietors of the East India Co. voted, under government pressure, for the recall to England of all parties concerned. A debate on the matter was forced in the Commons on May 21.

[2] On April 9 the King sent a message to Parliament asking for a grant to pay his debts, which amounted to over £6,000,000.

380. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 102. *MW* ('96), i, No. XCI. *P*, No. 311. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 21 Ap: 77'.

381. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 103. *MW* ('96), i, No. XCII. *P*, No. 312. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 23 Ap: 77. ansd. 25 Do'.

[1] See No. 379, n. 1.

Therefore Holroyd must appear in town the beginning of next week. Gibbon wants the cordial of his presence before the journey. Mylady *must* come.
Wednesday night.

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382. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 3/5/77

Dear Madam.

After some public delays which have tryed my patience, I at length resolved to wait no longer for the Budget. I set forwards Monday, and hope to breakfast at Calais Tuesday, and to dine at Paris either Friday or Saturday; the alternative depends on my stepping out of my way to Lisle. You may be assured of receiving immediate notice of my effecting my landing on the Continent.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours
May the 3d. 1777. E G.

You will find Fleet Street instructed to obey your Midsummer Order.

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383. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* [6/5/77]

Dover. Tuesday evening

My expedition does not begin very auspiciously. The wind which for some days had been fair paid me the compliment of changing on my arrival, and though I immediately secured a vessel, it has been impossible to make the least use of it during the whole of this tedious day. It seems doubtful whether I shall get out to-morrow morning, and the Captain assures me that the passage will have the double advantage of being both long and rough.—Last night a small Privateer fitted out at Dunkirk with a commission from Dr Franklin attacked, took and has carried into Dunkirk road the Harwich

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382. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 404. *P*, No. 313.

383. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 105. *MW* ('96), i, No. XCIII. *P*, No. 314. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 6 May 77'.

Pacquet.[1] The King's Messenger had just time to throw his dispatches over board: he passed through this town about four o'Clock this afternoon in his return to London. As the alarm is now given our American friend will probably remain quiet or will be soon caught, so that I have not *much* apprehension for my personal safety, but if so daring an outrage is not followed by punishment and restitution, it may become a very serious business and may possibly shorten my stay at Paris.—Adieu I shall write by the first opportunity either from Calais or Philadelphia.—I wrote last Friday to Hugonin, and anounced an Epistle of instructions from you. I embrace Mylady. Did your Lord and Colonel disappoint you?

384. TO DOROTHEA GIBBON *Wed. 7/5/77*

Address. Mrs Gibbon Charles Street Bath. *Franked*, E Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 9.MA.

Calais. May the 7th 1777

Dear Madam.

I am this moment (about one o'Clock in the afternoon) landed after a very pleasant passage. I already feel my mind expand with the unbounded prospect of the Continent. But notwithstanding my love of freedom you may be assured that in due season I shall return without reluctance to my Cage in Bentinck Street.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

E Gibbon

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[1] See *London Chronicle*, May 6–8, '77; *Ann. Reg. for 1777*, 181. The crew of the privateer was subsequently imprisoned by the French Government. Benjamin Franklin was at this time in Paris, as one of the three commissioners sent by the Americans to negotiate a treaty with France.

384. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 107/8. *P*, No. 316.

385. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed. 7/5/77*

Post Nubila Phoebus.—A pleasant passage, an excellent house, a good dinner with Lord Coleraine whom I found here.—Easy customhouse Officers, fine Weather &c.—I am detained to-night by the temptation of a french Comedy, in a Theatre at the end of Dessaints[1] Garden, but shall be in motion to-morrow early, and hope to dine at Paris Saturday. Adieu. I think I am a punctual Correspondent, but this beginning is too good to last.
Calais. Wednesday May the 7th 1777.

385a. To Suzanne Necker *Sat.* [10/5/77]

Me voici enfin, Madame, à Paris, charmè surtout de me trouver dans la ville que vous habitez. Si je ne consultois que mon impatience, vous me verriez accourir sur le champ dans un mechant habit de voyage. Mais je me sens accabler de lassitude et de somneil et je ne voudrois pas debuter par le spectacle peu edifiant d'un Anglois qui pense c'est à dire qui dort dans la meilleure des Societès possibles. Adieu donc Madame jusqu'à demain. Je prendrai la libertè de me presenter à votre toilette d'aussi bonne heure que la bienseance pourra le permettre. En attendant je vous prie de me rappeller au souvenir de M. Necker.
Hotel de Modene. Samedi huit heures et demie du soir.

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385. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 106. *MW* ('96), i, No. XCIV. *P*, No. 315. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 7 May 77. ansd. 15 Do'.

[1] Pierre Quillacq, *dit* Dessein, proprietor of the Hotel d'Angleterre at Calais, well known to English travellers and mentioned in Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey*.

385a. Voxel-Sukhtelen Collection, Saltykov-Schedrin State Public Library, Leningrad. Numbered 13 in another hand. The editor is indebted to Mr John Hayward for locating this letter and to the officials of the Library for kindly supplying a photostat.

386. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 12/5/77

Dear Madam

The departure of the post only leaves me time to say that I reached this place last Saturday night, and that I already find myself as perfectly established as I ever was in London.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Paris. May the 12th 1777. E Gibbon

387. To J. B. Holroyd *Sun.* 8 and *Mon.* 16/6/77

I told you what would infallibly happen, and you know enough of the Nature of the beast not to be surprized at it. I have now been at Paris exactly* four weeks during which time I have not written to any person whatsoever within the British Dominions except two lines of Notification to Mrs Gibbon. The Daemon of procrastination has at length yielded to the Genius of Friendship assisted indeed by the powers of fear and shame. But when I have seated myself before my table and begin to revolve all that I have seen and tasted during this busy period, I feel myself oppressed and confounded; and I am very near throwing away the pen and resigning myself to indolent despair. A compleat history would require a Volume at least as corpulent as the decline and fall, and if I attempt to select and abridge, besides the difficulty of the choice there occur so many things which cannot properly be entrusted to paper and so many others of too slight a texture to support the Journey, that I am almost tempted to reserve for our future conversations the detail

* *five.* This letter was begun one Sunday and finished the next.[1]

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386. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 109. *P*, No. 317.

387. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 110/11. *MW* ('96), i, No. XCVIII. *P*, No. 318. Endorsed by JBH, 'Ed. Gibbon. 16 June 77. ansd. 6 August'.

[1] Written in the margin, with an indication that it connects before the word 'four'. The dating is not quite exact. G, arrived in Paris on a Saturday (See No. 386) and June 16, the date at the end of the letter, was a Monday.

of my pleasures and occupations. But as I am sensible that you are *rigid* and impatient, I will try to convey in a few words a general idea of my situation as a man of the World and as a man of Letters.—You remember that the Neckers were my principal dependance and the reception which I have met with from them very far surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I do not indeed lodge in their house (as it might excite the jealousy of the husband and procure me a letter de cachet), but I live very much with them dine and sup whenever they have company which is almost every day, and whenever I like it for they are not in the least *exigeans*. Mr Walpole gave me an introduction to Madame du Deffand, an agreable Young Lady of eighty two years of Age who has constant suppers and the best Company in Paris.[2] When you see the D of Richmond at Lewes he will give you an account of that house where I meet him almost every evening. Ask him about Madame de Cambis. I am afraid poor Mary is entirely forgot.[3] I have met the D of Choiseul at his particular request, dined *by accident* with Franklin, conversed with the Emperor,[4] been presented at court and gradually or rather rapidly I find my acquaintance spreading over the most valuable parts of Paris. They pretend to like me, and whatever you may think of French professions, I am convinced that some at least are sincere. On the other hand I feel myself easy and happy in their Company, and only regret that I did not come over two or three months sooner. Though Paris throughout the summer promises me a very agreable society, yet I am hurt every day by the departure of Men and Women whom I begin to know with some familiarity, the departure of Officers for their Governments and Garrisons, of Bishops for their Dioceses, and even of country Gentlemen for their estates, as a rural taste gains ground in this Country. So much for the general idea of my acquaintance; details would be endless yet unsatisfactory. You may add to the pleasures of Society those of the Spectacles and promenades, and you will find that I lead a very agreable life, let me just condescend to observe that it is not extravagant. After decking myself out with silks and silver, the ordinary establishment of Coach, Lodging, Servants, Eating, and pocket expences does not exceed sixty pounds pr month. Yet I have two footmen in handsome liveries behind my Coach and my apartment is hung with damask. Adieu for the present, I have more to say but were I to attempt any farther progress you must wait another post, and you have already waited long enough of all conscience.[5]

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[2] Mme du Deffand mentions G. in practically every letter that she wrote to Horace Walpole during the period of his visit. (*Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, ed. Toynbee, (1912), iii, 334 sq. or *Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Mme du Deffand et Wiart*, ed. W. S. Lewis and W. H. Smith (Yale , 1939), iv, from May 18, '77.) G. wrote to her from Calais on his way home (see *MW*, ii, 215) but the letter is lost.

[3] 'Mary' is the Duchess of Richmond. According to Mme du Deffand, G. too was 'un peu épris' with Mme de Cambis. (*Op. cit.*, iii, 595 or Yale ed, v, 222.) His letter to her, written at Calais, (see *MW*, ii, 215) is most unfortunately missing.

[4] Joseph II. Cf. Du Deffand, *op. cit.*, iii, 334 or, Yale ed, iv, 442.

Let me just in two words give you an idea of my day. I am now going (nine o'Clock) to the King's Library where I shall stay till twelve, as soon as I am dressed I set out to dine with the Duke de Nivernois, shall go from thence to the French Comedy into the Princess de Beauvau's loge grillèe, and am not quite determined whether I shall sup at Madame du Deffand, Madame Necker's or the Sardinian Embassadress's.[6] Once more Adieu. Do not be fond of shewing my letter. The playful effusions of friendship, would be construed by strangers as gross vanity.

I embrace Mylady and *Bambine*. I shall with chearfulness execute any of her commissions.
Paris. June the 16th 1777.

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[5] A double line gap following in the *MS* indicates where the letter was resumed on June 16.
[6] See No. 390, n. 2.

388. TO J. B. HOLROYD *Mon.* 14/7/77

Paris, July 14th, 1777

Though amusement is my principal object, I do not entirely lose sight of the Decline and Fall, which will derive some advantages from the books that I have either purchased or consulted. You will not be sorry to hear that Mr D'Anville has undertaken four Maps of Roman Geography of a size and nature suited to the History.

389. TO WILLIAM ROBERTSON *Mon.* 14/7/77

Sir

When I ventured to assume the character of historian, the first the most natural, but at the same time the most ambitious wish which I entertained was to deserve the approbation of Dr Robertson and of Mr Hume, two names which friendship united and which posterity will never separate. I shall not therefore attempt to dissemble though I cannot easily express the honest pleasure which I received from your obliging letter as well as from the intelligence of your most valuable present.[1] The satisfaction which I should otherwise have enjoyed in common with the publick, will now be heightened by a sentiment of a more personal and flattering nature and I shall often whisper to myself, that I have in some degree obtained the esteem of the writer whom I admire.

A short excursion which I have made to this place during the summer months has occasioned some delay in my receiving your

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388. *MW* (1814), ii, No. CX. Original missing. This must be an extract. A copy of it, in JBH's hand, is among the Sheffield papers at Yale. (*CSP*, item A, 21.)

389. Nat. Lib. of Scotland. D. Stewart, *Biographical Memoirs of Adam Smith*, *Wm Robertson & Thomas Reid* (1811), 230–1 (extract). G's draft of this letter (*Add.MSS*. 34884, ff. 112/3) is printed *MW* ('96), i, No. XCVI and *MW* (1814), ii, No. CXI, dated Paris, 1777. It does not differ much from the above.

[1] R's letter of June 5, saying that he is sending a copy of his *History of America*, just published, is in *Add.MSS*. 34886, f. 97, and printed *MW* ('96), i, No. XCV and *MW* (1814), ii, No. CIX.

letter, and will prevent me from possessing till my return the Copy of your History which you so politely desired Mr Strahan to send me. But I have already gratified the eagerness of my curiosity and impatience; and though I was obliged to return the book much sooner than I could have wished, I have seen enough to convince me that the present publication will support, and if possible will extend the fame of the Author; that the materials are collected with care and arranged with skill, that the progress of discovery is displayed with learning and perspicuity, that the dangers, the atchievments and the vices of the Spanish adventurers are related with a temperate spirit, and that the most original perhaps the most curious portion of the history of human manners is at length rescued from the hands of Sophists and declaimers. Lord Stormont and the few in this Capital who have had an opportunity of perusing the history of America unanimously concur in the same sentiments; your work is already become a favourite subject of conversation, and Mr Suard is repeatedly pressed in my hearing to fix the time when his translation will appear.

I flatter myself that you will not relinquish your design of visiting London next winter. I already anticipate in my own mind the advantages which I shall derive from so pleasing and honourable a connection. In the mean while I should esteem myself happy, if you could think of any litterary commission in the execution of which I might be useful to you at Paris where I propose to stay till very near the meeting of Parliament. Give me leave to instance an Enquiry, which cannot be indifferent to you, and which might perhaps lye within my reach. A few days ago I dined with Bagniouski[2] the celebrated Adventurer who escaped from his exile at Kamschatska and returned into Europe by Japan and China. His narrative was amusing, though I know not how far his veracity, in the detail of circumstances may be safely trusted. It was his original design to have penetrated through the North East passage, and he actually followed the coast of Asia as high as the latitude of 67.35°, till his progress was stopped by the Ice, in a streight between the two Continents [which] was only seven leagues broad. From thence he descended along the coast of America as low as Cape Mendocin but was repulsed by contrary winds in his attempts to gain the port of Acapulco. The Journal of his Voyage with the original charts &c is now at Versailles in the Depôt des affaires etrangeres, and in case you conceived it could be of use to you for a second Edition, I would try to obtain the communication of it. Your name would remove many difficulties, and as the Court of France cannot have any views of ambition in those Seas, I should hope that it would be considered as [an] object of litterary curiosity, rather than of national policy.[3]

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[2] Maurice Augustus Beniowski. His memoirs and travels have been published in both French and English. (*NQ*, Ser. 8, vi (1894), 481; vii (1895), 4, 63, etc; cxcvii, (1952), 359 sq. See also P. Cultru, *Un Empereur de Madagascar, Benyowski*, Paris, 1916.)

I must request the favour that you would present the compliments of friendship to Mr Ferguson, and (if he [is] returned into Scotland) to Mr Adam Smith.

I am with the greatest regard Sir Your most obliged and obedient humble Servant

Paris. July the 14th 1777. E Gibbon

390. TO DOROTHEA GIBBON · *Thur.* 24/7/77

Address. Mrs Gibbon Charles Street Bath. *Franked*, E Gibbon. *Postmark.* FREE.

Hotel de Modene.[1] Paris. July 24th 1777

Dear Madam.

If ever my negligence could be excused by your good-natured friendship, it would be for the consideration of my present circumstances, and I am sure that your regard for me is of so pure and desinterested a character that you had much rather I should be happy without hearing from me, than if you received by every post a regular succession of complaints. Happily indeed have I passed two short months since my arrival at Paris, and every circumstance of my journey has more than answered my most sanguine expectations. My connection with the Neckers who every day acquire more power and deserve more respect first opened the door to me, and perhaps the reputation of a popular writer has contributed a little to enlarge the entrance. I pass my time in the society of men of letters, people of fashion, the higher ranks of *the Clergy*, and the foreign Ministers, and except when I wish to steal a few moments privacy it seldom happens to me to dine or sup at my hotel. The vacancies of my time are filled by the public libraries in the morning and in the afternoon by the Spectacles, and as part of my acquaintance begin to disperse themselves in the environs of Paris, I have contrived though in a most unfavourable season to make several very pleasant excursions. Such is the general idea of my life in which I have made many acquaintance and formed some more intimate connections from all of which I receive civilities amusement and information. Details would be infinite and must be reserved for your fireside at Bath; but I cannot forbear saying something of two or three persons whom you know. First then you will expect to hear of Mrs Mallet. Mr Scott had desired me to take charge of a letter and I delivered [it] into her own fair hands the second day after my arrival. She received me with a shriek of joy and a close embrace and we sat down to talk of old and new subjects. I found her exactly the same talkative, positive, passionate conceited creature as we knew her twenty years ago. She raved with her usual indiscretion and fury of Gods Kings and Ministers, the perfections of her favourites and the vice or folly of every person she disliked. Unfortunately she had applied to Mr Necker for some favour and had not been received in a manner suitable to her importance. Her resentment was expressed in such indecent language, that, after repeated but ineffectual hints of my intimate connection with the person she was abusing I was obliged to shorten my visit with a firm resolution of never returning.—Your favourite the Duke of Richmond has fallen in my way infinitely more than he ever did in England, and I do assure you that the Air of Paris agrees perfectly well with him. He is easy attentive and chearful, pays his court to young and to old women and is extremely popular and even fashionable in the Society of Paris. I have likewise seen a great deal of the Sardinian Ambassadress whom you have formerly known with Lady Cobham under the name of Miss Speed.[2] She keeps a very hospitable house, and has acquired the manners of this Country without losing the sentiments of her own. Adieu Dear Madam. If you can think of any commissions for me I will execute them with care and pleasure, though I have no occasion for any memento to make me often think of you.

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[3] R's letter, accepting G's offer, is in *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 98/9 and printed *MW* ('96), i, No. XCVII and *MW* (1814), ii, No. CXII, but there is no mention of Beniowski in the second or later editions of his *History of America*.

390. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 114/5. *P*, No. 319.

[1] In the rue Jacob, opposite the rue des deux Anges. It was pulled down in 1801. (A. Berty & L. M. Tisserand, *Topographie Générale du Vieux Paris* (1882), Pt. IV, 260, n. 1.)

Sir Stanier will be so good as to forward any thing to me.

391. To J. B. Holroyd [*Fri.* 1], *Mon.* 11 and *Wed.* 13/8/77

Paris. August the 11rst [1] 1777

Well, and who is the Culprit now?—Thus far I had written in the pride of my heart and fully determined to inflict an Epistle upon you, even before I received any answer. to my former, I was very near a Bull.[2] But this forward half line lay ten days barren and inactive, till its generative powers were excited by the missive which I received yesterday.

What a wretched piece of work do we seem to be making of it in America. The greatest force which any European power ever ventured to transport into that Continent, is not strong enough even to attack the enemy; the Naval strength of Great Britain is not sufficient to prevent the Americans (they have almost lost the appellation of Rebels) from receiving every assistance that they wanted; and in the mean time you are obliged to call out the Militia to defend your own coasts against their privateers. You may possibly expect from me some account of the designs and policy of the French Court but I chuse to decline that task for two reasons. 1rst Because you may find them laid open in every news-paper and 2dly Because I live too much with their Courtiers and Ministers to know any thing about them. I shall only say that I am not under any immediate apprehensions of a War with France. It is much more pleasant as well as profitable to view in safety the raging of the tempest, occasionally to pick up some pieces of the Wreck and to improve their trade their agriculture and their finances while the two countries are lento collisa duello.[3] Far from taking any step to put a speedy end to this astonishing dispute, I should not be surprized if next summer they were to lend their cordial assistance to England as to the weaker party. As to my personal engagement with the D of R, I recollect a very few slight skirmishes, but nothing that deserves the name of a general engagement.[4] The extravagance of some disputants both French and English who have espoused the cause of America sometimes inspires me with an extraordinary vigour. Upon the whole I find it much easier to defend the justice than the policy of our Measures; but there are certain cases where whatever is repugnant to sound policy ceases to be just.

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[2] Henrietta Jane Speed, wife of Giuseppe Maria, Cte de Viri, the Sardinian Ambassador in Paris, and niece to Lady Cobham, with whom she lived before her marriage. She is well known as a friend of Thomas Gray. G. omits to mention that she was in serious trouble; a few weeks before the date of this letter her husband had been recalled to Turin in disgrace. She followed him soon after. (Argyll, *Intimate Society Letters of the 18th Century* (1910), i, 261–6.)

391. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 116/7. *MW* ('96), i, No. XCIX (dated Aug. 13). *P*, No. 320 (dated Aug. 11.)

[1] It seems from the *MS* that G. wrote the date 'August 1rst' and the first sentence; then, resuming ten days later, slipped another '1' into the date. From the date at the end of the letter, it seems that he did not finish it for another two days. JBH's letter, which G. says stimulated this one, must be his of Aug. 6, mentioned in the endorsement to No. 387.

[2] 'to my former—Bull' inserted above the line after 'answer.' The sentence originally ended with the full stop after 'answer'; hence the bull.

The more I see of Paris the more I like it. The regular course of the Society in which I live is easy, polite and entertaining, and almost every day is marked by the acquisition of some new acquaintance who is worth cultivating or who at least is worth remembering. To the great admiration of the French I regularly dine and regularly sup, drink a dish of strong Coffee after each meal and find my stomach a citizen of the World. The Spectacles (particularly the Italian and above all the French Comedie) which are open the whole summer afford me an agreable relaxation from Company and to shew you that I frequent them from taste only and not from idleness, I have not yet seen the Colisee, the Vaux-hall, the Boulevards, or any of those places of entertainment which constitute Paris to most of our Countrymen. Occasional trips to dine or sup in some of the thousand Country houses which are scattered round the environs of Paris serve to vary the scene. In the mean while, the summer insensibly glides away, and the fatal month of October approaches when I must exchange the house of Madame Necker for the house of Commons. I regret that I could not chuse the winter instead of the Summer, for this excursion: I should have found many valuable persons and should have preserved others whom I have lost as I began to know them. The Duke de Choiseul, who deserves attention both for himself and for keeping the best house in Paris, passes seven months of the year in Touraine, and though I have been tempted I consider with horror a journey of sixty leagues into the Country. The Princess of Beauvau (by the bye Beauveau *fine Calf* is an orthography worthy of a Sussex farmer)[5], the Princess of Beauvau, who is a most superior Woman has been absent above six weeks and does not return till the 24th of this month. A large body of Recruits will be assembled by the Fontainbleau journey, but in order [to] have a thorough knowledge of this splendid Country, I ought to stay till the month of January; and if I could be sure that opposition would be as tranquil as they were last year[6]—. I think your life has been as animated or at least as tumultuous; and I envy you Lady Payne and Lady Dy much more than either the Primate or the Chief Justice.[7] Let not the generous breast of My Lady be torn by the black serpents of envy. She still possesses the first place in the sentiments of her slave: but the adventure of the fan was a mere accident owing to Lord Carmathaen—Adieu. I think you may be satisfied. I say nothing of my terrestrial affairs. Good works are unnecessary, as I can only hope to be justified by my faith in the merit of my Redeemer John Holroyd.

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[3] Horace, *Ep.* I, ii. 7. [involved in long-drawn war.]

[4] The Duke of Richmond was opposed to North's American policy.

Paris. August the 13th 1777.

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[5] When printing this letter in *MW*, Lord S. omitted this parenthesis and retained the spelling *Beauveau*.

[6] Cf. No. 355, n. 4.

[7] Lady Diana Beauclerk and probably the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Hon. Frederick Cornwallis, and Wm Murray, Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice (cf. No. 509).

392. To David Garrick *Thur.* 14/8/77

Dear Sir.

The other day Madame Necker made me very happy by the communication of your entertaining and obliging letter.[1] It is pleasant to find oneself mentioned with friendship by those whom posterity will mention with admiration. Foreign nations are a kind of posterity and among them you already reap the full harvest of your fame; and I can assure you that in every polite circle there is not any name so frequently repeated as the name of Garrick. The persons who have been in England before the fatal month of June 1776[2] describe with transport what they have seen and what they have felt, and those who propose to undertake the same journey express their regret that the principal object of their curiosity no longer subsists. So much for your numerous admirers. Your friends, and they are many who have enjoyed your social qualities are sincere and earnest in their wishes that you would execute your promise of visiting this country; and I sometimes hear them exclaim with the good-natured vanity which constitutes no unamiable part of the French Character: 'Ce Monsieur Garrick etoit fait pour vivre parmi nous.' In the mean while send us without a moment's delay your elegant fable;[3] From the impartial account which I have given Madame Necker, she is impatient to see it, and though a good subject I will venture to say she is as capable of tasting it's beauties as any Monarch in Christendom.

You have reason to envy me, for I can truly declare that I reckon the three months which I have now passed in Paris among the most agreable of my life. My connection with a house before which the proudest of the Gallic Nobles bow the knee, my familiar acquaintance with the language and a natural propensity to be pleased with the people and their manners have introduced me into very good

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392. Hist. Soc. of Pennsylvania. *Private Correspondence of D. Garrick*, ed. J. Boaden (1831–2), ii, 255–6. Here printed from photostat.

[1] To Mme Necker, dated Nov. 10, '76. It has a reference to G. (Boaden, *op. cit.*, ii, 625.)

[2] When Garrick retired from the stage.

[3] *A Mimic Blackbird*, written as a prologue to Garrick's play, *Lethe*, for the occasion when he read it aloud to the Royal family. (M. E. Knapp, 'Garrick's Last Command Performance' in *The Age of Johnson, Essays presented to C. B. Tinker*, Yale, 1949.)

Company; and different in that respect from the traveller Twiss I have sometimes been invited to the same houses a second time.[4] If besides these advantages your partiality should ascribe any others to your friend, I am not proud enough entirely to disclaim them. I propose to stay at Paris about two months longer, to hook in (if possible) a little of the Fontainbleau Voyage and to return to England a few days before the meeting of Parliament where I suppose we shall have some warm scenes. You cannot surely be satisfied with the beginning or rather no-beginning of the American Campaign, which seems to elevate the enemies as much as it must humble the friends of Great Britain.

At this time of year the Society of the Turk's head can no longer be addressed as a Corporate body, and most of the individual members are probably dispersed; Adam Smith in Scotland, Burke in the shades of Beaconsfield, Fox, the Lord or the Devil knows where &c &c. Be so good as to salute in my name those friends who may fall in your way. Assure Sir Joshua in particular that I have not lost my relish for *manly* conversation and the society of the brown table.[5] I hope Coleman has made a successful Campaign.[6] May I beg to be remembered to Mrs Garrick. By this time she has probably discovered the Philosopher's stone. She has long possessed a much more valuable secret, that of gaining the hearts of all, who have the happiness of knowing her.

I am Dear Sir most affectionately Yours,
Paris. August the 14th 1777 E Gibbon
Hotel de Modene. Rue Jacob. Fauxbourg St Germain.

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[4] Richard Twiss, traveller and writer. There seems no reference to his experiences as a guest in his own writings but Dr Burney invited him only once. (F. Burney, *Early Diary* (1889), i, 292.)

[5] This is the first reference in G's letters to the literary club known as 'The Club', founded by Dr Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds in '64. G. became a member in '74 or early '75. At this time it met for dinner at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street. G. was, next to Reynolds, the most assiduous of the attendants at these dinners. They were the centre of his literary, scientific and artistic friendships, which are poorly represented in his surviving correspondence. (M. E. G. Duff, *The Club*, Roxburgh Soc. 1905, 2nd ed, 1914. Massachusetts Hist. Soc. *Proceedings*, lii (1918–19), 148-50. *Low*, ch. xv, App. III.)

[6] George Colman the elder was involved in a quarrel with Thomas Becket about paying for Colman's *Dramatick Works*, which Becket had published in '76–'77. Garrick had been appealed to and was trying to mediate between them. (E. R. Page, *George Colman the Elder* (N.Y. 1935), 239–40.)

393. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 1/9/77

Address. Mrs Gibbon Charles Street Bath. *Franked,* E Gibbon. *Postmark.* FREE.

Dear Madam.

I must either write ten lines or twenty pages and you will easily judge which I shall prefer. The various sets of company with whom I pass my time are so completely Strangers to you that before I mentioned any person of my new acquaintance I must introduce them with a very tedious yet imperfect account of their birth parentage education and character. After all what would principally interest the curiosity of friendship may be dispatched in two words. *I am well and happy.* Mr Necker has not yet discovered any signs of jealousy, and I supped last night between two Archbishops who, I am persuaded have not the least intention of solliciting a letter de cachet to send me to the Bastille. I only regret that it was not possible to chuse another season of the year for my expedition. In summer Paris is very far from being a desert like London, and I have the daily pleasure of living in a very numerous and agreable Society, yet as there is always a considerable emigration into the provinces I am sensible that many valuable acquisitions have escaped me. In the first or second week of October the Court goes to Fontainbleau, and as it is never so full and splendid as in that place I propose passing a few days there. I must afterwards allow myself a little space to thank and embrace my Paris friends: and shall return by the first of November to a very different scene of things in London. You will not be sorry to hear that though I love the French from inclination and gratitude I have by no means lost my relish for my native Country. I have spent so much time in gay dissipation, that I must set myself in good earnest to work, but you [may] depend on my desire to steal a few days of the Christmas recess for a Bath expedition. I fancy we shall have a busy Session of Parliament, and unless Howe has very decisive success we shall

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393. *Add.MSS.* 34884, ff. 118/9. *P,* No. 321.

be less unanimous for the design of conquering America. I will not trouble you with politics; but will only venture to assure you that in the present moment, the French Counsels are seriously inclined to peace. My friend Necker (for I now esteem and love him on his own account) is declared principal minister of the Finances, and though he has great obstacles to contend with, his knowledge, his firmness, and the purity of his intentions ought to make us wish for his disgrace.

I am Dear Madam ever yours

Hotel de Modene à Paris September the 1rst 1777. E Gibbon

394. To Suzanne Necker *Fri.* 31/10/[77]

Nous sommes convenu l'autre jour Madame que le foible langage des paroles est incapable de rendre la veritè des sentimens. Je l'eprouve si bien dans ce moment, que j'ai dechirè avec indignation quelques lignes que je venois de tracer. Gardons donc le silence; nos ames savent se parler et se repondre sans emprunter le secours de la plume et de la poste. Nous sommes à Calais depuis avant hier, et la moitiè de la Nation Brittanique est enfermèe avec nous dans ce port par des tempétes et des vents contraires. Je connois si bien votre sensibilitè que je crains de lui laisser le soin d'exagerer une autre difficultè qui m'est personelle; je veux parler d'un petit accès de goute, le fruit peut-etre des diners et des soupers de Paris; et dont j'ai senti ce matin les premieres atteintes. Elle se montre cependant sous une forme si douce et meme si bienfaisante qu'elle ne fait que prouver la bontè du temperament où elle a daignè se loger. Après avoir passè une bonne nuit je pourrois très bien me trouver demain matin delivrè de cette facheuse visite, et je ne serois pas alors sans esperance de coucher dans ma patrie. Si l'enemi s'obstine devant la place, Je trouverai à Calais tout ce que mon etat peut exiger de secours et meme d'amusemens. J'ecris dans l'apartment de Milord Spencer où je passe le jour dans un bon fauteuil. J'entens deja leur cohue bruyante qui revient de la Comedie. Si j'etois moins assurè de votre amitiè je vous supplierois de me la

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394. Archives de Broglie. *Read*, ii, 392 (in translation).

conserver. Elle fait la consolation et la gloire de ma vie. Assurez Monsieur Necker de toute mon estime; en le lui appliquant, je donne une bien grande etendue à ce mot. Vous recevrez bientot des nouvelles de mon Voyage ou de mon sejour.
À Calais. Ce 31 Octobre.

395. To Suzanne Necker *Tue.* 4/11/77

Address. À Madame Madame Necker au Controle General À Paris.
Postmark. 4.NO.

La mer s'est radoucie, mais mon accès de goute a pris de nouvelles forces. Cependant on m'a persuadè de tenter le passage, et de pousser jusqu'à Londres pour souffrir chez moi un peu plus commodement. Mon tyran s'est emparè de mes deux pieds, et il s'amuse à les tourmenter d'une maniere assez vive. Mais ces douleurs fussent-elles cent fois plus cruelles, ne sauroient m'empecher de penser à vous. Adieu Madame. Il me seroit difficile de continuer; mais enfin mon mal est sans danger, et ne peut etre que passager.
Bentinck Street. Ce 4 Novembre. 1777.

396. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* 4/11/77

I arrived last night: laid up with the gout in both my feet I suffer like one of the first Martyrs, and possibly have provoked my punishment as much. If you wish to see me, come to town before the meeting.[1] I hope Mylady will not laugh.
Bentinck Street. Nov. 4th 1777.

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395. Lady Gordon Cumming.

396. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 120. *P*, No. 322. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 4 Nov: 77'.
[1] Of Parliament, on Nov. 20.

397. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 4/11/77

Dear Madam.

When you hear the reason, you will excuse my telling you in two words that I arrived last night. I am laid up with a very painful fit of the gout in both my feet. I came over from Calais with some difficulty; yet I rejoice that I am in my own library, and three hundred miles nearer *you* than I was a week ago. I think it cannot last long.

I am Dear Madam most truly yours

Bentinck Street. November the 4th 1777. E G.

398. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* [8/11/77?]

Dear Madam.

A thousand thanks, but your kind offer in the present situation would embarass us both. I suffer much the same in both feet. I hope with Philosophy. My legs *depend* on a single cushion.

Saturday. E G.

399. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [8/11/77]

Had you four horns as well as four eyes and four hands I should still maintain that you are the most unreasonable Monster in the Creation. My pain is lively, my weakness excessive, the season cold, and only twelve days remain to the meeting. Far from thinking of

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397. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 121. *P*, No. 323.

398. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 370. The reference to *both* feet suggests this date, though there seems only just time for an answer to No. 397 to have reached G. The reference to keeping DG in suspense in No. 470 precludes March 25, '80, otherwise another possible date.

399. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 122. *MW* ('96), i, No. C (dated Nov. '77). P, No. 324. Parliament was due to reassemble on Nov. 20; the 8th is 'twelve days' before that date.

trips into the Country, I shall be well satisfied if I am on my legs the 20th in the medical sense of the word.[1] At present I am a Corpse carried about by four arms which do not belong to me. Yet I try to smile. I salute the hen and chickens. Adieu. Writing is really painful.
Saturday.

400. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 13/11/77

Dear Madam.

As my disorder was perfectly free from danger, I thought it needless to repeat *every* post that I was in a good deal of pain: but I seize the first opportunity of acquainting you, that the enemy appears to be raising the siege, and that he makes a regular and gradual retreat: the pain is gone, the swelling diminished, my strength is returning; this morning for the first time I enjoyed the luxury of using crutches, and I aspire to the superior luxury of throwing them away. In the course of my recovery you may depend on my prudence. Adieu dear Madam. I sincerely envy your loving couple: but be pleased to remember that *they* are only twenty. I am
most truly yours
Bentinck Street. Nov. 13th 1777. E Gibbon

401. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* [14/11/77]

I do not like this disorder on your eyes: and when I consider your temperance and activity I cannot understand why any spring of the machine should ever be deranged. With regard to myself, the Gout has behaved in a very honourable manner; after a compleat conquest, and after making me feel his power for some days,

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[1] Not, that is, in the Parliamentary sense.

400. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 123. *P*, No. 325.

401. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 124. *MW* ('96), i, No. CI. *P*, No. 326. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 14 Nov: 77. ansd 21 Do'.

the generous Enemy has disdained to abuse his victory or to torment any longer an unresisting victim. He has already ceased to torture the lower extremities of your humble servant; the swelling is so amazingly diminished that they are no longer above twice their ordinary size. Yesterday I moved about the room with the laborious majesty of crutches; to-day I have exchanged them for a stick; and by the beginning of next week, I hope, with due precaution to take the air and to inure myself for the interesting representation of Thursday.[1] How cursed unlucky. I wanted to see you both; a thousand things to say and to hear, and every scheme of that kind broke to pieces. If you are not able to come to Bentinck Street, I must contrive to steal three or four vacant days during the Session, and run down to Sheffield. The town fills, and I begin to have numerous levers and couchers more properly the latter. We are still in expectation, but in the mean while we believe (I mean Ministers) that the news of Howe's victory and the taking of Philadelphia are true.[2] Adieu.
Friday.

402. To Adam Smith *Wed.* 26/11/77

. . . . I was informed to day that a place of Commissioner of the Customs in Scotland has been given to a Philosopher who for his own glory and for the benefit of mankind had enlightened the world by the most profound and systematic treatise on the great objects of trade and revenue which had ever been published in any age or in any country. But as I was told that this Philosopher was my particular friend, I found myself very forcibly inclined to believe what I most sincerely wished and desired . . . .[1]

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[1] The opening of Parliament.

[2] See No. 404.

402. Maggs Bros, Ltd. *Catalogue* 433, (1922), item 3261. The present whereabouts of the original is unknown.

[1] There are two letters from AS to G. in *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 138, 168, neither connected with this letter.

403. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [29/11/77]

Your feaver, rhumatism, confinement and the use of a strange hand make me very uneasy. If I thought I could be of any use, I would in spite of Parliament immediately run down; but I do most heartily advise beg, and intreat, that as soon as you are fit for motion you would come to town, and consult about the best method of putting an end to this tedious complaint. For myself I have almost forgot the gout. No alteration as to the public: Much debating, little hopes, and no news. Your Inn business, I will skilfully manage either in person, or by my faithful Minister[1] and you may depend on the earliest account of it. You asked about the Highlander:[2] he is still in his mountains. I fear Mrs G expects me at Christmas, but I *really* prefer Sheffield and will try to defer the Bath journey till Easter. Do not however reckon upon my Success. Adieu.
Saturday night.

404. To J. B. Holroyd [*Tue.* 2/12/77]

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqr Sheffield place East Grinstead. *Franked*, E Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; [date stamp illegible].

By the enclosed[1] you will see that America is not *yet* Conquered. Opposition are very lively, and though in the house we keep our numbers, there seems to be a universal desire of peace even on the most humble conditions.[2] Are you still fierce?

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403. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 125. *P*, No. 327. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 30 Nov: 77'.

[1] Caplin. Cf. No. 406.

[2] Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat?

404. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 128. *MW* ('96), i, No. CII. *P*, No. 329. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 2d Dec: 77'.

[1] Probably the *London Gazette* of Dec. 2, containing news of Howe's occupation of Philadelphia but making it clear that his position was precarious. Exaggerated expectations had prevailed before the arrival of these despatches. Cf. No. 401 and see Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 71,79.

[2] G. said to Walpole at about this time that he was convinced that if it had not been for shame, there were not twenty men in the House who were not ready to vote for peace. W. comments, 'I did not think it very decent in so sensible a man to support a war and make such a confession.' (Walpole, *op. cit.*, ii, 76.)

405. To J. B. Holroyd *Thur.* [4/12/77]

Dreadful news indeed. You will see them partly in the papers, and we have not yet any particulars.[1] An English army of near 10000 men laid down their arms and surrendered prisoners of war on condition of being sent to England and of never serving against America. They had fought bravely, and were three days without eating. Bourgoyne is said to have received three wounds. General Frazer with 2000 men killed. Colonel Ackland likewise killed.[2] A General cry for peace. Adieu. We have constant late days.
House of Commons. Thursday.

406. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* [8/12/77?]

I congratulate your noble firmness, as I suppose it must arise from the knowledge of some hidden resources which will enable us to open the next Campaign with new armies of 50 or 60000 men. But I believe you will find yourself obliged to carry on this glorious War almost alone. It would be idle to dispute any more about politics as we shall so soon have an opportunity of a personal combat. Your journey gives me some hopes that you have not entirely lost your reason. Your bed shall be ready.—Caplin has conversed with your Tenant, but his demands were certainly excuses, as he has given over all thoughts of the enterprize: possibly you may be more successful. Adieu. I do not embrace Mylady

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405. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 127. *MW* ('96), i, No. CIV. *P*, No. 330. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 4 Dec: 77'.

[1] A letter from Sir Guy Carleton at Quebec brought tidings, which, however, he could not absolutely confirm, of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga on Oct. 16. The news was in the papers on Dec. 4. Burgoyne's own despatch, dated Oct. 20, was published in the *London Gazette* of Dec. 13–16.

[2] Burgoyne was unwounded; General Simon Fraser (not G's friend, the Master of Lovat) died of wounds on Oct. 8; Col. Dyke Acland was wounded and taken prisoner.

406. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 126. *MW* ('96), i, No. CIII (dated Dec. '77, placed before No. 405). P, No. 328 (dated Dec. '77, placed before No. 404). Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon Dec: 77'. Date conjectural but it seems that this must have been written in reply to JBH's comments on No. 405.

as she seems to decline accompanying you. Her conduct is shameful and unnatural.
Monday night.

407. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 16/12/77

Dear Madam.

I flatter myself that my long silence must have given you great satisfaction. You recollect that while I was under the tyranny of the Gout, I shewed myself tolerably exact in sending you intelligence of my situation and improvement. From my silence you must therefore have concluded that I am now, as indeed I am, restored to public health, and once more engaged in the busy as well as idle dissipation of this great town. I jumped at once from a sick chair into the warmest debates, which I ever remember in my short parliamentary life. They have constantly been fed by our miserable news from America, and the Session after the Holydays will be taken up by committees on the state of the Nation, Enquiries into the conduct of Ministers and Generals &c which will at least serve to encrease the public ferment. What will be the resolutions of our Governors I know not, but I shall scarcely give my consent to exhaust still farther the finest country in the World in the prosecution of a War, from whence no reasonable man entertains any hopes of success. It is better to be humbled than ruined.

Half my acquaintance, Lady Dy, Lady Payne, the Sollicitor General[1] &c are running down to Bath for the Holydays.[2] Had I no other inducement I should certainly escape from the crowd, and employ that short interval of quiet, in resuming my long neglected History. Those litterary occupations however I would gladly sacrifice to the pleasure of seeing you, but I apprehend that I shall be engaged to prefer the Sussex to the Bath Journey by some reasons which I will fairly submit to your judgement.

1. Holroyd, as you must have learned from his sister is in a very

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407. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 129/30. *P*, No. 331.

[1] Wedderburn.

[2] Parliament adjourned from Dec. 10, '77 to Jan. 20, '78.

indifferent state of health. His eyes are affected his spirits are low, he has been disappointed of other company and he intreats me in a very moving way not to abandon him on this occasion. 2. I wish to pass some time with him on my own account, and to consult him with regard to Buriton, which is, I fear, very indifferently treated by my tenant Winton. 3. I expect without knowing the day a French Lady of quality Madame de Genlis to whom I have very great obligations.[3] Whenever she informs me of her arrival in London, I must instantly fly (on the wings of meer friendship) to receive and attend her: now it would be somewhat vexatious to travel an hundred and ten miles, and to be called away the next day. Determine for me my dear friend; you have every tye upon me, of promise, of gratitude, and of inclination. If you are not perfectly satisfied with my positive engagement to pass the Easter recess with you, depend upon it, I will break through every difficulty, that detains me at present. I have a thousand things to hear and say; and I know that you will enjoy, what I could not perhaps say to others without incurring the censure of vanity. If the Goulds are at Bath, I beg to be remembered to them. I see your friend Mr Melmoth has published a translation of another piece of Tully: on a subject which you understand at least as well as either of them.[4] It will be worth your reading, for the treatise is valuable, and he is an elegant as well as faithful translator.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

Bentinck street December the 16th 1777. E G.

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[3] Mme de Genlis did not come to London this winter. (*MW*, ii, 236.)

[4] Wm Melmoth, the younger, (1710–99), was living at Bath. His translation of Cicero's *De Amicitia* was published this year under the title, *Laelius: An Essay on Friendship, by Marcus Tullius Cicero. With Remarks by Wm Melmoth Esq.*

408. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 26/12/77

Sheffield place. December the 26th 1777

Dear Madam.

I arrived yesterday at Sheffield place to enjoy the beauties of the Country which are displayed in a profussion of rain, snow, and fogs. I think I never saw the Landlady better in looks health or spirits. With regard to the Landlord, the principal object of this cold expedition, his eyes are somewhat better, and I flatter myself that the conversation of a friend will contribute to enliven him. I admire your fortitude, but I assure you that my despondency was not occasioned by the misfortunes of Bourgoyne and his gallant troops. It is founded on a very full consideration of a plan, the difficulties of which present themselves every day in a stronger light.[1] What must be the means or the instruments to extricate us from this melancholy situation still remain to be considered with the most serious and dispassionate attention.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

E G.

The family desire to be remembered to you.

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408. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 131. *P*, No. 332.

[1] There was now general discussion of how to come to terms with the Americans. Lord North had announced on Dec. 10 that a plan would be laid before the Commons after the Christmas recess. (*Hutchinson*, ii, 171.)

409. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* 26/1/[78]

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqr. Grove. Ferrybridge. *Franked*, E Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 26.IA.

What can I say? No news or business. Lord G's *great* misfortune has procured him a respite. We shall have something of a brush to-morrow on his first appearance:[1] Lord N seems in high spirits: we hear no more of conciliatory propositions. I received to-day a huge pacquet, a Theological answer written by a *mere* Irish parson.[2] Adieu. I embrace Mylady and wait with impatience. I hope your eyes are not the worse for a little fatigue. I love a dutiful aunt. This now half an hour past nine, I have been hard at work since dinner, and am just setting out for Lady Payne's assembly, with half the fine Bs at it, after which, I shall perhaps sup with Charles &c at Almack.[3]
Monday night.

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409. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 136. *P*, No. 335.

[1] Lord George Germaine's wife died on Jan. 15. He did not attend the sitting on Jan. 27, when Fox moved for the instructions given to Burgoyne to be laid before the House.

[2] *A Reply to the Reasonings of Mr Gibbons in his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* . . . Dublin, 1777. By Smyth Loftus, Vicar of Coolock.

[3] 'Bs' unidentified, but Lady Payne's assemblies were a centre for leaders of the opposition and after an evening with them and supper with Fox, G. distinguished himself, on the following day, by voting against the Government, as he did again on Feb. 2. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 94. *Parl. Hist.*, xix, 650, 683.) For his brief flirtation with the Whigs, see *Low*, 274–6.

410. To James Chelsum *Fri.* 20/2/78[?]

Bentinck-street. Feb. 20th 1778

Sir,

The officious readiness of offering any printed criticism to the notice of a stranger, who is himself the object of it, must be received either as a compliment or an insult. When Dr Watson, the Divinity Professor of Cambridge, was so obliging as to send me his candid and ingenious apology, I thought it incumbent on me to acknowledge his politeness, and, with suitable expressions of regard, to solicit the pleasure of his acquaintance.[1] A different mode of controversy calls for a different behaviour; and I should deem myself wanting in a just sense of my own honour, if I did not immediately return into the hands of Mr Batt your most extraordinary present of a book, of which almost every page is stained with the epithets, I shall take leave to say the undeserved epithets, of *ungenerous*, *unmanly*, *indecent*, *illiberal*, *partial*, and in which your adversary is repeatedly charged with *being deficient in common candour*; with *studiously concealing the truth*, *violating the faith of history*, &c. This consideration will not however prevent me from procuring a copy of your Remarks,[2] with the intention of correcting any involuntary mistakes, (and I cannot be conscious of any other,) which in so large a subject your industry, or that of your colleagues, may very possibly have observed. But I must not suffer myself to be diverted from the prosecution of an important work, by the invidious task of controversy, and recrimination. Whatever faults in your performance I might fairly impute to want of attention, or excess of zeal, be assured, Sir, that they shall sleep in peace; and you may safely inform your readers, that Suidas was a heathen four centuries

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410. *MW* (1814), ii, No. CXXII. A covering letter (*Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 100/01) from J. T. Batt, through whom Chelsum had communicated with G., is dated Feb. 29, altered to Feb. 24. G's original, the copy from which the *MW* version was presumably printed, and Chelsum's reply (printed *MW*, ii, No. CXXIII) have all vanished.

[1] See No. 354.

[2] A copy of the second edition of Chelsum's *Remarks on the last two Chapters of Mr Gibbon's History* (first published in '76) was in G's library.

after the heathenism of the Greeks had ceased to exist in the world.

I am, Sir, Your obedient humble Servant

E. Gibbon

411. To J. B. Holroyd [*Mon.* 23/2/78]

You do not readily believe in praeternatural miscarriages of letters: nor I neither. Listen however to a plain and honest narrative. This morning after breakfast, as I was ruminating on *your* silence, Thomas my new footman, with confusion in his looks and stammering on his tongue produced a letter reasonably soiled, which he was to have brought me the day of his arrival, and which had lain forgotten from that time in his pocket. To shorten as much as possible the continuance, I immediately enquired whether any method of conveyance could be devised more expeditious than the post, and was fortunately informed of your Coachman's intentions.—In your observations on the opposition &c I desiderate somewhat of your usual moderation. I suppose you imagine that a reluctant effort of reason is at once to efface past errors, to command present acquiescence, and to inspire future confidence. You probably know the heads of the plan; an act of parliament to declare that we never *had* any intention of taxing America: another act to impower the Crown to name commissioners, authorized to suspend hostilities, by sea and land, as well as all obnoxious acts, and in short to grant every thing except Independence. Opposition, after expressing their doubts whether the lance of Achilles could cure the wound which it had inflicted, could not refuse their assent to the principles of conduct, which they themselves had always recommended. Yet you must acknowledge that in a business of this magnitude there may arise several important questions, which without a spirit of faction will deserve to be debated: whether Parliament ought not to name the Commissioners, whether it would not be better to repeal the obnoxious acts ourselves.[1] I do not find that the World,

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411. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 137. *MW* ('96), i, No. CVI. *P*, No. 336. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon Feb. 23d 1778'.

[1] North's conciliation plan was announced to the Commons on Feb. 17. For the attitude of the opposition parties to the new policy, see G. H. Guttridge, 'Whig Opposition during the American Revolution', in *Journal of Modern History*, vi (Chicago, 1934), 1 sq.

that is a few people whom I happen to converse with, are much inclined to praise Lord N's ductility of temper. In the service of next Friday you will however take notice of the injunction given by the Liturgy. 'And all the People shall say, after the *Minister*, turn us again O Lord and so shall we [be] turned.'[2] While we considered whether we shall negociate, I fear the French have been more diligent. It is positively asserted both in private and in Parliament, and not contradicted by the Ministers, that on the 5th of this month a treaty of Commerce (which naturally leads to a war) was signed at Paris with the Independent States of America.[3] What do you now think of the tardyness of administration. Yet there still remains a hope that England may obtain the preference. The two greatest countries in Europe are fairly running a race for the favour of America; and I fear our *Lord* has more bottom than foot. Adieu. Am not I very good, but you must not expect a repetition of such exalted Virtue. Your Eyes? I embrace Mylady &c. I have written to all: no answers. I will see Cadell.

I send you a parcel, that, as a Member, I have just received.

412. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 28/2/78

Address. Mrs Gibbon Charles Street Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 28.FE.

Dear Madam.

You will think me the most impudent fellow alive: but I am really angry with *you* for not being angry with *me* on account of my long and shameful silence. We have had (I do not mean it as any excuse) the hardest work I have yet known in Parliament. You see that we are reduced to the humiliation of suing for peace, and

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[2] Friday, Feb. 27, was kept as a public fast; the aptness of the words of the liturgy was a common subject for ribaldry. (Walpole, *Letters*, x, 198.)

[3] Treaties of commerce and friendship between France and the Independent States of America were signed on Feb. 6. Rumours of an impending treaty had been prevalent since January. In reply to a question by Fox in the House on Feb. 17, North said that he had no official intelligence of it.

412. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 138/9. *P*, No. 337.

I much fear that we shall have the additional humiliation of being rejected. In the mean time a French War is every day a probable event. I have not yet seen so very black a prospect. How have you passed the winter in health, in spirits and in amusements. For my own part I am perfectly free from the Gout, and notwithstanding the hurry of business and pleasure, I steal some moments for the Roman Empire. I can assure you with the utmost truth that I look forwards to Easter with much impatience. I *will* write oftener.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours
February 28th 1778. E Gibbon

413. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [28/2/78]

I like your method of proceeding, and I am much relieved to find that after fighting so long with savage monsters, we have at length found a Being not totally devoid of sense and feeling. Yet I fear the events which may happen before Michaelmas.[1] With regard to your other schemes, I think them *hard*: but the times are so: and I must submit. Hugonin shall not be omitted. As to politicks we should easily fill pages and therefore had better be silent. You are mistaken in supposing that the Bills are opposed. Some particular objections have been started; and in the *only* division I voted with Government.[2] Yet I still repeat that in my opinion, Lord N. does not deserve pardon for the past, applause for the present, or confidence for the future. You are however perfectly in the right in supposing that the most able men in the Kingdom will go to America; as a proof of which I must inform you that Lord Carlisle

413. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 140. *MW* ('96), i, No. CV (extract). *P*, No. 338. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 28 Feb: 78. ansd 3 Mch'.

[1] Winton's treatment of B'n had at last decided G. to terminate his lease. (See No. 432.) The 'Being' is probably the attorney referred to in No. 416 and if so is probably John Sainsbury of Petersfield (see No. 725).

[2] On Feb. 23 G. voted against an opposition amendment to repeal the Act regulating the Government of Massachusetts (see No. 242, n. 1); a bill for the same purpose was supported by the Government on the following day. This was the only division on the conciliation bills. The Whigs would not vote against them and the Tories would not divide against the Government. (*Hutchinson*, ii, 189–90.) They finally passed the Commons on March 2.

is certainly appointed first Commissioner.[3]—Caplin enquired about the Groom. He is a drunken, worthless fellow. Adieu. I hear the bell.[4] Mylady is a most aimiable Creature. I rejoice in her snugness.
Almack's. Saturday night.

414. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [14/3/78]

Enclosed I send Arthur Young's character. You will judge; but I should not be satisfied with it. Your polite footman shall be sought for. This moment Beauclerck, Lord Ossory, Sheridan, Garrick, Burke, Charles Fox, and Lord Cambden[1] (no bad set you will perhaps say) have left me. It is reported that M. de Noailles has signified to Lord Weymouth the treaty of France with the united and independent States of America; with the cold modification that it is not of a hostile Nature.[2] We have had hard but dull work. Monday will be a great day, the enquiry into the orders given by Lord George for the Canada expedition.[3] Dr Robertson is [in] town, I shall dine with him to-morrow. Adieu. I have given directions for La Fontaine's fables.
Saturday night, ten o'Clock.

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[3] Frederick, 5th Earl of Carlisle, was at this time chiefly known as a man about town and a gambler. His appointment to head a peace commission to America was ridiculed by Burke in the Commons. Horace Walpole said that he was 'very fit to make a treaty that will not be made'. (*Letters*, x, 197.)

[4] See No. 295, n. 1.

414. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 142. *P*, No. 341. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 14 Mch 78'.

[1] All opposed to the Government's American policy and all, except Lord Camden, members of the Club.

[2] De Noailles, the French ambassador, informed the Secretary of State on March 13. The news was in the papers on the 16th and announced in the Commons on 17th.

[3] This debate took place on Thursday, 19th, Monday and Tuesday having been devoted to discussion of the French treaty.

415. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [21/3/78]

As business thickens, and you may expect me to write sometimes, I shall lay down one rule: totally to avoid political argument, conjecture, lamentation declamation &c which would fill pages not to say volumes, and to confine myself to short authentic pieces of intelligence for which I may be able to afford moments and lines. Hear then—The French Ambassador went off yesterday morning not without some slight expressions of ill humour from John Bull. Lord Stormont is probably arrived to-day.[1] No *immediate* declaration expected on our side—a Report (but vague) of an action in the bay between La Motte Piquet, and Digby: the former has five ships and three fregates, with three large store ships under convoy; the latter has eleven ships of line.[2] If the Frenchman should sail to the mouth of the Delawar he may possibly be followed and shut up.—When Franklin was received at Versailles, Deane went in the same character to Vienna, and Arthur Lee to Madrid.[3]—Notwithstanding the reports of an action in Silesia, they subside, and I have seen a letter from Eliot at Berlin of the tenth instant without any mention of actual hostilities and even speaking of the impending War as not absolutely inevitable.[4] Last Tuesday the first

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415. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 143. *MW* ('96), i, No. CVII. *P*, No. 342. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 21 Mch 78. ansd 23 Do'.

[1] Lord Stormont, the British Ambassador in Paris, was recalled immediately after the Franco-American treaty had been notified. He was delayed *en route* but arrived in London on March 27. The French Ambassador left on March 20. Stones were thrown at his coach as he passed through Canterbury. (Walpole, *Letters*, x, 211–12. *Ibid.*, *Last Journals*, ii, 132, 149–50.)

[2] It was known at the end of February, that a French squadron had sailed westwards and that Commander Robert Digby had been sent after it. A naval action was feared, which would precipitate war with France but, for the time being, nothing of the kind occurred. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 125. *Pub. Ad.*, Feb. 28, March 21, '78.)

[3] The three American Commissioners were received by Louis XVI on March 17. (*Pub. Ad.*, March 18.) Deane was recalled to America soon after and Arthur Lee in '79. Neither went on any other mission.

[4] Hugh Elliott was the British Envoy at Berlin. The death of Maximilian Joseph, Elector of Bavaria, at the end of '77, without a direct heir, led to the rival occupation of parts of his domains by Austrian and Prussian forces but war did not break out till July, '78. (*Ann. Reg. for 1778*, chs, i & ii.) On March 2, Elliott wrote to a friend in Russia that appearances were very unfavourable to peace. (*Letters of the 1st Earl of Malmesbury* (1870), i, 379.)

payment of the loan £600000 was certainly made, and as it would otherwise be forfeited it is a security for the remainder.[5] I have not yet got the intelligence you want about former prices of stock in Critical times. These are surely such. Dixi. Vale. Send me some good news from Bucks. In spite of the War I must sell. We want you in town. Frazer is impatient: but if you come without Mylady, every door will be shut.
Almack's Saturday night.

416. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* 30/3/78

The short delay of my answer, you must ascribe on this occasion not to lazyness but to despondency. What a melancholy prospect of public and of private affairs. Excuse my saying any thing of the former (indeed there is nothing fixed or certain) I am too much engaged by the latter.

What can I say about Fleet Street? The remittance they mention from Hugonin with another of a half year's rent from Bucks will diminish though not discharge the accruing interest, which indeed must always gain upon me, unless I could live upon air. With regard to the principal as they are in very affluent circumstances, I did flatter myself that instead of urging me to dispose of the dearest part of my property, the new River share, at the most unfavourable season, they would have allowed me the chance of another summer to dispose of Lenborough which would ease me at once of principal and interest.[1] I beg you would make that earnest request to them, I mean to Clive and manage it with all the zeal and dexterity of your friendship. Let me know, whether I can second it by any steps of politeness and propriety. I had rather write than speak.—Should they still be inflexible, and rigorously exact the immediate sale of the New River, give me your advice and assistance. Your *advicc* whether in honour and prudence, I may dispute the point, and gain time by the dilatory and expensive ressources of the law. If I ought to yield your *advice* as to the best method of Sale. Sure they cannot insist on my selling it much below its value. I fear you must run to town for two or three days.—With regard to Buriton. Hugonin has sent me a letter for you unsealed. I have kept it some days, without having courage to read it. Is it very bad? I was much satisfied with your conference with Winton, but can we depend on his promises? What security have we between this time and Michaelmas for the intentions of an attorney, and the conduct of a madman.

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[5] A loan of six million pounds was voted on March 6 and on March 17, North informed the Commons that the first instalment had been raised. This was apparently a slight anticipation of the fact. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 138.)

416. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 146. *P*, No. 343. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 30 Mch 78. ansd 1 Ap 78'.

[1] Knowing that immediate prospects of selling Lenb. were at an end and alarmed, no doubt, by the general fall in capital values owing to the unfavourable course of the war, G's bankers were now pressing him for repayment of the £17,000 lent to his father on the security of Lenb. and the share in the New River Co. (*Newton*, p. 26. See Vol. I, App. III, p. 405.) Cf. No. 429.

Adieu, my dear friend. My disposition is chearful, my wants not extravagant, my amusements within my own power, and connected with the amusement of many. But the scene before me is horrid. Unless you can shew me some ray of comfort. Adieu.
Bentinck Street. March 30th 1778.

Mrs G presses me. I think of going about the 15th of next month and staying a fortnight at Bath.—I believe I have got a Groom for you, but am not yet assured of his Character.

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417. To J. B. Holroyd [*Sat.* 4/4/78]

The D of Buckleugh &c are waiting for me at Whist. I must therefore be very Laconic.

No news either of War change or dissolution, every body in a gentle slumber.

I have written a respectful letter to Fleet Street and await their commands.

I send you a Groom, George Spring well recommended by Sir Gilbert and Dowager Lady Elliot. He will arrive Monday.

I applaud your Military spirit, which indeed becomes very general. By the inclosed you will find that I am a Man of business.

I have ordered you a decline and fall. Adieu.

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417. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 147. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. 4 Ap: 78'.

418. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 6/4/78

Dear Madam.

As we can talk more in an hour, than we can write in a day, I shall only say that I propose myself the pleasure (and a great pleasure it will really be) of waiting on you Thursday evening the 16th instant. If any thing should delay my journey two or three days later, you shall have timely notice.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. April the 6th 1778. E Gibbon

419. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 25/4/78

Bath. 25th April 1778

Here I am, in close attendance of my Mamma, who is better in health spirits &c than I have known her for some years. Had I attempted an Easter excuse it would have been very ill received. I am vastly complaisant, *amuse* myself in Routes and private parties and play shilling Whist with the most edifying resignation. The Rooms and public places I seldom frequent, and claim some merit from a sacrifice which in reality is none at all. The Paynes are here and I contrive to see something of them. Are you acquainted with Dr Delacour? In truth there is much kindness in that Jew: and much good sense likewise; he gives as good dinners as the superstition of the[1] females of his family will permit and has a proper contempt for all that a reasonable Man ought to despise. I had destined and shall give a *full* fortnight to Bath, and shall return to town the latter end of next week, but as the day is not irrevocably fixed, I do not wish you to suppose [me] in Bentinck Street before the Monday or Tuesday of the week following. I understand with

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418. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 140. *P*, No. 344.

419. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 150. *P*, No. 345. Endorsed by JBH, 'Mr Gibbon 25 April 1778'.

[1] 'his' in *MS*.

satisfaction that the Majorina[2] intends to visit the great City. I have much to say and much for you to do.—You may expect to be favoured with some military instructions. Adieu. I hear from Zara a very tolerable account;[3] but my proposed visit was respectfully declined. I like the new house very well.

420. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* [2/5/78?]

Reading Saturday Evening

All well and grateful. The Croft's with us. E G.

421. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* [6/5/78]

House of Commons. Wednesday evening ten o'Clock

I arrived safe in town, and, after finding most *excellent* reasons for two or three days delay, when I had really very little to do, I now snatch a moment from a very warm debate[1] to tell you that I found the Hs in town. The Major's eyes are not better, but otherwise his spirits are good and he becomes his military Character. Remember me to the Sister, I sympathize in her distress on my departure. Assure all my friends, Christians but more especially Jews, of my very grateful sense of their kindness; but let me say with the utmost truth that the part of my Bath visit which I recollect with the greatest pleasure, are the moments which I spent with you and with you alone.—The Hs (I had almost forgot) salute you. They stay till Monday.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

E Gibbon

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[2] Mrs Holroyd. Orders calling out the Militia had been issued at the end of March and JBH was now serving as a major in the Sussex regiment.

[3] Sarah Holroyd. JBH's father was now seriously ill.

420. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 372. For the date see No. 338, n. G. indicated in No. 419 that he meant to return from Bath about May 2.

421. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 47. *P*, No. 346. The reference to the Major fixes the year and if G. arrived in London on May 2 (see No. 420, n.), the rest of the date follows.

[1] There was a long debate in the Commons on May 6 on proposals for freeing Irish trade.

422. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [16/5/78]

Before I received your letter, I had just heard from Bath.[1] I can say nothing on the occasion. Nature and Reason have their respective provinces; and I ought not to hope either to prevent the effect of the former, or to hasten that of the latter.

I shall expect you about the end of next week; but it will be highly proper that you should give me some days either in going or returning.—Notwithstanding all you may see in the papers, you may be assured that there is not any certain intelligence of D'Estaing's squadron having passed the streights of Gibraltar.[2] A Court of Enquiry is ordered and will sit Monday on Bourgoyne; but I am not certain whether he has been forbid Court.[3] I attended Ireland with great alacrity; but the business seems to be compromised. I do not exactly know in what manner, or whether the Constituents on either side will be satisfied.[4] The Inscriptions shall be considered.[5] Adieu.

Saturday night.

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422. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 151. *P*, No. 347. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 16 May 78'.

[1] Isaac Holroyd died on May 11.

[2] A French fleet had sailed westwards from Toulon in April. It passed Gibraltar on May 16, though certain news of this was not received till June 5. (Cf. *Pub. Ad.* April 29 May 18, 25, June 8, '78.)

[3] Burgoyne arrived home on parole on May 13. The King refused to receive him. The Court of Enquiry was abandoned but there was a debate on the Convention of Saratoga in the Commons on May 26, at which he defended himself. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 174, 179 sq.)

[4] See No. 421, n. 1. English commercial opposition to the proposals led to a compromise by which most of the concessions were abandoned. (*Ann. Reg. for 1778*, 181* sq, 191*.)

[5] This suggests that G. had some hand in the epitaph on JBH's mother, who died in Aug. '77 and is buried in Fletching church. It runs as follows and has something of a Gibbonian ring, 'Dorothea, wife of Isaac Holroyd, daughter of Daniel Baker (De Penn in comitatu Buck). Pious and chaste, most loving to her husband, her children and her friends, by her husband, her children and her friends much beloved. Born in 1704 she lived 73 years. A son could not long be unmindful of this best of mothers.'

423. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* [12/6/78]

Almack's Friday

R. Way's letter gave me that sort of satisfaction which one may receive from a good Physician who after a careful examination pronounces your case incurable. But no more of that—I take up the pen as I suppose by this time you begin to swear at my silence; Yet litterally (a bull) I have not a word to say. Since d'Estaing's fleet has passed through the Gut (I leave you to guess where it must have got out) it has been totally forgot, and the most wonderful lethargy and oblivion of war and peace, of Europe and of America seems to prevail. Lord C's funeral was meanly attended, and Government ingeniously contrived to secure the double odium of suffering the thing to be done and of doing it with an ill grace.[1] Their chief conversation at Almacks, is about tents, drill Serjeants subdivisions firings &c and I am revered as an old Veteran. Adieu. When do you return. If it suits your evolutions *Aunt Kitty*[2] *and myself meditate* a Sussex journey next week.—I embrace Mylady.

424. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 12/6/78

Dear Madam.

Inclosed I send what you desire. Believe me, I have not forgotten how much in every sense of the word I feel myself indebted to you. I wish that all of us in private and public affairs had a less melancholy prospect before us; but courage and Philosophy must assist us. Letters (I do not mean Epistles) are in every state of life an amusement, a comfort or a ressource.

The Holroyds are still in Yorkshire. I expect them in about ten

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423. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 152. *MW* ('96), i, No. CVIII. *P*, No. 348. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 12 June 78. ansd. 18th'.

[1] Lord Chatham was buried in Westminster Abbey on June 9.

[2] Catherine Porten. The underlining is probably by JBH.

424. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 153. *P*, No. 349.

days; and have some thoughts with Mrs Porten of making them a visit next month. I carry down a good deal of lumber, and shall work reasonably hard.

I am Dear Madam ever yours

London. June the 12th 1778. E G.

425. TO J. B. HOLROYD *Mon.* [29/6/78]

Address. J. B. Holroyd Esqr Sheffield Place Sussex. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; WR; 29.IV.

With a trembling hand, I inclose a letter from Hugonin in its pure and virgin state.—*Return it with proper directions*;[1] or answer it yourself which would please me much better.—I suppose there are complaints of my silence. I am however by four and twenty hours less guilty than I seem—

I expect an account of your meeting and motions; and some encouragement might attract Aunt Kitty and myself in the course of next week.—

What do you think of Keppel? We are pleased on the whole: yet some Ministers such as Ld Mansfield and Wedd. affect to talk doubtfully about a War.[2] Adieu.

Monday evening.

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425. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 154. *P*, No. 350. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 29 June 78'.

[1] Underlining by JBH, indicating which course he took.

[2] War with France had not been formally declared but on June 18, Admiral Keppel, whose fleet was reconnoitred by some French ships, took two of them and damaged a third. Discovering that the French fleet in Brest far outnumbered his own, he then retired to Portsmouth. His action was attacked in the newspapers but he had many supporters, including some members of the Government. (*Trevelyan*, v, 129 sq.) Wedd = Wedderburn.

426. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [1/7/78]

Wednesday evening

Your plan of operations is clear and distinct; yet notwithstanding your zeal and the ideals of Ducal discipline, I think you will be more and longer at S P than you imagine.[1] However I am disposed to advance my journey as much as possible: I want to see you. My martial ardour makes me look to Coxheath, necessity obliges me to think of Beriton, and I feel something of a very new inclination to taste the sweets of the Country. Aunt Kitty shares the same sentiments; but various obstacles will not allow us to be with you before Saturday or perhaps Sunday evening; I say *evening* as we mean to take the cool part of the day, and shall probably arrive after Supper. Keppel's return has occasioned infinite and inexpressible consternation, which gradually changes into discontent against him. He is ordered out again with three or four large ships 2 of 90, 2 of 74[2] reinforcement and the 50th Regiment as marines: in the mean time, the French with a superior fleet are masters of the sea and our homeward bound East and West India trade is in the most imminent danger.[3] Adieu.

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426. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 155. *MW* ('96), i, No. CIX. *P*, No. 351. Endorsed by JBH, '1st July 78'.

[1] The Sussex Militia, under the command of the Duke of Richmond, was stationed at Lewes and Brighton. There was a summer encampment at Coxheath, in Kent, where a number of regiments of regulars and militia were assembled.

[2] Figures inserted above the line, over 'as', deleted.

[3] Keppel put to sea again on July 10. Two large fleets of merchant ships, from the East and the West Indies, were now approaching our shores. The West Indian fleet arrived safely four days before he sailed. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 189.) See further No. 429.

427. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sun.* 19/7/78

Dear Madam.

Miss Holroyd who arrived here yesterday informed me that you were certain that I could not be at S P as you had not received any letter from [me]. This throws me under some difficulty since I must either set aside your authority, or distrust the evidence of my senses which seems to tell me that I am actually at the seat of J B Holroyd Major of the Sussex Militia. The aforesaid Major returned last night from his first sally, which had lasted a whole week during which time he left me Governor of the Castle and Guardian of his fair Spouse. I acquitted myself of this great office in so satisfactory a manner, that I am again invested with the same dignity, as the doughty Champion moves forwards to-morrow morning on a second Expedition. The Regiment is divided between Lewes and Brighthelmstone, and the Duke of &c[1] works like a Serjeant, a Clerk, and a pack-horse. Their motions are irregular and uncertain, and if the Major's quarters should be fixed at Brighthelmstone, Mylady and Sarah will immediately march, and I shall follow the Camp as it [is] a place where I can enjoy studious leisure in the midst of dissipation. If they are ordered to any other place I shall[2] return to my retirement in Bentinck Street, as at all events the decline and fall must proceed, which it does at present with tolerable vigour. Mr Eliot, whom I saw in London as frequently as I could, wished (if Plymouth and Port Eliot were not burnt down) to receive me in September, to meet Ld and Lady Ely.[3] I expressed gratitude but declined a promise. I should think the journey a very proper one; but I must own that I neither like the expence nor the loss of time. Yet those would sound like paltry excuses after a six months' expedition to Paris.

The Major, with our three Ladies Abigail Holroyd, Sarah Holroyd and Catherine Porten present their Compliments to you. We

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427. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 158. *P*, No. 354.

[1] Duke of Richmond. This seems to be an allusion to his additional French title. See No. 429, n. 5.

[2] Over 'must', deleted.

[3] Cf. No. 320.

often talk you over, and this morning at Breakfast his honour scolded Sister for not bringing you with her; though on calmer reflection we all thought it better that your second visit to S P should be deferred to a more peaceable and settled time, such as it may be hoped next year will prove. Sarah looks well; several passages yesterday the House &c affected her a good deal, but I think she will grow easy and chearful.[4]

I am Dear Madam most entirely Yours

Sheffield place. July 19th 1778. E Gibbon

428. To J. B. Holroyd *Sun.* [2/8/78]

Almack's. Sunday evening 8 o'Clock

There has been an action and an officer arrived yesterday with the account of it.[1] The engagement was sharp and lasted till the night. At daybreak Keppel looked round,—in vain. The French fleet which had always the advantage of the Wind had escaped into Brest Harbour.—No ships destroyed or taken on either side. We had 130 killed, 370 wounded, but not any officer above a second Lieutenant. People seem disappointed yet pleased. The French are shut up, we are Masters of the Sea, and invasion is no more. On the other hand there are bad news from Byron. All his Ships suffered exceedingly in a great storm and the Albion in particular is almost a wreck. They do not wish for the present to meet d'Estaing.[2] —The town is a desert: tant mieux.—Kitty is healthy, spirited, and grateful.—Adieu. I embrace &c.

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[4] Cf. No. 422, n. 1.

428. A. W. Armour Collection. For the date see n. 1, below.

[1] News reached the Admiralty, on Aug. 1, of Keppel's fight with the French off Ushant on July 27. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 195.)

[2] This news also arrived on Aug. 1. (Walpole, *loc. cit.*) Vice-Admiral Byron had been sent in pursuit of d'Estaing (see No. 422) but failed to intercept him. (*Trevelyan*, v, 115 sq.)

429. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [8/8/78?]

I wish Clive could have deferred his journey as I should have been very happy to have passed two or three days with him at Sheffield place. Pray tell him so and say how much I think myself obliged to him, I mean to him in particular. Newton is in the Country, and I must stay till [his] return before the Advertisement can be executed.[1]—As you have Visits and Expresses it would be ridiculous to write news; indeed there are none; we chew the Naval engagement[2] and seem to like it less and less, but the safety of the East Indians has given very general satisfaction. It is pretty certain that Congress has refused to treat unless with the concurrence of France, and as that is something short of an absolute refusal a first Lord of the Treasury[3] with whom I dined at Fraser's seems tolerably satisfied. The above Fraser and the Attorney General[4] proposed a visit to Coxheath some day next week, and the former to proceed to S P with me. If the Duke d'Aubigny[5] will give you a Furlough I should think you might [meet] us there. When the business and day are settled you shall have a line. Should the whole vanish, I shall quietly return to S P. about Saturday or Sunday next. A letter which came from Hugonin revisits you. I cannot read, but I fancy it is less horrible than usual. Adieu.

Saturday night.

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429. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 148. The date must be soon after Aug. 7 (see n. 2, below), probably Aug. 8 but possibly Aug. 15.

[1] See No. 416. It seems that Clive must have agreed not to press for an immediate sale of G's New River share but to wait for the results of advertising it. See No. 431, n.

[2] On July 27; it made the French fleet retire again into harbour, leaving the Channel safe for the fleet of East Indiamen, which sailed into Portsmouth on Aug. 7. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 195. *Ibid.*, *Letters*, x, 295.)

[3] Lord North.

[4] Wedderburn, made Attorney General in the previous June.

[5] The Duke of Richmond was Duke of Aubigny in France, through his great grandmother, Louise de Kerouaille, created Duchess of Portsmouth by Charles II and, at his request, Duchesse d'Aubigny by Louis XIV. (G.E.C. *The Complete Peerage*, x, (1945), 839, 608–9.)

430. TO J. B. HOLROYD *Wed.* [*end August*, 1778?]

And so you expect me to correspond regularly closely, to keep up a quick incessant fire, and even on my return to town to make the first advances by thanking you for all the civilities I had received during my stay at Sheffield place, and for the agreable hours I had passed with your Lady and the rest of your amiable family.—You must not expect virtues with which Heaven never endowed me, and if you would hearken to the voice of reason you would acknowledge, that when the mind and hand are fatiguing with writing *of an Emperor*, I can feel very little disposition to write to a *Major*. —I am indeed terrified at Hugonin's treaty, and alarmed at thoughts of being obliged to feed upon air for some months to come; yet I am pleased that the affair is ended, and believe he has acted for the best. I send him my gracious approbation by to-nights post.—It seems as difficult to get an excellent Servant as a good Minister. Caplin has seen several, and has presented one or two whom I have immediately rejected. Perhaps he may discover something. Why is not Mademoiselle de Montpensier[1] (the odd Volume which Caplin hunted for in vain,) sent up by the Coach. Mylady knows my delicacy about odd Volumes. This day (it is now three o'Clock) I have been solitary and laborious, consequently ignorant of news. Yesterday produced nothing beyond public accounts:[2] but I find we are every day more apprehensive of Spain. Adieu. I direct to Brighton.—I left my letter till the evening [in] hopes of news, but find none though I dined with Burke. Adieu.
Wednesday Evening.

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430. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 170. This seems to have been written soon (but not very soon) after G's return from the visit to SP proposed in No. 429. Perhaps the end of August is rather too early.

[1] Anne de Montpensier, *Memoires*, Maestricht, 1776. 8 vols, 12mo. (*Keynes*, 201.)

[2] I.e., no official news.

431. To J. B. Holroyd [*Fri.* 25 *or Sat.* 26/9/78]

No news from fleets; we are so tired of waiting that our impatience seems gradually to subside, into a careless and supine indifference. We sometimes yawn and ask just by way of conversation whether Spain will joyn. I believe you may depend on the truth, not the sincerity of an answer from their Court that they will not support or acknowledge the independence of the Americans. But on the other hand, Magazines are forming, troops marching in a style which manifestly threatens Gibraltar. Gib is however a hard morsel, 5000 effectives, and every article of defence in the most compleat state. We are certainly courting Russia. So much for the Republic.—I am strangely amazed and frightened about Buriton; as I had not the least suspicion of the approaching nay impending demand of so large a Sum. How could it amount to so much, and why did Hug stipulate so near a day. I have desired him to gain time, or borrow money.—They bite in the New river, and I am offered 7½, but Newton encourages me to hold out, and thinks I [may] get a ¼ more, which is not to be despised in certain situations—.[1] I have seen several Servants, and like one who has lived with Mr Milbank (Sir Ralph's eldest son) who desired his brother to give him a very good Character. On a quarrel between him and the Swiss Valet de Chambre, both were dismissed the one with honour the other with ignominy. Something more in the Italian than the Swiss style had been designed by the Valet de Chambre, but rejected by your Candidate: yet as he too was discharged there is something not perfectly clear. If you chuse it you may write to Milbank, who is with his Militia in the North: but send me the letter and I will

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431. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 162. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXI (extract). *P*, No. 358. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon 1778 Sep 25th'. Sept. 25 was a Friday, so either the endorsement or G's date at the end is wrong. The New River Share was advertised for sale in the *Daily Advertiser* and the *Morning Post* on Sept. 26 and the offer for it could have been made on the same day, in time for G. to refer to it when writing that evening. If he really wrote on the 25th, he must be referring to a private offer, preceding the advertisement.

[1] Newton's bill contains a mass of items from June to Dec. '78, connected with the sale of the New River share. See further, Nos. 433, 434.

forward it. If without any farther Ceremony you have a mind to try him (I mean no harm) I can order him to quarters. I am satisfied with his appearance and he professes to understand what you require. Adieu.
Saturday night.

432. To Dorothea Gibbon [*Sat.* 26/9/78]

Address. Mrs Gibbon Charles Street Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 26.SE.

Dear Madam.

I think I grow worse and worse. I am sensible that you are acquainted with my sentiments and my faults, and that you are disposed to believe that the stream of my friendship is deep and pure though it flows *silently* very silently indeed.—Yet my conscience whispers in my ear that I ought not to abuse the confidence which you may with justice repose in me.—My conscience likewise informs me that as I made Sarah Holroyd the security of my promise she has a right to complain that she became in some measure the accomplice of my quill.—She has I dare say given you a particular account of the way I spent the greatest part of the Summer, how in the absence of the Major I was left Governor of the Castle and Director of the fair females who inhabited it, and how I behaved myself in the execution of that important office.—I went over to Brighthelmstone but found not much encouragement to settle; the Company was not agreable, few of my acquaintance except the Paynes and Beauclercs; more difficulty and expence than I expected in settling myself with any degree of comfort, and great inconvenience in being so long absent and distant from my tools. Upon mature consideration I resolved to relinquish that plan, and to retire for some time to my rural retirement in Bentinck Street: the neighbourhood is not very populous at present, nor am I much interrupted by visits or invitations; yet I find as much Society as

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432. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 163/4. *P*, No. 359 (dated Sept. 29). The postmark is quite clear, so G's own date must be wrong.

I want for relaxation; and motives enough to engage me to take more exercise of a morning than I should any where else; besides the occasional Holydays which I sometimes allow myself to various friends who dwell in Villas adjacent to town. In the mean time I have the pleasure to see the Sheets of my second Volume insensibly acquire a respectable or at least a decent size; and though my progress gives me a clearer view of the difficulties of my undertaking, yet I find that gentle and steady diligence will in time carry me through it: and I still look forwards to the spring of 1780 with hope though not with confidence.

Before I left Sussex I visited in company with the Major Cox Heath Camp; where I was received as a Father by the Old Hampshire Militia, though few Officers now remain in it, with whom I have any connection. Jolliffe was returned to his station of Ensign with the leave of General Keppel, who would not however see him or forgive his extravagant behaviour which was much worse than any thing you saw in the Papers.[1] I am afraid you were malicious enough to rejoyce at his absurdity. While I was in the Camp, I felt my military ardour revive; but I soon recollected that notwithstanding the pleasure of passing a part of the winter on the Down, my library is upon the whole as agreable as a Tent, and Almack's as comfortable as a Suttling booth.

What odd animals we are! I have deferred from post to post, I am afraid to think how long, a very easy and pleasing occupation, which has now made me pass a very agreable half hour, in conversing with the dearest and most valued of my friends, who will derive some pleasure from the conversation. I positively believe I shall reform.—Before I conclude I must add three words on a subject which is not so entertaining. You know how little I love to talk about business; but I ought not to omitt what you will probably hear from some other quarter. My tenant Winton had done *some* mischief to Buriton; he threatened to injure it much more deeply, and I was persuaded by my Council to get rid of him, which I have just accomplished. Till the farm is let again which I hope will be soon, Hugonin has undertaken [the] temporary administration. I have lost considerably in taking leave of my old tenant, and fear my loss in engaging a new one will be still more considerable; and I can ill support these extraordinary demands. Yet I should consider that if all external circumstances were as smooth and satisfactory as the temper of my own mind, my condition would be too fortunate.

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[1] The newspapers for July and Aug. '78 are full of the scandalous goings-on in the militia camps at Warley and Coxheath until General Keppel restored discipline, but no specific reference to Wm Jolliffe has been found. Cf. *Trevelyan*, v, 103.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

E Gibbon

I cannot go to Port Eliot this autumn, but shall try to propose an accomodation to Madam of meeting at Bath.

Bentinck Street. Sept. 29 1778.

433. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* [29/9/78]

The French fleet is stole back into Brest, without meeting Keppel. The Fox frigate taken, some say the Captain (Windsor, Lord Plymouth's brother) killed:[1] others add but doubtful that we have lost a fleet of twelve merchantmen.—There is good reason to believe that we have taken the Iphigenie, a French frigate.—You were hardly aware of the depth of [the] ditch you tumbled me into, and I have sent you the inclosed that you may see Hugonin's despair and reproaches. The Money must be found by Saturday sennight; and the only step I could think of was a fair polite letter to Clive, who came to town yesterday, stating the business, representing the probable near conclusion of the New River sale, and begging leave to draw upon him. I know his good nature, but if he hesitates you must intercede, or help me some way or other.—Adieu. How do [you] advance in les Travaux de Mars. The advertisements[2] have been inserted, Hugonin has received one application from a Mr Butler, Camberwell Surry, to make enquiries.

Tuesday evening.

433. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 161. *P*, No. 357 (dated Sept. 20). Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon Sep 20th 1778'. The endorsement is clearly wrong. The Beriton affairs are at a later stage than when G. wrote on Sept. 25 or 26 (No. 431). The naval incidents referred to are reported in the newspapers on Sept. 30.

[1] Capt. Thomas Windsor was only severely wounded.

[2] Of the lease of B'n. None of these have been traced in the available London newspapers.

434. To J. B. Holroyd [*Wed.* 7/10/78]

I delayed writing not so much through indolence as because I expected every post to hear from you.—The supplies are raised, Clive and Gosling allow me (very handsomely) to draw for the Barbarian tribute, and the New river (unless one of the Suitors retracts) is gone, alas gone for ever for £7500.[1]—The state of Buriton is uncertain incomprehensible tremendous. It would be endless to send you the folios of Hugonin, but I have inclosed you one of his most picturesque Epistles which you may meditate.—Few offers; one promising enough came from a Gentleman at Camberwell. I detected him with masterly skill and diligence to be only an Attorney's Clerk without money credit or experience. I wrote as yet in vain to Sir John Shelley about Hearsay;[2] perhaps you might get intelligence about [him]. I much fear that the Buriton expedition is necessary, but it has occurred to me that if I *met* instead of *accompanying* you it would save me a journey of above one hundred miles: that reflection led to another of a very impudent nature, viz, that if I did not accompany you, I certainly could be of no use to you or myself on the spot, that I had much rather, while you examined the premises, pass the time in a horsepond, and that I had still rather pass it in my library with the decline and fall. But that would be an effort of friendship worthy of Theseus or Perithous. Modern times would hardly credit much less imitate such exalted virtue.—No news from America, yet there are people, large ones too who talk of conquering it next summer with the help of 20000 Russians. I fancy you are better satisfied with private than public War. The Lisbon Packet in coming home met about forty of our privateers. Adieu. I hardly know whether I direct right to you, but I think S P the surest.

Almack's. Wednesday evening.

434. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 168/9. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXIII (dated Wed. 1778). *P*, No. 364 (placed at end of '78). The news about the Lisbon packet was in the papers on Monday, Oct. 5.

[1] It was sold to Richard Benyon. The deeds were finally executed on Dec. 11. £500 were paid to G's account and £7,000 to Gosling's bank. (*Newton*, p. 26.)

[2] Applicant for, and later holder of, the lease of Beriton. The proper spelling of the name is Hersee.

435. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* [24/11/78]

Address. Major Holroyd Brighthelmstone Sussex. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 24.NO.

You sometimes complain that I do not send you early news; but you will now be satisfied with receiving a full and true account of all the Parliamentary transactions of *next* Thursday.[1] In town we think it an excellent piece of humour (the author is one Tickell). Burke and C Fox are pleased with their own Speaches, but serious Patriots groan that such things should be turned to farce.—We seem to have a chance of an additional Dutch War; you may depend upon its being a very important business from which we cannot extricate ourselves without either loss or shame.[2]—Hugonin was in town last week about his eyes. I have given him full powers and still hope that he will agree with Hearsay on tolerable terms. Say something to Beauclerc and Lady Dy. I pity them both and I pity you too for at this time of year Brighton must be a damned place. I shall now be immersed in politics, Society and Study and hardly a moment be ever [found][3] for Epistolary Commerce. There be patient. Vale.
Tuesday night.

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435. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 166. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXII, extract. *P*, No. 361. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon. Nov. 78'.

[1] *Anticipation*, a pamphlet by Richard Tickell, contained a forecast of the speeches which would be delivered when Parliament reassembled on Nov. 26. Though nominally impartial, it was an attack on the Opposition.

[2] The Dutch complained of the British searching their merchant ships; the British complained that the Dutch were trading with the enemy, though actually allied to us by treaty, and that they were sheltering American privateers. Holland was divided, one party being anxious to maintain neutrality, the other being violently anti-British. The city of Amsterdam had actually signed a treaty of commerce and friendship with the United States, in the previous September, though this was not known until much later. (Lecky, *England*, v, 67–70. *Camb. Modern History*, vi, 261.)

[3] Paper torn.

436. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [9/12/78]

Enclosed I send two letters, the former a foreign one. I broke the seal by mistake, but have read a line of the Contents. The latter from Hugonin; you will see that the operations of Buriton are slow and ineffectual. I am much inclined to accept of Hearsay even on his unfavourable terms; but if you like Nichols better send for him, talk it over which will be an agreable amusement, and as the fortnights suspense will soon expire, communicate your orders to Hugonin. If you agree with me in accepting Hearsay, you may signify it without a moments delay.—Good news from India, a revolution has happened among the Marattas; the French interest is destroyed, Ragged boy (or some such name) is placed on the throne of that warlike people, and we have now more to hope than to fear from them. According to the orders sent out in the Spring it is not impossible that Pondicherry, feebly garrisoned may at this moment be in our hands.[1] The West Indies are tolerably secure by the land and sea force which went from New York, and our operations in that part of the World may be offensive. In several places the Sky clears a little, and if we could be secure from Spain, we may promise ourselves some success. You see I am less desponding than usual. But we must depend more on arms and policy, than upon idle threats which may do mischief and cannot do good. We must likewise remove a Secretary of State so universally odious to the Army &c.[2] Our Admirals have had a spar or two, and Sir H P

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436. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 132. *P*, No. 362 (part omitted). Palliser's complaint was lodged on Dec. 9, '78.

[1] Raghoba, a member of the Mahratta Government and favourable to the British, was at this time in exile and another Minister, known to be intriguing with the French, was in control. A palace revolution temporarily displaced him and it was believed that this would be followed by the return of Raghoba to power but the movement collapsed. G's news refers to these events, which were only imperfectly reported in England. In March, '78, orders had been sent to the Bombay Council to take all necessary steps to stop the spread of French influence among the Mahrattas and an expedition in support of Raghoba was accordingly prepared. It started operations in November. Another force had taken Pondicherry in October. News of these events had not yet reached England. (*Camb. History of India*, v, 262 sq.)

[2] Wm, 2nd Viscount Barrington, Secretary at War since '65. His resignation was announced on Dec. 16.

finding that K did not apply for a Court Martial upon him, has this day lodged a charge of six Articles in the Admiralty and has made himself the accuser of his Commander.[3]—I applaud your Winter amusements and only hope that Trevor will not be obliged to cut you in pieces.[4]—Beauclerc is well, Lady Dy indifferent. You know the fate of your acquaintance Lady Derby; he is taking the proper steps to obtain a divorce, and the D. of D[5] went in to the King to acquaint him that he was bound in honour to marry the divorced Countess. You are an ungrateful fellow: consider how much better I use you than my nearest relations. Salute Mylady. Adieu. Why do you not go through London.
Wednesday night.

437. To J. B. Holroyd [*Sat.* 12/12/78]

Saturday night

Our East India Revolution has not succeeded, and Raggaboy is no longer at the head of the Marattas.[1] In the West, we much fear that D'Estaing is run down to the Islands.[2] Black again. The Court Martial would furnish Volumes of opinions, but not a line of facts. In private life you see we open a lively campaign of Marchionesses Countesses &c.[3]—I am sorry to find that you are so firm about

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[3] Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, commanding under Keppel at the battle of Ushant, in July, had failed to obey a signal to bring his ships into action. He was not entirely to blame and Keppel refrained from taking steps against him but the two were on very bad terms. Keppel was opposed to the Government and Palliser's action in charging him was believed to have been instigated by the ministry for political reasons. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 214–5, 221 sq. *Trevelyan*, v, 136–7, 140.)

[4] This seems to be a joking allusion to JBH's acquaintance with Mrs Trevor (see No. 446), the wife of the Hon. John Trevor, later 3rd Viscount Hampden.

[5] The Duke of Dorset, on whose account Lady Derby was not divorced but separated from her husband. He married Arabella, daughter of Sir John Cope, in '90.

437. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 135. *P*, No. 363. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon, 1778'. Written before Dec. 17, when D'Estaing's move was known for certain (see n. 2, below).

[1] See No. 436, n. 1.

[2] D'Estaing's fleet (see No. 422) put to sea from Boston on Nov. 3. Definite news of his sailing reached London on Dec. 17 but it had been rumoured before. His destination—whether to the W. Indies or back to Europe—was still not known. (*Ann. Reg. for 1779*, 41, *Hutchinson*, ii, 230.)

[3] The elopement of the Marchioness of Carmarthen with Capt. John Byron and the Countess of Derby's intrigue with the Duke of Dorset were prevailing subjects of gossip.

Buriton. Consider the bad condition and growing expence which I am so little able to bear. The option of the term of years cannot perhaps be admitted; but otherwise I am much disposed to accept the hard conditions of Hearsay, and almost fear, that our delay will lose the opportunity. I am transported to hear that you will call at Buriton in your way to Bath, and only beg, that considering my situation rather than your spirit you will not leave the place without deciding the business. How long do you stay at Bath. Shall you not return through town? I want to see you about some things which I cannot trust to paper. Adieu.

438. TO DOROTHEA GIBBON [*Thur.* 24/12/78]

Address. Mrs Gibbon Charles Street Bath. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 24.DE.

Dear Madam.

Inclosed I send the ordinary draft. As you have never had reason to doubt my sincerity, you will believe me when I say that I feel myself ashamed of my *real* and *apparent* negligence and deeply concerned at the subject of your last letter. That subject is of such melancholy and weighty import, that though I fear I cannot say any thing very satisfactory, I must beg leave to defer two or three posts longer, the taking any farther notice of it. Allow me only to explain, what I mean by my *apparent* negligence. Your *former* letter was delivered to me whilst I was abroad at dinner, and when I returned home very late at night, I locked it up without having examined the contents. The next morning it was impossible for me to find it or to recollect how I had disposed of it: and I vainly and indolently delayed writing from post to post, in hopes that I might accidentally stumble upon it.—Mr H is probably *at* or *near*

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438. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 45/6. *P*, No. 270 (dated '75). The year is deduced from the references to DG's *two* letters on a matter of serious import (see No. 439) and to JBH's visit to Bath, '78 being the only year when we know that he arrived there in December.

Bath. I am sorry to hear so indifferent an account of Mrs H.[1]

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

E Gibbon

If there was anything in your former which you have not said in your last letter, may I beg you to repeat it?—I am perfectly well, and shall pass my Holydays in town.

439. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 7/1/79

Dear Madam.

You will pity rather than blame me when I tell you that all last week I have been a good deal indisposed. The changes of weather brought a severe cold accompanied with some degree of feaver, I was confined to my room several days, and the state of my spirits as well as that of my health would have rendered the effort of writing very painful to me.—The effort would have been still more painful with regard to the subject of your two last letters. I feel your happiness so much connected with mine, that the account of your sentiments and situation must disturb the enjoyments and encrease the anxiety of my own life. I feel it the more deeply as I am sensible that it is not in my power to remove the two causes of your present uneasiness. I know not how to offer advice, and I am incapable of giving any efficacious help.

I have easily perceived in my successive visits to Bath that a dislike of the place, of public life, and of mixed Society was insensibly gaining ground in your mind: and as I know that our happiness must always depend on our own opinions and habits, I never presumed to prescribe for the constitution of another. Business and pleasure, society or [no] society town or country have undoubtedly their respective merits, and every one must on those subjects think and judge and act for themselves. The gay hurry of Bath or the silent retirement of Mrs Massey's in Essex may alike be enjoyed by the mind to which they are adapted, and the only advice which I could think of offering would be not to engage yourself rashly in a connection of which you might afterwards repent. I have always considered Marriage as a very serious undertaking and the agreement of any friends to live together in the same house is a sort of Marriage. If they have passed several years in different modes of life, their manners, their opinions their sentiments on almost every subject must have contracted a different colour, and every little circumstance of hours &c will prove the cause of mutual restraint or mutual dissatisfaction.

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[1] Probably Sarah Holroyd, 'Mrs' by courtesy.

439. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 171/3. *P*, No. 365.

But I now find, what indeed I have sometimes feared that your design of retiring from Bath is not entirely the effect of choice and inclination; that a stronger power, the power of necessity or at least of prudence urges [you] to take that resolution, and that in a word you find the place too expensive. You do not explicitly say what income would support your present establishment, and I am not so stupid or so ungrateful as not to feel the generous delicacy of your behaviour. If my own circumstances were affluent, the obligations and friendship of twenty years would instantly prompt me to gratify my own inclinations in the performance of a sacred duty. I am not insensible that in my present situation, you have a substantial and even legal claim upon me to a very considerable amount, and while I feel the value of your tenderness on this occasion I must lament that it [is] not in my power to attain even the humble though indispensable virtue of Justice.[1]

Without recurring to any recollections which would be painful to us both, I may appeal to the anxious regard which you have always felt and expressed for my interest. You know the distressed embarassed situation in which my affairs were left, and though I have always been directed by the advice of Mr H, I have hitherto been disappointed in every attempt to extricate myself by the sale of the Lenborough Estate. The prospect of public affairs and the universal want of money force me at present to suspend every idea of a sale, and all credit is so compleatly dead, that in the most pressing exigency I should be at a loss how to borrow a thousand pounds. In the mean time, I have been paying five per Cent interest on a Estate which hardly produced three per Cent: and in the very moment when I could the least afford it the madness of my Buriton tenant has involved me in new scenes of vexation and expence. My desires have always been moderate, and my domestic oeconomy has been conducted with tolerable prudence. Yet my income has never been quite adequate to my expences, and those expences, unless I retired from Parliament from London and from England it would be impossible for me to retrench. When I look back I cannot find much to censure or to regret in my own conduct, but when I look forwards, I am sometimes alarmed and perplexed. I should indeed find room to despond, if my spirits were not supported by the resources which I derive from my litterary Character, and by the well grounded hopes which I build on the assistance of a sincere and powerful friend. I cannot on *this* head explain myself more particularly by letter, but I have the strongest reasons to believe that the year which we have just begun will not end without producing a material improvement in my situation. If you have not already taken any decisive steps about leaving Bath, I could wish that you would suspend them till I can have the pleasure of conversing with you in the Easter Holydays. If you still persist in your design, why should you bury yourself at Mrs Massey. Some pleasant Village retirement at a moderate distance from London, where I could frequently visit you might be consistent with your plan of expence, and you might there find yourself at once delivered from the costly and tasteless vanities of a fashionable life. Whatever resolution you adopt, let me hear from you soon and always believe me with the most unalterable affection

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[1] Besides DG's jointure of £200 a year, which seems to have been paid with reasonable regularity, she was entitled to interest on the bond of £1,980 which G. had given to James Scott in '72 and which she had inherited. (See Nos. 215, 455.)

ever Yours E G.

I can say nothing of public affairs. Men of all parties, Ministers themselves think them bad enough; but I do assure you that I have not any claims to the injurious Epithet of a Patriot.[2] The apprehension of a Dutch War though it is now blown over was real and serious.

Bentinck Street. Jan. 7th 1779.

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[2] 'A factious disturber of the government.' (Johnson's *Dictionary*, 1773 ed. See also, *Boswell*, ii, 348, iv, 87.)

440. To William Robertson *Thurs.* 14/1/[79]

Dear Sir

Before this you will have received by the post, a Copy of a pamphlet which has appeared to-day in London.[1] I have not forgot the friendly advice which you gave me on this subject and you will easily credit the reluctance which I expressed to engage with such an Adversary.[2] It was indeed one of those unpleasant circumstances in life, where it is extremely difficult or rather impossible to follow a line of conduct with which either the public or ourselves can be perfectly satisfied. However I have now made a resolution and indeed a public declaration, that nothing shall extort from me any farther prosecution of this odious Controversy.

I was much obliged to you for the obliging letter which I received from Dr Gyllies[3] and have endeavoured to shew that Gentleman as much attention, as the dissipated life of London will admit. He appears to have modesty knowledge and good sense. His translation of Lysias and Isocrates had accidentally fallen into my hands. I think it elegant and spirited, and was happy to find that when I recommended it to the Attorney General[4] my opinion was confirmed by the taste of so excellent a Judge.—When I think of you, Dear Sir, I am apt to form two inconsistent wishes. I want to see you in town, and I am desirous that you should prosecute the History of England with indefatigable application.[5] In other words I doubt whether I value most the Man or the Writer. If you see

440. Nat. Lib. of Scotland. Endorsed by WR, Jun, 'Mr Gibbon 14th Jany 1778', (see G's own date, an obvious slip). R's reply is *Add.MSS* 34886, f. 108.

[1] *A Vindication of Some Passages in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By the Author.* Published by Strahan & Cadell on Jan. 14, '79.

[2] G's *Vindication* is chiefly concerned with a pamphlet called *An Examination of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters of Mr Gibbon's History*, by Henry Edward Davis.

[3] John Gillies, a graduate of Glasgow University and later Historiographer Royal of Scotland. His translation, *The Orations of Lysias & Isocrates*, was published in '78.

[4] Wedderburn.

[5] When R. was in London in the spring of '78 (see No. 414) he was considering writing a history of England from the Revolution to the accession of the House of Hanover. This project was never fulfilled. (D. Stewart, *Biographical Memoirs of Adam Smith, Wm Robertson & Thomas Reid* (1811), 248–52.)

Adam Smith, and I suppose you often see him, I must beg you would assure him how much I shall always continue to love and esteem him.

I am Dear Sir with the highest regard most faithfully Yours
Bentinck Street. January the 14. 1778. E Gibbon

441. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 26/1/79

Dear Madam.

As we are mutually convinced of each other's sentiments, words, Compliments, assurances would be as idle as they are useless: yet it would be incumbent on me to employ them, if they became either of us; since I am so unfortunate as to be reduced to those equivocal marks[1] of regard, whilst I receive from you the most solid and substantial proofs of that friendship and real affection which I have invariably experienced above twenty years.—You ask me why I should wish you to wait till Easter, and you seem desirous of an explanation of the latter part of my letter. It is for that very purpose of an explanation that I desired that delay, as it includes a variety of circumstances which I ought not to trust to paper or to the post. I can only say in general that from the assistance of a very powerful friend I have room to hope that I may soon be placed in an honourable and advantageous post either at home or abroad which would enable me to satisfy my duty as well as inclination by making your residence at Bath easy and comfortable to you in the manner you yourself have calculated your expences. I am not of a sanguine temper and I am very sensible that besides the usual grounds of doubt and distrust, there are many circumstances, which it is impossible for me to explain, that may either forward or delay or entirely disappoint the most rational expectations. Last week things seemed to draw so very near a crisis that I suspended my letter in hopes of making it more satisfactory to you and to myself. At present they are rather thrown back, and for ought I know the present

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441. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 174/5. *P*, No. 366.

[1] Over 'proofs', deleted.

Session of Parliament may end in darkness and uncertainty. Yet I think the chance is worth waiting for a few months perhaps somewhat longer; the difference of your income and expence cannot be very important, and if you do not wish me to make a difficult effort, I cannot see any great mischief in your eating a little deeper into your principal. I am the more anxious that you should not hastily quit a place which upon the whole must suit you better than any other; not only because I hope it will not be necessary, but as I am sure in your indifferent state of health the unpleasant removal would be attended with fatigue of body and anxiety of mind which might be very prejudicial to you.

I am much flattered by your approbation of my pamphlet. It was a disagreable but a necessary step, after which I take my absolute and final leave of Controversy. My second Volume advances and I hope will be finished within the *ensuing* year (1780). You were right as to the benefit I have derived from the first. Under the pressure of various difficulties, it proved a seasonable and useful friend, but if it supported it did not enrich its author.[2]—I did not send a Copy of my Vindication to Port Eliot, nor indeed to any person except to yourself. Eliot must be in town in a fortnight to a very severe Call of the House. I have meditated a letter to him or rather to Mrs E above three months without success.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours
London. January the 26th 1779. E Gibbon

442. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* 6/2/79

You are quiet and peaceable, and do not bark as usual at my silence.—To reward you, I would send some news but we are asleep; no foreign intelligence except the capture of a frigate; no certain accounts from the West Indies, and a dissolution of Parliament which seems to have taken place since Christmas. In the papers you will see negociations, changes of departments, &c, and I have *some* reason to believe that those reports are not entirely without foundation.[1] Portsmouth is no longer an object of speculation; the whole stream of all men and all parties runs one way. Sir Hugh is disgraced, ruined &c &c, and as an old wound has broke out again, they say he must have his leg cut off as soon as he has time. In a night or two, we shall be in a blaze of illumination from the zeal of Naval Heroes, Land Patriots, and Tallow-Chandlers, the last are not the least sincere.[2] I want to hear some details of your military and familiar proceedings.—By your silence I suppose you admire Davis and dislike my pamphlet; yet such is the public folly, that we have a second Edition in the press: the fashionable style of the Clergy is to say they have not read it. If Maria does not take care, I shall write a much sharper invective against her, for *not* answering my Diabolical book.[3] Mylady carried it down with a solemn promise that I should receive in exchange, an *unassisted* French letter. Yet I embrace the little animal, as well as Mylady and the spes altera Romae.[4] Adieu.

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[2] The amount G. received for the editions of Vol. I of *The Decline and Fall* published up to this date seems to have been about £1,000. (*Norton*, 44–5.)

442. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 176. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXV. *P*, No. 367. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon. Feb. 6th, 79'.

February the 6th. E G.

There is a buz about a peace and Spanish Mediation.

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[1] Leading members of the opposition were being approached with a view to strengthening the Government by including some of them in the Ministry. Eden and Wedderburn, with both of whom G. was in touch, were very active in these negotiations, which went on, without success, for the rest of the year. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 245 sq, 252. H. Butterfield, *George III, Lord North & the People* (1949), 29 sq.)

[2] Keppel was acquitted by the court martial at Portsmouth on Feb. 11. On Feb. 12 London was illuminated and there was much rioting. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 247–8.)

[3] Maria's eighth birthday was on Jan. 3, '79. Perhaps G. had sent her as a birthday present a copy of Lesage's *Le Diable Boiteux*, an edition of which, in two small volumes, with illustrations, was published in '78 by J. Nourse, who had also recently published *The Child's Guide to the French Tongue.*

[4] Virgil, *Aen.* xii. 168, [Rome's second hope], referring to Ascanius, son of Aeneas, but here to Louisa Holroyd.

443. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* 16/3/79

You use me very ill.—Will you never condescend to abuse, curse damn me for not writing. There is no bearing such treatment. Yet I have not anything particular to write except to acquaint you with the *certain* intelligence of the taking of Pondichery which arrived this day; you will soon hear the particulars but the essential is that the French have not any place of arms in the East Indies. With regard to the West, there is a strong rumour of action in our favour: but at all events we are safe and possibly successful.[1] We have had and are like to have Parliamentary storms. There are no questions which my opposition friends think stronger, and which I think weaker than their Naval Operations.[2] I hardly know your opinion about them. I want to hear some account of your military state and progress, but much about my Lady, Maria &c &c, which interest me more nearly than the Grenadier or Light Infantry Companies. I was obliged to you about your friendly hint from Bath. I had not been deficient, but from a sort of delicacy I had satisfied myself with corresponding [with] Mrs Gould and Dr Delacour, and desired that Mrs G might not be informed of it. However since your letter she is in a less dangerous way, several letters have passed between us, and we are now come to a tolerable understanding. Do you recollect that you promised me a Visit of Inspection to my Aunt; she wrote to me some time ago, I promised an account; and by this time, she may be grown impatient again. Adieu.

March 16th 1779. E G.

I expect you, (without a blush) to write soon.

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443. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 177. *P*, No. 368. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon. March 16. 79'.

[1] There was a rumour in the papers on March 16 that Charleston had been taken and Georgia submitted. It was now known that Sta Lucia had been taken from the French in December and that Admiral Byron had reinforced the fleet in the W. Indies. (*Hutchinson*, ii, 244, 245.)

[2] Against Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty.

444. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sun.* 21/3/79

Dear Madam.

If your former letters made me uneasy, your last note which I received yesterday after the hour of the post made me quite unhappy, for many reasons; but most of all because I found that you were so yourself. The delay in my answer which has given you so much pain, was not occasioned by any avocations of business, for there could be no business which interested me half so much; nor by any carelessness or forgetfullness, for I can say with truth that there has not been any hour in the day and Very few in the night in which the idea was not uppermost in my mind. Much less did it arise from any degree of resentment at any part of your behaviour. I had expressed myself with some warmth; I wrote from my feelings and I was apprehensive of some alteration in your sentiments towards me. Had I been cold and indifferent myself, I should probably have been more cautious and respectful. Yet unless I totally forget the language of my letter, I did not, I could not disapprove of your consulting your own happiness, and of calling on me after so long a respite to fullfill some part of the most equitable obligation.[1] The cause of my delay was a strong, an unjustifiable repugnance to write on a subject so foreign to our ordinary conversations. I dreaded and I delayed too long so painful an effort. As I am now sensible how uneasy that delay has made you, I have taken the shortest method of sending, that of the Coach. Forgive this seeming inattention and believe me when I say that the affectionate regard the tender solicitude which you express, have made an essential part of the happiness and will always contribute to the consolation of my life.—I find that I must have stated rather too strongly the difficulties of my situation so as to alarm and terrify you both on your account and on my own. I will endeavour to represent them more clearly. I have never been extravagant; nor have I made as yet any *considerable* addition to the load of debt contracted

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444. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 178/9. *P*, No. 369.

[1] See No. 439, n. 1.

by my father: but I have not been able to discharge it. The unlucky accidents which retarded the sale of Lenborough, have been attended from the general hardships of the times with the most fatal consequence as Land cannot at present be sold even on the most disadvantageous terms. In the course of seven or eight years, interest has been much higher than rent; my Expences (notwithstanding the supply of some hundred pounds from my book[2]) have inevitably exceeded my income. You are sensible from your own experience, that any plan of Oeconomy must be regulated by place and circumstances. As long as I am in London and in Parliament, a house in Bentinck Street, a Coach, such a proportion of servants,[3] cloaths living &c are almost necessaries. But they are only necessaries in that situation, and I am not ignorant that a prudent man should adapt his arrangements to his fortune. Other countries of a less expensive cast, France, Switzerland or perhaps Scotland may afford an humble Philosophical retreat to a Man of letters, nor should I suffer any accidental change of fortune, any fall in the World to affect my spirits or ruffle my tranquillity. I have more than once balanced in my own mind the propriety or indeed the necessity of such a resolution. The reason which induces me to suspend such an important and decisive measure arises from a hope which I could only insinuate and which I can at present only imperfectly explain. I can only mention that I am particularly connected with the present Attorney General; that he solicited my friendship and offered me his services; and that if some arrangements should take place which would raise him to a much higher station, I may depend on a seat at one of the boards with an additional income of £1000 a year which would remove every difficulty and supply every want. Without building on a doubtful foundation inclination and even prudence recommend that I should wait some time for the event of this hope: and my only request is that you would on your side suspend any resolution of leaving Bath for some months perhaps for a year. The difference of the expence in a year would not exceed £100, which you may command whenever (with a few days' notice) you will draw upon me. If my expectations should deceive me, (and I am never sanguine), my party is taken. I feel with gratitude and confusion your kind offer of retiring for my sake: but independent of every other consideration, it is far more proper that the unpleasant circumstances of such a removal should fall on the person who has health and youth and spirits to support them. With regard to any farther *security*, I should have imagined, that in the ordinary course of Credit, my Bond was a very good security to the amount of the sum: but I am ready to consent to any Act which you may consider as conducive to your interest or happiness.—I much fear that the agitation of mind may have injured your health before its perfect recovery from your late accident, and if a single word which I have written has tended to produce that effect, I shall not easily forgive myself. Though I cannot bear the thought of your quitting Bath against your inclination, I should imagine that in the Summer months, the air of the Country would be beneficial to you. Whether you chuse Port Eliot, Sheffield, Essex or any other place, I will, if my company can be any pleasure or relief to you, lay aside every other occupation to accompany you.

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[2] See No. 441, n. 2.

[3] In '82, G. paid tax for three male servants (see receipt, dated June 28, '82, in *Magd. Coll. Papers*.) There were also a housekeeper (Mrs Ford until '81, see No. 521) and the 'virgins in the garret' (No. 285).

I am Dear Madam most truly and affectionately Yours
Bentinck Street. 21 March. 1779. E Gibbon

445. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [31/3/79?]

I am glad you have exerted some diligence about Mrs G's Estate;[1] but I wish you could have prevented a letter which I have just received and which like a true Coward I send you unopened. I fear it contains sharp or dry reproach for my neglect and silence. On this occasion you must step in to my asistance and in a proper letter exculpate me and take the *whole* of the blame upon yourself. Whatever *you* do you are always entitled to her gratitude, and cannot

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445. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 180. *P*, No. 370. Endorsed by JBH, 'April, 79, Gibbon'. The Parliamentary recess ('our respite') began on Thurs. April 1. This letter seems to have been written on the eve of the holiday.

[1] Hester G's Sussex estate. See Nos. 260, 443.

be afraid of her displeasure. No time should be lost therefore return her Epistle with the aforesaid ostensible letter.—I do not go to Bath this Easter; and Mrs Gibbon is now satisfied with my conduct and correspondence. Some journey or arrangement to see her must be thought of in the course of the summer, but at present it would be highly inconvenient: our respite is little more than a Week; and besides the approaching hurry of Parliamentary business of which there is a large provision, I am now deeply and not unsuccessfully engaged in the decline and fall; *and I do not totally despair* of bringing out the second Volume next Winter. So that upon the whole (as you do not interfere either with History or Parliament) I am ready to receive you when you please: but had much rather you would bring Mylady with you, as I very much like that sort of taste of Matrimonial life. I am not perfectly well so Adieu.

Wednesday night. E Gibbon

446. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* [16/4/79]

When do you come to town? You gave me hopes of a visit and I want to talk over things in general with you, before you march to the extremities of the West where the Sun goes to sleep in the Sea. Mrs Trevor told me your destination was Exeter and I suppose nothing but truth can proceed from a pretty mouth.[1]—I have been and am still very diligent, and though it is a huge beast (the Roman Empire) yet if I am not mistaken I see it move a little.—You seem surprized that I was able to get off Bath; very easily, the extreme shortness of our Holydays was a fair excuse; her recovery of health spirits &c made it less necessary, and she accepted my Apology, which was however accompanied with an offer, if she chose it in the prettiest manner possible.—A load of business in this House (I write from it) will be the amusement of the Spring. Motions,

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446. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 167. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXIX. *P*, No. 371. Evidently written at the House of Commons during the debate on Admiral Pigot's motion, which took place on April 16.

[1] Harriet, wife of the Hon. John Trevor. She was afterwards one of the early loves of Benjamin Constant and frequently mentioned in G's later letters from Lausanne. JBH was expecting to go to the west country with the Sussex militia.

Enquiries, taxes, &c &c. We are now engaged in Lord Pigott's affair brought on by a motion from the Admiral that the Attorney General should prosecute Mr Stratton and Council,[2] all the Masters Charles, Burke, Wedderburne are of the same side for it, Lord North seems to make a feeble stand for the pleasure of being in a Minority. The day is hot and dull, will be long: some curious Evidence; one Man who refused three Lacks of Rupees (£37,500) merely not to go to Council. Our mouths watered at such Royal corruption; how pitiful is our Insular bribery. A letter from Aunt Hester. Adieu.
Friday evening.

447. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 16/4/79

House of Commons. April 16th 1779

Dear Madam

We are now after a very short recess engaged in a great hurry of business, which will probably last a great while. I find however time and a good deal of time (without fatiguing myself too much) for the occupation which after all is the pleasure and I hope the honour of my life.—In your last letter you ask whether your remaining at Bath is necessary to my tranquillity. I can answer that question in the clearest manner, and while I answer it I must feel with gratitude how kindly it is proposed. It *is* necessary for my happiness that you should not be *forced* to leave Bath by any difficulties which it would be my duty to remove: nor could I enjoy the comfort of any situation which was purchased at the expence of your ease and happiness. But if your retiring from Bath was the effect of your own inclination, it is impossible that I could be hurt at your leaving a place which I should never visit but on your account; and I should visit *you* with at least as much pleasure in a Country retirement as in that scene of (what has always appeared to me) very awkward gaiety. But surely it is better to suspend any decisive resolution for the present.—I was happy to hear from General Frazer, a very favourable account of your health and spirits.

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[2] See No. 379, n. 1. George Stratton, M.P. for Callington, was a member of the Madras Council which had ordered the arrest of Lord Pigot.

447. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 181. *P*, No. 372.

I am Dear Madam Ever Yours

E G.

448. To Abigail Holroyd *Fri.* 30/4/79

You easily conceive my reasons for not answering your Epistle. The Major is with me, as I believe; I say as I believe because the House of Commons takes me up so entirely that we have scarcely seen each other. He is as usual, hurried flurried taken up with innumerable business, and wishing to be quiet. He looks better than I expected, but he complains of Heat, and want of sleep, and I have persuaded him to consult Heberden.—What does your Ladyship mean by preferring the Regiment to Bentinck Street? It is my intention that before you march into the West, you should take a moderate taste of the amusements of the Civilized World. I am glad to hear a favourable account of the Infants: but am much at a loss to understand how Maria can so far forget her I S[1] as to break her engagement of sending me a French letter. Yet I embrace her as well as her Mama. Adieu.

April 30. 1779.

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448. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 182. *P*, No. 373.

[1] Meaning? Perhaps a slip for HS = humble servant.

449. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* 4/5/79

Address. Major Holroyd. Brighthelmstone. *Postmark.* 4.MA.

By some of the strangest accidents (Lord G G's indiscretion, Rigby's boldness &c) which it would require ten pages to explain, our wise resolution of last Thursday is changed, and Lord C will be examined, Sir W H's enquiry will proceed, and we shall be oppressed by the load of information.[1] You have heard of the Jersey invasion. Every body praises Arbuthnot's decided spirit. Conway went last night to throw himself into the Island.[2]
Tuesday evening.

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449. St Michael's College, Tenbury, Worcs. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXVII (dated May 7). *The Tenbury Letters*, ed. E. H. Fellowes, (1942), pp. 66–67. Endorsed by JBH and dated in another hand, 'Gibbon May 7th 79'. The postmark date must be the right one.

[1] On April 29 there was a debate on a proposal for an enquiry into the conduct of the war by Sir Wm and Lord Howe. A motion to call Cornwallis before the House for examination was rejected, which made any effective enquiry impossible. On May 3 it was again moved that he should be called. Lord George Germain declared that he was in favour of an enquiry (to which the Ministry was officially opposed) and Richard Rigby, Paymaster of the Forces, said that he should vote for calling Cornwallis. In face of these defections the motion was allowed to pass without a division. (*London Chronicle*, May 1, 4, '79. *Ann. Reg. for 1779*, 142–4.)

[2] On May 1 despatches from the Governor of Guernsey announced that the French had landed in the Channel Islands. The cutter which brought the news fell in, on the way, with Admiral Arbuthnot, who was on the point of sailing with a convoy of troops for America. He immediately set out for the Islands, without waiting for orders. General Conway, at this time Governor of Jersey, also went thither. On the evening of May 4 news arrived that the French had been repulsed by local troops and later that they had retired. (*London Chronicle*, May 6, '79. Walpole, *Letters*, x, 407–8.)

450. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [15/5/79]

Alas, Alas fourteen Ships of the line; you understand by this time that you have not got a single long-boat.[1] Ministry are more crest fallen than I ever knew them with the last intelligence, and I am sorry to say that I see a smile of triumph on some opposition faces. Though the business of the West Indies may still produce something, I am much afraid that we shall [have] a campaign of immense expence and little or no action.[2] The most busy scene is at present in the House of C. and we shall be involved during a great [part] of next month in tedious fruitless but in my opinion proper Enquiries.[3] You see how difficult it would be for me to visit Brighton,[4] and I fancy I must content myself with receiving you on your passage to Ireland. Indeed I much want to have a *very serious* conversation with you. Another reason which must in a great measure pin me to Bentinck Street is the decline and fall. I have resolved to bring out the *suite* in the course of next year, and though I have been tolerably diligent so much remains to be done, that I can hardly spare a single day from the Shop. I can guess but one reason which should prevent you from supposing that the picture of Leicester fields was intended for Sheffield library; viz. my having told you some time ago that I was under a formal engagement to Mr Walpole. Probably I should not have been in any great hurry to execute my promise, if Mr Cadell had not strenuously urged the curiosity of [the] public who may be willing to repay the exorbitant price of *fifty* Guineas. It is now finished, and my friends say that in every sense of the word it is [a] good

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450. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 183. *MW* ('96) i, No. CXVIII. *P*, No. 374. Endorsed by JBH, 'Gibbon, May 79'. The news about the fourteen ships was in the newspapers on May 14 and 15.

[1] Admiral Arbuthnot was again preparing to sail for America when it was reported that fourteen French ships had put to sea to intercept him.

[2] See No. 443, n. 1. In June the French took the island of St Vincent and, a little later, Grenada.

[3] During the remainder of the session the Commons were chiefly occupied with the enquiry into the conduct of the war.

[4] The Holroyd family were staying at Brighton, where JBH was stationed with the militia. Fanny Burney met them there at this time. (*D'Arblay*, i, 218–23.)

head. Next week it will be given to Hall the Engraver, and I promise you a first Impression.[5] If I were a rich Man you should have a similar picture. Adieu. I embrace Mylady and Infants.

Saturday night. E G.

451. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 31/5/79

Dear Madam.

It is almost ridiculous for so hardened a sinner as myself to assign any particular [reason][1] for his silence and negligence: Yet I can say with truth that I do not remember the time when I have been more fully engaged. The attendance of the House of Commons on our fruitless hopeless Enquiries is really severe at this unseasonable time of year: and my litterary business though much more pleasing engrosses a still larger share of my time and attention. On every account both of fame and interest, it will be highly expedient that the Continuation of my history should appear about this time twelfmonth. Much is already done, much remains to do; I am well satisfied that by a course of steady temperate diligence, the object may be accomplished; but I shall not be able to lose a week and hardly a day.

I most sincerely rejoice at the visible improvement in your health and spirits, and am convinced amusement and change of air will produce the most salutary effects. I conceive, and I wish I could partake the happiness you enjoy with Mrs Eliot and her sons; I beg you would communicate to them the expression of my most sincere and lively regard. Has Mrs Eliot totally renounced London? She herself may be happy in a Solitude but she might diffuse happiness among a larger Circle of her friends. For myself I cannot say any thing very positive or indeed very pleasing on the subject of my hopes: but I have weighed every circumstance, and am prepared for every possible event. I only beg you to have patience a few months longer, and I give you *my honour* that I will make such arrangements as shall enable you to reside at Bath.—I will likewise add, what I know is material to your feelings, that I shall enjoy myself a very comfortable, if not desirable plan of life. I should be glad to provide for Will Budd,[2] but the sort of place which you described to me some time ago, hardly exists in any family. However I shall not forget him.

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[5] Reynolds's great portrait of G. now owned by Lord Rosebery and familiar from the engraving by John Hall, published in '81 as the frontispiece to Vol. II of *The Decline and Fall*, was painted this summer. G. had it in London and at Lausanne and it did not go to SP until after his death. No other reference to any promise to Walpole about it has been found. Reynolds painted another portrait of G, a head, at this time. It was sold at Christie's in 1831, the name of the then owner being Jackson but nothing else seems to be known of its history. (Graves & Cronin, *History of the Works of Reynolds* (1899–1901), i, 358–9. Cf. C. R. Leslie & T. Taylor, *Life & Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds* (1865), ii, 281.)

451. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 184. *P*, No. 375.

[1] 'silence' in *MS*.

I am Dear Madam Ever Yours

May 31rst 1779. E.G.

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452. To GEORGES DEYVERDUN *Fri.* 4/6/79

Address. A Monsieur Monsieur [Deyverdu]n à Lausanne dans le Canton [de] Berne En Suisse.

On peut s'aimer, sans s'ecrire. C'est une maxime belle autant qu'elle est commode. Elle est devenue chez moi une verité de sentiment et d'experience et au bout de vingt-cinq ans[1] il ne faut pas songer à me la disputer.—Sur des indices assez vagues que m'a fourni le Chevalier Hume[2] je vous decoche cette lettre à Lausanne. Je la fais très courte par plusieurs raisons: la premiere, vous la devinez assez, et si j'etois avisè plutot d'une resolution aussi sage, ma paresse [n'a]uroit pas opposé des obsta[cles] invincibles à notre correspondence. Ma seconde raison c'e[st] l'incertitude de votre addresse. Je me pardonnerois jamais d'avoir fait une demarche aussi grave en pure perte. Pour ma troisieme raison elle est tirée de

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[2] The Budds were a Beriton family. Wm Budd was in DG's service when she died in '94. (*Reade*, *A.L.*, viii, 13, 14.) Cf. No. 556, n. 3.

452. M. Louis Grenier. *Read*, ii, 424 sq. (in translation). Torn and stained; words and parts of words missing, as indicated by brackets.

[1] Since '54, the year of their first meeting.

[2] Sir Abraham Hume, to whose brother D. was tutor. See No. 303.

l'immensité des materiaux qui se sont accumulés, melius de Carthagine silere quam pauca dicere.[3]—Vous affaires et les miennes, je crois que vous montez et que je descens.—Mes voyages, j'ai passé six mois à Paris.—L'homme de lettres et l'homme d'Etat, qu'il vous suffise de savoir que la decadence de Deux Empires, le Romain et le Britannique s'avancent à pas egaux. J'ai contribué cependant bien plus efficacement au premier: Dans le Senat Je suis toujours demeuré tel que vous m'avez laissé, mutus pecus; mais vis a vis du public j'ai la plume assez babillarde. Enfin ma quatrieme raison est fondèe sur l'attente de votre arrivée prochaine, que le Chevalier m'anonce pour le mois de Septembre. Pendant qu'on ecriroit une demie feuille, nous parlerions des in-folio. Ainsi renvoyons au parler tout ce que nous avons mutuellement à nous dire. Pourquoi donc ne suis-je pas demeurè dans le silence jusqu'à ce bienheureux moment. Ne croyez pas que je me suis fiè au foible merite d'un repentir tardif. Je suis assez endurci dans le peché pour vous attendre de pied ferme et pour vous faire des reproches plutot que des excuses. Mais j'ai voulû vous prevenir à l'egard de votre ancien logement dans Bentinck Street. Il vous attend [avec] impatience, et j'exige au nom de ce sentiment que le tems, ni l'[absence] ni le silence ne peuvent [jam]ais affoiblir que vous [le pr]eferiez à tout autre, et que vous y descendiez sans façon au sortir de la Chaise. J'ignore vos desseins, mais je soupçonne qu'après avoir accordè l'hyver à l'Angleterre vous retournerez chercher le repos et le bonheur dans ce beau pays qui sont leur sejour naturel. N'anticipons rien, mais il y a des songes de notre jeunesse, qui pourroient bien se realiser. Adieu. Je compterai les mois, les jours et les heures. Tout à vous.

A Londres. Ce 4 Juin 1779. E Gibbon

Si vous avez de la peine à me pardonner, sachez que j'ai des torts plus grands envers Madame Necker, la Marquise de Genlis, la Vicomtesse de Cambis, la Princesse de Beauvau. &c.[4]

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[3] Sallust, *Bell. Jug.*, c. xix. [It is better to be silent about Carthage than to say only a little.] The original has *parum*, too little, not *pauca*, a little.

[4] Mme de Genlis had written to G. about a year previously and wrote again on Oct. 15, '79 (*MW*, ii, No. CXXXIX). G. might have added Mme du Deffand, who complained in January this year that he never wrote to anyone. (*Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, ed. Toynbee (1912), iii, 492.)

453. To Edward Eliot *Fri.* 20/6/79

Dear Sir

Yesterday I received a very interesting communication from my friend the Attorney General[1] whose kind and honourable behaviour to me, I must always remember with gratitude. He informed me that in consequence of an arrangement he had just made with Lord North a place at the board of trade was reserved for me, and that as soon as I signified my acceptance of it, he understood that the business would immediately be settled. My answer was sincere and explicit. I told him that I was far from approving all the past measures of administration even some of those in which I myself had silently concurred; that I saw with the rest of the World many essential defects in the character of the Ministers and was sorry that in so alarming a Crisis the Country had not the assistance of several able and honest Men who are now in Opposition. But—that I had not formed with any of those Members of Opposition any connections or engagements which could restrain my parliamentary conduct; that I did not discover among them such a superiority either of measures or abilities as could make it a duty for me to attach myself to their cause; and that I perfectly agreed with Charles Fox himself in thinking that at a time which required our utmost unanimity, Opposition could not tend to any good purpose and might be productive of much serious mischief. That in this view of public affairs, I saw no reason which ought to prevent me from accepting an office under Government and that I was ready to embrace so advantageous and honourable an offer. But that he must be sensible that it was impossible for me to give a decisive answer till I had consulted the person to whose generous friendship I was indebted for my seat in Parliament, and to whom I must be obliged for my resurrection as well as for my creation.[2]

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453. Port Eliot Papers. Original not seen; here printed from *Low*, 279–80. A draft, differing considerably from this, is in *Add.MSS*, 34884, ff. 185/6 and printed, under date July 2, in *MW* ('96), i, p. 157 and *MW* (1814), i, 236–8.

[1] Wedderburn. G. was recommended to the King as 'the Attorney General's friend'. Agreeing to his appointment, George III wrote that he feared it would, not without reason, greatly offend the clergy. (*Correspondence of George III*, ed. Fortescue, iv (1928), Nos. 2663, 2667.)

[2] G's appointment made it necessary for him to vacate his seat and seek re-election. The new writ was issued on July 3 and he was again returned for Liskeard on July 12.

That from my knowledge of your dislike to the present System it was not in my power to determine whether you might not feel some reluctance to replace me in a situation in which I could never oppose and must *generally* support the measures of Government. But that the experience of your friendship inspired me however with a lively hope that you would not refuse on this interesting occasion to renew and confirm the obligation you had already conferred upon me, and that perhaps you might not esteem the addition (if it can be called the addition) of a mute of any great moment to the numerous and regular forces of administration.[3] That my conduct must depend entirely on your resolution; but that your resolution, whatever it might be, would not find room in my breast for any other sentiments, than those of the warmest gratitude and regard.

Perhaps, Dear Sir, you will ask why I have troubled you with this formal Epistle instead of calling on you in Spring Garden and talking over the business in a friendly and familiar way. The reason which prevented me arises from something which still remains to be said and which it would have been painful to me to say or for you to hear.—Your answer will decide whether I may continue to live in England or whether I must speedily withdraw myself into a kind of Philosophical exile in Switzerland. My father left his affairs in a very embarrassed and even distressed condition. My efforts, perhaps not very skilful ones to dispose of a part of my landed property have been hitherto unsuccessful and the times do not grow more favourable to them; and the plan of my expences however moderate in itself deserves the name of extravagance since it exceeds the measure of my real income. The addition of the salary which is now offered will make my situation perfectly easy; but I hope you will do me the justice to believe that my mind would not be so, unless I were sincerely persuaded that I could accept the offer with honour and integrity.

I am Dear Sir with affectionate regard most faithfully Yours

Bentinck Street. June the 20th 1779. E Gibbon

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[3] When, as in this case, patrons were personal friends, it was not expected that members who owed their seats to them would follow exactly the same party line. (E. Porritt, *The Unreformed House of Commons* (1903), i, 311 sq.)

454. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* [2/7/79]

The inclosed[1] will inform you of an event not the most disagreable of those which I have lately experienced. I have only to add that it was effected by the firm and sincere friendship of the A G.[2] So many incidents have happened, that I hardly know how to talk of news. You will learn that the Lords have strangely castrated the new Militia bill.[3]—The Ferrol Squadron 8 or 9 ships have joined the French. The numbers stand on our side 32, on their 37 but our force is at least equal and the general consternation much dispelled.[4]—If you do not Hibernize, you might at least Bentinckize.—I embrace &c. Parliament will be prorogued to-morrow.
Friday Evening.

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454. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 187. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXX. *P*, No. 376. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon. July 1779'. Parliament was prorogued on July 3.

[1] No doubt the letter from John Robinson, Secretary to the Treasury, informing G. of his appointment as a Lord Commissioner of Trade. (*Add.MSS* 34886, f. 110.) G. attended his first meeting on July 15. The other members of the Board were Wm Eden, Thomas de Grey, Chas Greville, Soame Jenyns, Robert Spencer and Andrew Stuart. Lord George Germaine attended meetings as Secretary for the Colonies until Nov. '79, when Lord Carlisle was made President of the Board. Its main business at this time was to report on matters affecting trade, referred to it by the Privy Council and the Secretary of State's Office and to review colonial legislation. (A. H. Basye, *The Lords Commissioners of Trade* (1925). M. P. Clarke, 'Board of Trade at Work' in *Am. Hist, Rev.*, xvii (1911).

[2] See No. 453.

[3] On June 30 the Lords rejected a clause which would have enabled the King to double the number of men in the Militia.

[4] Spain declared war on June 16. An attack by the French and Spanish fleets, preliminary to an invasion of either Ireland or the south of England, was anticipated. The total strength of the combined fleets was, in fact, double that of the British, whose best ships were on the other side of the Atlantic. They appeared off Plymouth in August but bad weather drove them off and, though they haunted the Channel all the summer and an invasion was constantly expected, no big action took place and in the middle of September, they returned to port. (*Trevelyan*, v, 192 sq. London newspapers, Sept. 17.)

455. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 3/7/79

Dear Madam.

I have the pleasure of acquainting you that I am now appointed one of the Lords of Trade in the room of Bamber Gascoyne; Andrew Stuart has succeeded at the same time to the place of Jolliffe; and our new Colleagues do us the honour of saying that in both instances they have gained by the exchange. As the salary of this place will secure and improve my own situation, so I really set much more value upon it as it will enable me to discharge a small part of my debt of duty and gratitude towards you. For the future you may depend on receiving the interest of the Bond (at five per Cent) which will make the two half yearly payments £150 instead of £100 each; and will I hope be sufficient to support your Establishment at Bath in a manner not disagreeable to you. I have only to beg a short respite and that you would be satisfied with the usual draught at present and the double (£200) at next Christmas. At the moment my encrease of fortune encreases my actual poverty. Sir Francis Wronghead was perfectly in the right when he said Mayhap I may not receive the first quarter of my Salary this half year:[1] he might have added that the heavy fees of Offices eat up the greatest part of it, and that a space of some months must elapse before the stream begins to flow regularly and beneficially. I am not insensible that this addition of income is of a very precarious Nature, and that the event of an hour or the caprice of a man may throw me back into my former anxiety: but the alteration shall never affect your happiness or situation; and the plan of retirement into Switzerland with my friend d'Eyverdun which I had perfectly considered and digested will be a resource not unworthy of a Philosopher which I shall always have it in my power to command. —I am now going to resume my litterary Employments which have suffered a short interruption; and I shall resume them if not with

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455. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 188/9. *P*, No. 377.

[1] Sir Francis Wronghead was promised a place at court, worth a thousand pounds a year; 'My dear, said I, mayhap I may'nt receive the first Quarter on't this half year.' (Vanbrugh & Cibber, *The Provoked Husband*, act V, sc. i.)

more tranquillity at least with more chearfulness of mind. I find myself however under a difficulty of reconciling two plans for this year each of which is equally recommended by my interest, my duty and my inclination. On the one hand I anxiously desire to publish the continuation of my history about this time twelfmonth. Though much is already done, much still remains to do, and I should almost despair of being able to finish so large a task unless I steadily proceed without losing a day, or unless I compensate any intervals of negligence, by extraordinary and improper efforts of industry. This important object seems to confine me to Bentinck Street and my Library: but on the other hand I am desirous and even impatient to visit you at Bath; to carry you down to Port Eliot, where I am sure the air and society would be your best Physician; to see Mrs Eliot, and to convince *him* of the grateful sense that I entertain of his behaviour in consenting to my re-election, which I know was highly unpleasant to him. I shall endeavour to concert measures in such a manner as to reconcile those opposite views: but I foresee that the execution of such a scheme can only become practicable towards the Autumn.

I ought to make some Apology for leaving you some days in such anxious suspence. I can only say that I was myself in the same condition. Every morning I expected the event of the evening, and every evening the return of the morning. Till the business was absolutely finished, a hundred accidents might have dashed the Cup from my lips, and I was afraid of raising your hopes only to embitter the melancholy news which might have followed.

I am Dear Madam Ever Yours

Bentinck Street. July 3d 1779. E G.

456. To Lord Weymouth *Tue.* 10/8/79

My Lord,

I have endeavoured to execute the very honourable task which your Lordship and the Lord Chancellor[1] wished me to undertake, and I now submit to your judgement my first, imperfect, Essay, in this kind of Composition. I am apprehensive that to many other defects it may add the fault of being too long; yet I am not conscious that it is more diffuse than the style of these public declarations almost inevitably requires. It far exceeds the measure of the French Declaration;[2] but it must be considered that facts and arguments will take up more room than mere empty declamation. However if the paper which I have the honour of transmitting to your Lordship should be thought to require or to deserve any alterations, I shall esteem it as a very particular favour, if I may be permitted to attend your Lordship, and the Chancellor to receive your farther instructions. If I have been totally unsuccessful in the execution of your Commands, I flatter myself that the attempt will be accepted as a slight but sincere proof of my zeal for his Majesty's service and Government.

I have the honour to be, with the highest respect, Your Lordship's Most obedient and most humble servant

Bentinck Street. August the 10th 1779. E. Gibbon

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456. The Marquess of Bath. Original not seen. Printed from *Low*, 281–2.

[1] Lord Thurlow.

[2] The French Government issued early in July, '79, a manifesto explaining their policy towards England. Lord Weymouth, the Secretary of State for the Southern Dept., wrote to JBH, inquiring whether G. would be willing to draw up an answer. His *Mémoire Justificatif pour servir de Réponse à l'Exposé de la Cour de France* was the result. It was printed and distributed officially to all the Courts of Europe early in October and translations of it appeared in the London papers from Oct. 12–14. Another issue, with the French manifesto added, was published for general circulation soon after. The name of the author soon ceased to be a secret and his paper was much admired. (See further, *Norton*, ch. iv.)

457. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 17/9/79

Dear Madam.

I am well and happy, two words which you will accept as the substance of a very long letter and even as a sufficient excuse for a very long silence. Yet I really do intend to behave better, and to prevent the abominable consequence of hours and days, and posts stealing away till the sum total amounts to a formidable account, I have a great mind to enter into an agreement of sending you regularly every month, a *miniature* picture of my actual state and condition, on the first day of the aforesaid month.—I am happy to hear of the very beneficial effects, which you have derived from your recent friendship with the Goats,[1] and as I cannot discover in what respect this poor Country is more prosperous or secure than it was last year, I must consider your present confidence as a proof that you view the prospect through a purer medium, and a glass of a more chearful colour. I find myself so much more susceptible of private friendship than of public spirit, that I am very well satisfied with that conclusion.—My summer has been passed in the town and neighbourhood which I still maintain to be the best society, and the best retirement, the latter however has been sometimes interrupted by the Colonel of Dragoons with a train of Serjeants, Trumpets, Recruits &c &c.[2] My own time is much and agreably employed in the prosecution of my business. After doing much more than I expected to have done within the time, I find myself much less advanced than I expected: yet I begin to reckon, and as well as I can calculate, I believe that in twelve or fourteen months I shall be brought to bed—perhaps of twins; May they live, and prove as healthy as their eldest brother. With regard to the little foundling which so many friends or enemies chose to lay at my door I am perfectly innocent, even of the knowledge of that production, and *all* the faults or merits of the History of opposition

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457. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 191/2. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXI. *P*, No. 378.

[1] DG had recently visited Abergavenny, noted for its breed of goats. (Cf. *MW*, ii, 234, n.)

[2] JBH was raising a regiment of cavalry, later known as the Sussex or 22d Regiment of Light Dragoons.

must, as I am informed, be imputed to Macpherson the Author or translator of Fingal.[3]—I am much at a loss what to say about Mr Eliot; he is certainly very far from being in a good state of health or spirits, but I am not Physician enough to distinguish between the influence of the body and that of the mind: he feels for the public with the most exquisite sensibility, and all his sentiments are of the painful kind. He still loiters in town, which I dare say he will not leave till near the meeting of Parliament, and will go about the month of November to pass the *Summer* in Cornwall. His delay has disconcerted my measures, as I had resolved (however inconvenient it might be) to make an Expedition this year to Port Eliot; and had proposed myself the pleasure of passing some days at Bath on my Way. Cornwall must be deferred till next summer, which will arrange indeed much better with my litterary projects; but I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of seeing you either before the meeting of Parliament or in the Christmass recess.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Sept. 17th 1779. E Gibbon

458. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* [20/9/79]

I do not despair of passing some days at S P before the meeting of Parliament; but unless I should totally interrupt my business in a very Critical moment, it is impossible to fix any time, which must undoubtedly be at a *considerable* distance.[1] No news of Sir John Ross;[2] Lord Mackartney has written to Lord George from Rochelle, the insolence of d'Estaing's terms made him rather chuse to surrender at discretion, but he has since received assurances that private property will be respected.[3] Lady Spencer, Lady Harriet and D of Devonshire behaved like Heroines in the Engagement which they saw very distinctly, the Cutter exposed herself to save them.[4]—I perfectly approve of Neville for eldest Captain, and think that Wedderburne cannot be offended.[5] I am curious to see your Col's letter, but you must answer it without [*word obliterated*].[6] I embrace Mylady, did you scold her very much. She was, as on most occasions quite in the right.

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[3] *A Short History of the Opposition during the last Session*, by James Macpherson, was published anonymously this summer.

458. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 190. *P*, No. 379. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon. Sep. 79'. Macartney's letter (see n. 3) arrived on Sept. 20.

[1] G. seems from No. 459 to have visited SP shortly before Oct. 6. He cannot have been there more than a day or two, for he was present at a Board of Trade meeting on Oct. 1. (*B. of T. Journals* for that day.)

[2] Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross sailed under secret orders on Sept. 14. There was much speculation about the object of this expedition, by which, in fact, nothing of much importance was achieved. (*Morning Post*, Sept. 15 and subsequent issues.)

Monday Evening.

459. TO J. B. HOLROYD *Wed.* [6/10/79]

I am always in the right—I knew the journey would be of service to me, and I eat my Pheasant at dinner with a degree of appetite which I have not known for some days. As to the majestic complaint of the foot, the event will probably be decided by to-morrow morning; but as it seems to be better notwithstanding the jolting of the Chaise I begin to hope that it may go off without farther trouble. In spite of the Divine Billy Burrel,[1] it is certain that Dr Turton *is* in town and that I shall see him to-morrow. If I am well enough to go out I must attend a board of trade for which I have found a summons.[2] You think we are idle—Embrace Mylady in my name, and respectfully salute Miss Cooke, Major Price &c.[3] By the inclosed you will see that there is not any authentic news. Wednesday night.

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[3] Lord Macartney, Governor of the Caribbean Islands, was taken prisoner when the French captured Grenada on July 5, '79. He was carried to France, whence he sent to Lord George Germain a report on the action. It was printed in the *London Gazette* on Sept. 21.

[4] Margaret, Lady Spencer, and her two daughters were returning from Spa, when the boat they were on and another packet sailing with them fell in with a French privateer. Their escort, a cutter named the Fly, which carried only fourteen guns and was short of powder, engaged the French ship and both packets reached home safely. (*Morning Chronicle*, Sept. 17. *London Chronicle*, Sept. 28.)

[5] The Senior Capt. in JBH's new regiment (see No. 457, n. 2) was Barrington Price, commissioned on Dec. 14, '79, the same day as JBH was commissioned Lt.-Col. (*Army List*, 1780.)

[6] The obliteration is by a later hand. The preceding word might be 'with'.

459. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 193. *P*, No. 380. Endorsed by JBH, 'E. Gibbon. Oct. 6th 1779'.

[1] Wm Burrell of West Grinstead Park, Sussex.

[2] There was a meeting of the Board on Oct. 7 at which G. was present. (*B. of T. Journals*, Oct. 7, '79.)

460. To J. B. Holroyd *Wed.* [27/10/79]

Address. John Baker Holroyd Esqr Sheffield place Sussex. *Postmark.* 27.OC.

You are certainly right in your suspicions that I shall not again visit S P before the meeting of Parliament. I am perfectly well in wind and limb: but the time is so short, the derangement is so considerable, and I am so deeply engaged not in London but at Rome, that I can only regret and hope.—There is not any account of the French fleets in Europe or America. Sir Charles Hardy is sailed chiefly to protect and convoy the East Indiamen now in Ireland.[1] I know not what to say of your Countrymen nor have I any notion of the plan (if any) of Government.[2] The A G[3] came to town last night and I am just going to sup with him. I expect a full account of the Regiment. Adieu.—Denmark (inseparably connected with Russia) has behaved very handsomely in restoring two Victuallers and ordering the Captor, one of Paul Jones's Squad, to quit the Harbour of Bergen.[4] This is sure and important.
Wednesday night.

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[3] Fanny Burney met a Kitty Cooke, no doubt sister of Mrs Benjamin Way, AH's sister-in-law, at Brighton with the Holroyds, in '80. (*D'Arblay*, i, 445.) The Major was probably Fanny's Major Wm Price. (*Ibid.*, ii, *passim.*)

460. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 165. *P*, No. 360 (dated 1778). For the year see ns. 1 and 4, below.

[1] Sir Charles Hardy was in command of the Channel fleet. News of his sailing from Spithead, with a long list of his ships, was in the papers on Oct. 26, '79.

[2] Cf. No. 464 n. 1.

[3] The Attorney General, Wedderburn.

[4] This incident was reported in the *Morning Post* on Oct. 20, '79.

461. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 27/10/79

Dear Madam.

Whenever you have desired an immediate answer you have not found me very negligent: it is therefore incumbent on me to explain my *apparent* tardyness which was occasioned by a visit to Tunbridge. Your letter was sent there the day after I left it, and by some delay and some circuits it did not reach my hands till Monday last, and I had firmly resolved before I received your second Epistle to write by to-night's post.

The officious intelligence which was communicated, I suppose, from Sheffield place to Bath, alarmed your tenderness much more than was necessary about the state of my health. A Derangement in my stomach which seemed of the bilious kind determined me to return to town in search of advice. Turton was divided for two or three days between the probability of Jaundice and Gout: but either Nature or his skill preserved me from both; and I am now perfectly free from all complaints and apprehensions whatsoever. It will be an addition to my happiness if you are able to make the same declaration.

I hope you are perfectly satisfied that I had no hand in the history of the Opposition: but you will receive by the Coach (directed for fear of a mistake to Dr Delacour's) a French pamphlet which I have not the same right to disclaim.[1] In the summer the Chancellor and Lord Weymouth were desirous of answering a very weak Manifesto of the Court of Versailles, and very politely requested me to undertake the task. Though I will never make myself the Champion of a party, I thought there was no disgrace in becoming the Advocate of my Country against a foreign Enemy, and the *Memoire Justificatif* which you may read was the result of that opinion. The publication was delayed for various reasons; but it has now been communicated as a state Paper and in the King's [name]

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461. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 194/5. *P*, No. 381 (part omitted).

[1] See Nos. 456, n. 2, 457, n. 3. DG was at this time changing her residence at Bath from Charles Street to the Belvedere. Dr Delacour lived in Princes Buildings.

to all the Ministers and Courts in Europe, and as far as I can understand it has been received with some degree of approbation. Elmsley the bookseller desired to print a new Edition which he has swelled by the addition of the French Manifesto.[2] You will easily suppose that I rather expect by such a Work to procure *friends* than fame: but it may very possibly be abused in some shape or other in the approaching Session of Parliament which will be loud and turbulent.

Notwithstanding the infallible authority of the Papers I had not any intention of making you an immediate visit at Bath. You know how Mr Eliot who is not well either in mind or body has trailed me through the Summer, and at present in the short interval which remains before the meeting of Parliament I am detained in town by real and indispensable avocations. But I am determined that nothing shall disappoint me of the pleasure of seeing you during the Christmass recess. I am ignorant of the size and situation of your aerial Castle,[3] and much fear you will streighten yourself to receive a Guest, who might with equal convenience take up his abode in some neighbouring lodging. I admire the victory which you seem to have obtained over Mary Davis, and only hope that the censorious part of Bath are not scandalized at your intimacy with the Doctor. I am sorry for Sara: she is a very *foolish* sensible Woman.[4]

I am Dear Madam most affectionately Yours

Bentinck Street. October the 27th 1779. E. Gibbon

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[2] See *Norton*, p. 30.

[3] The Belvedere, built in '75, is a terrace, situated high in the upper part of the city, commanding, before the other side of the street was built, a beautiful view. The houses appear somewhat smaller than those in Charles Street and no doubt were cheaper. Fanny Burney comments on the charm of the place. (R. E. M. Peach, *Street-Lore of Bath*, 1893. *D'Arblay*, i, 333.)

[4] A Mrs Mary Davis was buried at Weston, near Bath, in Nov. '84; perhaps the same. Sara = Sarah Holroyd.

462. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 29/10/79

Dear Madam.

This day I dined in Conduit Street, a well furnished house, good table, proper attendance &c. Thus far you will say there was nothing very extraordinary. But the Lady of the house was Mrs Williams alias Bell Mallet. Her aunt Elstob[1] is just dead and has left her that house, furniture plate &c with a fortune (as Mr Scott tells me) of £14,000 chargeable only with an annuity of £100 a year to her sister[2] during her mother's life. She is in high spirits as she well may, very French, but really agreable and even handsome. She talks of settling her affairs and returning to France. Her husband is at New York much esteemed in his profession, and she may be very happy if he does not *now* recollect his wife; though Mrs Elstob by appointing Trustees George Scott and Mr Waller[3] has taken every possible measure to secure her fortune from him. I thought you would not be sorry to hear something of that little animal, who came to town only Saturday and sent to me only last night.

I am most truly Yours

London. Oct. 29th 1779. E Gibbon

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462. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 196. *P*, No. 382.

[1] Jane Elstob, sister of Mrs David Mallet.

[2] Mrs Lucy Macgregor.

[3] Robert Waller, M.P. for Chipping Wycombe.

463. To William Robertson *Wed.* 3/11/79

Dear Sir

I flatter myself that my silence has sufficiently proved how sincerely I agree with you [in] not considering a frequent and regular exchange of letters as the test of real friendship and regard. —May we not hope for the pleasure of seeing you in London? I remember a kind of engagement you had contracted to repeat your visit every second year, and I look forwards with pleasure to next spring when your bond will naturally become due. I should almost hope that you would bring with you some fruits of your leisure, had I not been informed that you had totally relinquished your design of continuing Mr Hume's history of England.[1] Notwithstanding the just and deep sense which I must entertain (if the intelligence be true) of our public loss, I have scarcely courage enough to blame you: the want of materials and the danger of offence are two formidable obstacles for an historian who wishes to instruct and who is determined not to betray his readers. But if you leave the narrow limits of our Islands, there still remain, without returning to the troubled scene of America, many subjects not unworthy of your Genius. Will you give me leave as a vague and undigested hint to suggest, the history of the Protestants in France: the events are important in themselves and intimately connected with the great Revolutions of Europe; some of the boldest or most amiable Characters of Modern times the Admiral Coligny, Henry IV, &c would be your peculiar Heroes, the materials are copious authentic and accessible and the objects appear to stand at that just distance which excites curiosity without inspiring passion.— Excuse the freedom, and weigh the merits (if any) of this proposal.

When I express my strong hope that you will visit London next spring, I must acknowledge that it is of the most interesting[2] kind. Besides the pleasure which I shall enjoy in your Society and con-

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463. Nat. Lib. of Scotland. D. Stewart, *Biographical Memoirs of Adam Smith, Wm Robertson & Thomas Reid* (1811), 250–1, 362–3. Endorsed by WR, Jun. 'Mr Gibbon. 3d Nov. 1779'.

[1] See No. 440, n. 5.

[2] For 'interested'?

versation, I cherish the expectation of deriving much benefit from your candid and friendly criticism. The remainder of my first period of the decline and fall &c which will end with the ruin of the Western Empire is already very far advanced, but the subject has grown so much under my hands that it will form a Second and third Volume in 4o, which will probably go to the press in the course of the ensuing summer.—Perhaps you have seen in the papers that I was appointed some time ago one of the Lords of Trade, but I believe you are enough acquainted with this Country to judge that the business of my new office has not much interrupted the prosecution of my Studies. The attendance in Parliament is indeed more laborious; I apprehend a rough Session, and I fear that a black Cloud is gathering in Ireland.—Be so good as to present my sincere Compliments to Mr Smith, Mr Ferguson, and if he should still be with you to Dr Gyllies for whose acquaintance I esteem myself much indebted to you. I have often considered with some sort of envy the valuable Society which you possess in so narrow a Compass.

I am Dear Sir With the highest regard most faithfully Yours
Bentinck Street. November the 3d 1779 E Gibbon

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464. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 10/12/79

Dear Madam.

Nothing has given me for a long while more real uneasiness than the doubt which I am now obliged to express whether it will be in my power to pass my Holydays at Bath. After so long a delay and such repeated disappointments, I had promised myself much pleasure, I may say happiness in spending some few days with you at a time when every disagreable circumstance was removed and our domestic prospect was become more chearful. But the advantages of office must be accepted with some inconveniences. You know how much the Irish business engages our attention and fears at this moment, and you will see by the papers that Lord North has

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464. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 198/9. *P*, No. 383.

proposed some very important alterations with regard to the commerce of that Country.[1] The bills for that purpose will pass in Parliament but there still remains a great number of subordinate circumstances, though highly essential to be regulated, and which in some form will be referred to the board of Trade. We shall be forced to sit almost every day during the Recess, and the absence of a new Lord on the occasion would be thought peculiarly improper.[2] There is even another motive which I cannot explain which will I hope make my attention to this business, of some future benefit to the Public or at least to myself. These reasons will satisfy the delicacy of your friendship; but I beg you would keep them to yourself, as I abhor and despise above all things the seeming affectation of Official importance. Only be persuaded that I feel the delay (as I fear it must prove) of my Visit, not less disagreably than you do yourself.—I have seen very little of Mrs Williams, and am sorry, and indeed surprised to hear so bad an account of a little Coquette to whom I only imputed the venial faults of vanity and affectation. I understand she is already on the Wing.—Mr Eliot is still in town: we all try to push him down to Bath; he seems immoveable: but he appears in somewhat better health and spirits; he deplores the state of public affairs, past present and future. With regard to the last, though from different principles, I am afraid that his apprehensions are not imaginary and the impending dangers from War and faction are most alarming. I never knew any thing equal to the violence of this session of Parliament, which has not left me a moment of peace or leisure. Adieu Dear Madam. I do most seriously *intend* to write again very soon. Your *ordinary* Remittance shall reach you on Christmas day, and I hope that I shall be able to add the *extraordinary*, or rather the new one. But my own supplies both from Hampshire and from the Exchequer come in so very slowly that I may be obliged to defer the second £100 till the end of January, in case it should not be inconvenient to you.

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[1] In Ireland, the Volunteers, raised to meet the threat of invasion, were demanding the long-delayed removal of restrictions on Irish trade. (Lecky, *Ireland*, ii, 234–8.) Cf. No. 422, n. 4. On Dec. 9, Lord North proposed a series of measures for this purpose, which passed the Commons, without opposition, on Dec. 13.

[2] There was, in fact, not a single meeting of the Board of Trade between Dec. 21 and Jan. 20 and nothing about Irish trade, apart from one application for a licence to send some guns there, came before the Board until June, '80. (See *B. of T. Journals*.) However G. may have been only expressing a genuine anticipation. The mysterious sentence which follows seems to show that some special piece of work had been allotted to him. The Board issued a long report on Ireland on July 17, '80; perhaps G. helped to draw it up. It is printed in Sheffield, *Observations on the Manufactures, etc. of Ireland* (1785), 71–85.

I am most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. Dec. 10th 1779. E Gibbon

465. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 25/12/79

Dear Madam.

Inclosed you will receive two Draughts for two different terms, which will each be ready for your commands.—I must delay the pleasure of seeing you; but *hope* I shall write oftener than usual.—I wish you joy of the fair ending of the Year; May 1780 be still more propitious for public and private happiness.

I am most truly Yours

December 25th 1779. E Gibbon

465*a*. To Dorothea Gibbon? [1779?]

Indeed I am alive, well, and happy—indeed I have intended to write for many a post.—Indeed I will write for this is not writing very soon. I hear the bell. Adieu.

Saturday night. Eleven o'Clock.

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465. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 200. *P*, No. 384.

465a. *Add.MSS* 34885, f. 233. From the reference to the bell at eleven o'clock certainly written before '84 (cf. Vol. I, p. xx); possibly in '79, as G. makes several references to being exceptionally busy during that year; possibly to JBH.

466. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon. 7/2/80*

When the AG. informed me of the Express he had just sent down to Coventry I had not the least doubt of your embracing the bolder resolution. You are indeed obliged to him for his real friendship which he feels and expresses warmly; on this occasion I hope it will be successfully and that in a few days you will find yourself among us at St Stephen's in the heat of the battle.[1] But you know that I am of a dastardly pusillanimous spirit more inclined to fear than to hope, and not very eager in the pursuit of *expensive* Vanity. On this vacancy the celerity of your motions may probably prevent opposition; but at the general election your enemy the Corporation will not be asleep, and I wish if it be not too late to warn you against any promises or engagements, which may terminate in a defeat or at least a Contest of £10,000 *ten thousand pounds*. Adieu. I could believe (without seeing it under her paw) that Mylady wishes to leave Coventry. No news! foreign or domestic. I did not forget to mention the *Companies*, but find people, as I expected, torpid. Burke makes his motion Friday; but I think the rumours of a Civil War subside every day: petitions are thought less formidable: Yet I hear the Sussex protest does not gather signatures in the Country.[2]
Monday. Febr. 7th 1780.

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466. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 203. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXII. *P*, No. 385. Underlining perhaps by JBH.

[1] JBH was returned unopposed for Coventry on Feb. 15.

[2] Discontent with the pressure of taxation produced demands for the reduction of Government expenses. More radical parties were pressing for political reform and the reduction of the power of the Crown and a scare was raised that there was danger of civil war. Meetings were held and associations formed in many counties and petitions poured up to the House of Commons. Counter-protests were sent in from some counties, including one from Sussex, in the organization of which JBH took a leading part. On Feb. 11, Burke presented a bill for the abolition of many sinecure offices, including the Board of Trade. (D. M. Clark, *British Opinion and the American Revolution*, (1930), 141–9. *MW*, ii, 239, where the last sentence has been altered by the editor to mean the opposite of what G. said.)

467. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [12/2/80]

Address. Col. Holroyd. Coventry. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 12.FE.

I rejoyce in the successful progress, and am convinced that for the *present* at least the catastrophe will be happy. Your last was safely conveyed to Lord Charles Spencer in the few hours that he happened to be in town. Though I hate to go out of a morning I will be at the Admiralty with Lord Mulgrave Lord Lisburn and Penton to-morrow at ten o'Clock.[1]

Burke opened his ingenious *partial* scheme of public Oeconomy yesterday, but I cannot give you a speech of three hours in three lines, and you will hear and see enough about it. What is of much more consequence than this Parliamentary prattle (I talk to you now as a free Mason) is the business of which we have received to-day the *certain* though not official information. Rodney encountered the Spanish Fleet off Cape St Mary's; the Commodore (90 Guns) blew up, three line of battle ships taken, two more likewise taken, but so much shattered and dismasted, that they were separated and forced by an unlucky gale of wind into the Port of Cadiz.[2] The letters from thence express despondency and fears (which for us are hopes) of several other ships. Patriots very dull,[3] the D of Grafton who is now standing by the fire looks blacker than usual. I dined with Wedderburne (at Lord Carlisle's), who was to see one of your Agents to-night; he is earnest and sanguine—God send a good deliverance to the Colonel and Secretary.[4]

Brookes's[5] Saturday night.

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467. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 201/2. *P*, No. 386.

[1] Lord Charles Spencer and the other persons here mentioned were all Lords of the Admiralty but the nature of JBH's business with them has not been discovered.

[2] The battle was fought on Jan. 16, '80. There were rumours about it in London from Feb. 10 (see *Hutchinson*, ii, 339). Rodney's report was published in the *London Gazette* on Feb. 28.

[3] 'We must be glad of these deplorable successes.' (Walpole, *Letters*, xi, 132.)

[4] JBH was now Colonel of his own regiment of Dragoons. See No. 457. Perhaps AH had acted as secretary in his last letter to G. in order to save his eyes. Cf. Nos. 401, 421.

[5] Lately Almack's. The name was changed in Oct. '78, when the club was taken over by Brookes and moved to St James's Street.

468. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 10/3/80

Dear Madam

When you awakened me with your pen, it was my intention to have shewn some signs of life by the next post. But so uncertain are all human affairs that I found myself arrested by a mighty unrelenting Tyrant called the Gout; and though my feet were the part on which he chose to exercise his cruelty, he left me neither strength nor spirits to use my hand in relating the melancholy tale. At present I have the pleasure of informing you that the feaver and inflammation have subsided, but the absolute weakness and monstrous swelling of my two feet confine me to my chair and flannels, and this confinement most unluckily happens at a very *nice* and important moment of Parliamentary affairs.[1] Col Holroyd pursues those affairs with eager and persevering zeal; and has the pleasure of undertaking more business than any three men could possibly execute. He is much obliged to you for your kind congratulation. Mrs Eliot is in town; but I am quite ignorant (not more so than they are themselves) of their intentions. I will write again very soon.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. March 10th 1780. E Gibbon

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468. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 204. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXIII. *P*, No. 387.

[1] The Commons were debating Burke's reform measures and the Government's majority fell dangerously low on several occasions. (D. M. Clark, *British Opinion and the American Revolution* (1930), 149-50.)

469. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* [18/3/80]

Bentinck Street. ½ hour past nine. Saturday evening

Dear Madam

If I had written, as I intended, three or four posts ago, I should have informed you that Turton and myself were very well satisfied with the proceedings of the Gout, that he had behaved like a fair and honourable Enemy, and that after making me sensible of his power, he was taking leave in a gentle and orderly manner. I cannot send you at present quite so favourable an account; the Gout has seriously returned into one of my feet; the pain kept me sleepless last night; and I have been low and weak all day. I can easily understand this alteration, and you will not be surprized when you hear that I was forced to go out rather too soon, and to sit up two whole nights in the House of Commons.[1] You will see by the Papers, that a vote has passed against the board of trade, but I can assure you that it has not disturbed my tranquillity. It will probably be rejected by the House of Lords; and at all events I have reason to expect some equivalent. I hope I am falling asleep.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

E Gibbon

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469. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 205. *P*, No. 388. For date see n. 1, below.

[1] On March 13 G. attended the House of Commons to vote, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, against the abolition of the Board of Trade. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 280–82.) The motion was passed by a majority of eight but the bill was withdrawn later in the session. The Budget debate on March 15 also lasted into the following morning.

470. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* [27/3/80]

Bentinck Street. Monday evening

Dear Madam.

I should not have left you in suspense, if the Gout had not treated me exactly in the same manner. My journal (had I sent one every post) could only have specified its irregular motions from one place and from one foot to another, swelling, inflammation, weakness pain encreasing diminishing shifting &c, and the alternative of good and bad nights; sometimes forcing myself out of doors and sometimes nursing myself at home. However the real violence of the fit such as it was during the first week or ten days has never returned; there has not at any time been the slightest symptom or most distant hint in any part except the feet, and I now hope that it is seriously and finally going away. The short interval of the Holydays, (short indeed for Parliament meets again to-morrow Sennight) may give me strength and spirits to support a scene which I am heartily tired of.—We must again submit to our common disappointment, and if the decline and fall make you any amends you will be glad to hear that the Continuation (two quarto Volumes) goes to the press in May, and will certainly appear next Winter.

I am dear Madam ever Yours

E G.

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470. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 207. *P*, No. 390 (dated April, '80?) Written a week before the end of the Parliamentary recess on April 4 ('to-morrow sennight'). The reference to two quarto volumes fixes the year; see No. 496.

471. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 3/4/80

Dear Madam.

I have now the pleasure of informing you that the Gout has quite left me, and from the general state of my health and spirits, I am much inclined to believe many of the things that are reported in its favour. I wish it were in my power to embrace your scheme of Lord Mulgrave's lodging:[1] but my two great Chains, the *press* and the *house* chain me by either foot.

I am most truly Yours

April 3d 1780. E Gibbon

472. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 15/5/80

Dear Madam

Your kind Epistle gave me much more pleasure than pain; for I am growing callous to shame, but am not insensible of gratitude and friendship.

I have heard of you by Mrs Sarah Holroyd, and was much pleased and edified by the Zeal with which you communicated to your family the Colonel's first spirited Oration.[1] He instantly exclaimed, 'those are just the friends I like to have.' He has not spoke since but he is as you may well suppose indefatigable and eager, and it will not be long before he feels a second inspiration. I can only condole with you that a person, in whose fate and reputation you are perhaps more deeply interested, should still continue a dumb Dog. He has indeed the grace to acknowledge his infirmity, and if my Seat in the House of C. had not some remote connection with a

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471. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 206. *P*, No. 389.

[1] In the Belvedere. (*D'Arblay*, i, 402.)

472. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 209. *P*, No. 391.

[1] JBH made his maiden speech in a debate on the Army estimates on April 5. He defended the new regiments, one of which he had raised himself, against an attack by Fox, and was several times called to order. (*Parl. Hist.*, xxi, 334. *Morning Chronicle*, April 6, '80.)

more valuable seat, I should retire without any regret from that scene of noise heat and contention. A dissolution of Parliament though it may be delayed many months is by many expected every hour: and I am totally ignorant of the designs of the Electors of Liskeard. My great Constituent grows warmer in patriotism and faction but he still expresses the same regard for me, and though I have no motives for confidence I have not any reasons for fear. He is perfectly silent on the subject, and I am prepared for the Worst. I saw my young friend John[2] in his passage, and was indeed astonished by the sense and propriety of his behaviour without embarassment and without forwardness. Mrs Eliot is not in the least altered.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

May the 15th 1780. E Gibbon

473. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 6/6/80

Dear Madam

As the old story of Religion has [caused] most *formidable* tumults in this town, and as they will of course seem much more formidable at the distance of an hundred [miles], you may not be sorry to hear that I am perfectly safe and well: my known attachment to the Protestant Religion has most probably saved me. Measures and effectual measures are taken to suppress these disorder[s] and every street is filled with horse and foot.[1] Mrs and Mrs Sarah H. went out of town yesterday morning. The Colonel shews his usual spirit.

I am sincerely Yours

June the 6th 1780. E Gibbon

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[2] Edward Eliot's second son, now aged nineteen.

473. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 210. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXIV. *P*, No. 392.

[1] The Gordon riots broke out on June 2 and continued with increasing violence until the 8th, when, in face of the military who had been called out in large numbers, the disorder subsided.

474. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 8/6/[80]

Dear Madam

As a M. of P, I cannot be exposed to any danger as the H of C has adjourned to Monday sennight: as an individual I do not conceive myself to be obnoxious. I am not apt without duty or necessity to thrust myself into a Mob: and our part of the town is as quiet as a Country Village. So much for personal safety: but I cannot give the same assurances of public tranquillity: forty thousand Puritans such as they might be in the time of Cromwell have started out of their graves, the tumult has been dreadful; and even the remedy of military force and martial law is unpleasant. But Government with 15,000 Regulars in town, and every Gentleman (but one on their side[1]) must extinguish the flame. The execution of last night was severe: perhaps it must be repeated to-night. Yet upon the whole the tumult subsides.—Col. H. was all last night in Holbourn, among the flames with the Northumberland Militia, and performed very bold and able service.[2] I write again in a post or two.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

London. June 8th. E G.

475. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 10/6/80

Dear Madam

I should write with great pleasure to say that this audacious tumult is perfectly quelled, that Ld GG. is sent to the tower, and that instead of safety or danger, we are now at leisure to think of justice:—but I am now alarmed on your account, as we have just

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474. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 211. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXV. *P*, No. 393.

[1] Meaning that G. himself was not actively engaged?

[2] JBH, who had tried to stop Lord George Gordon on June 2, when he was inciting the mob from the windows of the House of Commons, also played a distinguished part in suppressing one of the worst outbreaks on June 7. (Walpole, *Letters*, xi, 199.)

475. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 212. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXIV. *P*, No. 394.

got a report that a similar disorder has broken out at Bath: I shall be impatient to hear from you; but I flatter myself that your pretty town does not contain much of that scum which has boiled up to the surface in this huge Cauldron.[1]

I am Dear Madam most sincerely Your
June the 10th 1780. E G.

476. To Joseph Warton *Thur.* 22/6/80

Bentinck-street, June 22d, 1780

Dear Sir,

By this post I received a letter from a gentleman who subscribes himself Taylor, the subject of which he had previously imparted to you.[1] It inspires me with a very favourable opinion of his learning, his liberal opinions, and his obliging disposition; but as I am not precisely acquainted with his address, I will trouble you to communicate to him the very sincere expression of my gratitude. By my own diligence and the help of some useful guides, I have gained access to the original documents (more especially his own works) that can illustrate the life of Athanasius; but I should think myself inexcusable, if I neglected any opportunity of availing myself of the researches and reflections of Sir Isaac Newton on any subject to which he applied the powers of his understanding. From Mr Taylor I learn that the paradoxes are in the possession of Lord Portsmouth, to whom I am entirely a stranger; and I should esteem it as a particular favour if you could point out any probable method, any proper channel of solicitation, through which I might hope to obtain the loan, or at least the sight of those valuable MSS. I will only add that I am in some degree streightened for time; the part of my second volume, that relates to Athanasius, will go to the press very speedily; and any considerable delay would materially affect the operations of next winter. Yet I should be sorry to lose the benefit which I might possibly derive from such a private fountain of knowledge.

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[1] For an account of the riots at Bath, see *D'Arblay*, i, 421–7.

476. J. Wool, *Biographical Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Warton* (1806), i, 391.

[1] Henry Taylor, rector of Crawley in Hants, was a supporter of the Arian heresy and had attacked the Athanasian Creed in his *Apology of Ben Mordecai*, 1771–77. It appears from this letter that he had written to call G's attention to a MS by Sir Isaac Newton, entitled 'Paradoxical Questions concerning the Morals and Actions of Athanasius and his Followers', which was at that time in the possession of Lord Portsmouth and now belongs to the University of Cambridge. (*Catalogue of the Portsmouth Collection of Books and Papers of Sir Isaac Newton* (Cambridge, 1888), 29. D. Brewster, *Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton* (1855), ii, 342 sq.) There is no reference to this *MS* in *The Decline and Fall*. Taylor later wrote a criticism of *The Decline and Fall*, called *Thoughts on the Nature of the Grand Apostacy* (1781), a title which, G. says, 'at first agitated my nerves, till I discovered that it was the apostacy of the whole Church since the Council of Nice, from Mr Taylor's private Religion'. (*M*, 317, n. 36.)

I am, Dear Sir, Your faithful humble servant,

E Gibbon

477. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 27/6/80

Dear Madam.

I believe we may now rejoyce in our common security. All tumult has perfectly subsided and we only think of the justice which must be properly and severely inflicted on such flagitious criminals. The measures of Government have been seasonable and vigorous; and even opposition has been forced to confess that the military force was applied and regulated with the utmost propriety. Our danger is at an end, but our disgrace will be lasting, and the month of June 1780 will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which actually subsists in Great Britain perhaps beyond any other Country in Europe.—Our Parliamentary work draws to a conclusion; and I am much more pleasantly though laboriously engaged in revising, and correcting for the press the continuation of my history, two Volumes of which will certainly appear next winter. This business fixes me to Bentinck Street more closely than any other part of my litterary labour, as it is absolutely necessary that I should be in the midst of all the books which I have at any time used during the composition. But I feel a strong desire, (irritated like all passions, by repeated obstacles) to escape to Bath, and if the summer should pass away, the autumn shall not elapse without gratifying my wishes. As you

477. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 213. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXVII. *P*, No. 395.

are my sole object, it is a matter of perfect indifference whether the place is full or empty, but I should like to know your summer plan, and if you have any design to climb the Welsh mountains.—I am ashamed that Midsummer day should have passed in silence, but I am not able to get a shilling from Hampshire, and the treasury my best support is uncommonly backward. Next week however you may depend on receiving the proper line from me.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. June 27th 1780. E Gibbon

478. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 8/7/80

Dear Madam.

I keep my promise though I have been driven to [the] last verge of it: but I hope you have not felt any inconvenience from the delay. The World disperses and London grows a very pleasant retire[ment]. We are now so quiet that the tumults of last month appear a very incredible dream. Colonel H passed through town in his way to his Regiment. I understand that his spirited behaviour in London has firmly seated him at Coventry.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. July 8th 1780. E G.

479. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* 25/7/80

As your motions are spontaneous, and the stations of the Lord Chief are unalterably fixed, I cannot perceive the necessity of your sending or receiving intelligence.[1]—However your commands are obeyed. You wish I would write as a sign of life. I am alive, but as

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478. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 214. *P*, No. 396.

479. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 215. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXVIII. *P*, No. 397

[1] Wedderburn, recently created Lord Loughborough, and now Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, set out on the Northern Circuit of the Assizes on July 26. (*London Chronicle*, July 25, '80.) He was in close touch with the Ministry about the impending dissolution of Parliament, the date of which, JBH, as member for Coventry, would have wanted to know as soon as possible. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 239.)

I am immersed in the decline and fall, I shall only make the sign.—It is made.—You may suppose that we are not pleased with the junction of the fleets, nor can an ounce of West-India loss be compensated by a pound of East-India success.[2] But the Circuit will roll down all our news and politics of London.—I rejoyce to hear that the Sussex Dragoons are such well-disciplined Cannibals; but I want to know when the chief Cannibal will return to his den. It would suit me better that it should happen soon. Adieu.
July 25th 1780.

480. TO J. B. HOLROYD *Sat.* 29/7/80

Mrs Gibbon. Cliffe. Stamford—I have not heard from Way.[1] It will be necessary that I should be provided with a Bucks Steward to make his visit soon after Michaelmas, to examine the state of things and to inspect the late Harris's accounts which an Attorney (Mr Hearne[2]) has offered for my perusal. Such extra trouble will doubtless claim an extra allowance.

We are pleased that Clinton is returned to New York, as an army on the salt water is a very helpless animal.—Greaves has been seen on the coast with a wind fair for the northwards: he has certainly the start of Ternay, who is still invisible.[3] I cannot send you the least account or even conjecture of Lords to be created or commons to be dissolved.—Adieu. I shall expect you about the middle of next month; and I find that it will suit me to visit the Castle within a few days after your return.
July 29th 1780.

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[2] The junction, in the W. Indies, of a Spanish fleet with the French fleet under Guichen, was reported by Rodney in a letter, dated June 21, which reached England on July 21. (*London Chronicle*, July 25.) At this time also reports arrived of the victories gained over the Mahrattas in India during the previous spring. (*Ibid.*)

480. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 216. *P*, No. 398 (as to DG.)

[1] Among the Sheffield Papers at Yale is a letter from Richard Way to G. dated Nov. 11, '80, with an account of payments from Lenb.

[2] Thomas Hearn, of Buckingham and Westminster.

[3] Sir Henry Clinton re-embarked in June from a successful campaign in S. Carolina and arrived at New York on June 17. The news was in the London papers on July 29. Ternay, in command of a convoy of French troops, was making for Rhode Island, where he arrived on July 11. Admiral Graves, sent in pursuit, failed to intercept him. (*Trevelyan*, v, 264 sq. *Ann. Reg. for 1780*, *223. *Ibid. for 1781*, 21.)

481. To Edward Eliot *Fri.* 11/8/80

Dear Sir

Before you leave town, I cannot refrain from applying to you on a very interesting subject: and I trust you will excuse either my past silence or my present importunity. The former has not been the effect of presumption nor does the latter proceed from my want of confidence in your friendship.

It seems to be now universally understood that this Parliament will be dissolved in a few months and possibly in a few days.—and you are not ignorant, Dear Sir, how much the whole colour of my future life will depend on your resolution. Unless I obtain a Seat in the ensuing Parliament I cannot flatter myself with a hope of remaining at the board of trade; such is the unpleasant state of my private affairs that with my office I must resign all future prospect of living in England; and the discontinuance of your favours would be a sentence of banishment from my native Country. My firm assurance that your kindness will allow some weight to these personal considerations will teach me to acquiesce, whatever may be your designs, with sincere and grateful resignation. I could not even lament that I was not sooner apprized of your intentions to withdraw the mark of your regard and friendship at the time when it became the most valuable. The longest notice would not have enabled me to take any other measures for the attainment of the same object; and your silence though it may have excited some anxious thoughts or nourished some delusive hopes, has not made any real difference in my situation.

At the same time it gives me pain to mention another topic. Various circumstances of private and public distress have hitherto prevented me from disposing of my Buckinghamshire Estate from whence I may expect to derive a considerable supply, and I shall find myself under the necessity of requesting your indulgence till

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481. Port Eliot Papers. Original not seen; here printed from a typed copy. A draft, differing little from this is in *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 218 and printed, *P*, No. 400.

I can discharge what I shall always consider as the smallest part of my obligations.[1]

I am Dear Sir With truth and gratitude most sincerely Yours
Bentinck Street. August 11th 1780. E. Gibbon

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482. To Abigail Holroyd *Thur.* 31/8/[80]

The Colonel left town about seven o'Clock. Could he have held a pen with each finger and each toe, at the same time, he would have found employment for them all. He therefore named me his Secretary to signify to Sheffield place his health, duty, impatience &c.—The Intrigue du Cabinet shall not be neglected. But the Intrigue du Parlement is now the universal pursuit. It will be dissolved to-morrow, the Writs will be out Saturday night, and a few days will terminate the business. You probably receive my *last* frank. I have *found* reason to believe that I shall never rise again, and I submit to my fate with Philosophic composure. If any parcels or letters directed to me should arrive at Sheffield you will be so good as to return them by the Coach.—Adieu.
August 31rst Bentinck Street. E G.

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483. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 2/9/80

Dear Madam.

In the general dissolution you will be anxious to know my fate, and I wish it were in my power to send you a more agreable account. Mr Eliot, actuated, as it should [appear], by the Daemon of Party has renounced me. I am not without resources; but his *civil* ambiguous silence by feeding my hopes, has encreased my difficulties. I doubt whether my *real* friends will be able to serve me at so short a notice, and I think it more than probable that I shall not be in the new Parliament, at least in the beginning of it. A few days however will determine that question and I still proceed with perfect composure to prepare for my lying-in. They will be twins, and I reckon about next February.

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[1] G. had undertaken to pay half the cost of his election in '74 but this was not strictly due until '82 (see No. 262). We have no record of his incurring any financial obligation for his re-election in '79 or of his settlement of the '74 debt.

482. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 219. *MW* (1814), ii, No. CXLV. *P*, No. 401.

483. *Add.MSS.* 34884, f. 220. *P*, No. 402.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. Sept 2d 1780. E G.

Col. H. who came with me Thursday from S P. darted down to Coventry. I think he is secure.

484. TO J. B. HOLROYD *Thur.* 7/9/80

I shall again breathe the pestiferous air of St Stephen's Chappel.—The sagacious Eden,[1] whom I accidentally visited the day after your departure pressed and persuaded me to make a bold application to the powers above. I fairly stated my public disappointment and private difficulties; and declared to Lord N[2] in the most explicit terms, that 'notwithstanding my sincere desire to replace myself in a situation, where I may be serviceable to his M's Government, *small indeed* must be the effort which I shall be capable of making for that purpose' an idea which I explained to Robinson in a more familiar tone, by asking for an *almost* gratuitous seat.[3] After some importunity and delay, I saw the Secretary yesterday; and he communicated Lord N's resolution of bringing me into Parliament, either for the first meeting, or at the Re-Elections which will immediately be occasioned by the option of those who are returned for two places. He did not mention terms; if any, they must be very light. On my return home I found a letter from Lord L,[4] worthy

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484. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 221. *P*, No. 403.

[1] Wm Eden, later 1st Baron Auckland.

[2] Lord North.

[3] John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury and the channel through which the private election funds of the Government were dispensed. Cf. No. 502, n. 1.

[4] Lord Loughborough. His letter, dated Sept. 4, '80, is in *Add.MSS* 34886, f. 113. He refers to two letters from G, one of Aug. 31 and the other received on Sept. 3. Both are missing.

of himself, and may now remain perfectly quiet and secure. Success produces good humour; and I shall be very gentle in my answer to the Port,[5] which I do not hurry. This Event as you will easily understand decides in a great measure the rest of my life. You will growl if I lament in some sort that it has disconcerted a very pleasant scheme a sweet vision of *Helvetic* retirement: I know that a prudent man ought not to make himself happy.

While I steal in through a postern, you thunder at one of the great gates: knock and it shall be opened unto you. Your victory appears certain, and it will be productive of a lasting conquest. Eden is not yet returned from Woodstock; I will confabulate with him.[6]

The Westminster battle begins this morning; Rodney will be chose almost unanimously. It was imprudent to propose Lord Lincoln; he is disliked by the substantial tradesmen: but they *abhor* Fox, and the Patriot, after his appeal to the *People* of Westminster, must probably retire to the D of R's dependent Voters of Chichester, where I am told Keppel will make room for him. Not a word of news. Adieu.

September 7th 1780.

485. To Edward Eliot *Fri.* 8/9/80

My Dear Sir

I have not attempted to shake your decided resolution; nor shall I presume to arraign the consistency of the Electors of Leskeard whom you *so gravely* introduce.[1] You are undoubtedly free as air, to confer and to withdraw your Parliamentary favours; and I should despise my own ingratitude were I capable of forgetting my past obligations to you, because you are not disposed to render them more perfect or more permanent.

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[5] Port Eliot.

[6] JBH was contesting Coventry; Eden was standing for Woodstock.

485. Port Eliot Papers. P. H. Stanhope (Lord Mahon), *History of England*, *1713–1783*, vii (1854), xi-xiii (dated Sept. 3). Original not seen. Here printed from a typed copy. *P*, No. 404 is printed from a draft (*Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 222/3) which, though considerably emended in the course of writing, hardly differs in the end from the above.

[1] Eliot had written on Aug. 24 (*Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 111/2) in reply to No. 481, 'Till I knew with precision and certainty the opinion of your constituents, I could not possibly give you a precise decisive answer', but, as G. remarked, 'the Electors of Liskeard are commonly of the same opinion as Mr Eliot'. (*M*, 322.)

I am still ignorant what will be the consequences of your refusal; but I declare upon my honour that at the date of my last letter, they appeared to me exactly in the light in which I represented them; that I had never formed any hopes much less any claims of ministerial support, and that I never opened my lips on the subject to the noble friend whose character seems to extort the praise of his political Enemies.[2] Since your absolute refusal I have been encouraged to hazard an application which has been kindly entertained. If it proves unsuccessful the principal difficulty will arise from the lateness of my request. I am asked why Mr Eliot who re-elected a placeman[3] last year has maintained to the last moment an ambiguous silence without condescending to inform me that I must not depend on his friendship at the general Election. I confess that I am at a loss for an answer.

I am equally at a loss how to answer that part of your letter which represents in polite language my parliamentary conduct as the cause of your displeasure. You will not expect that I should justify the grounds of every silent vote which I have given or that I should write a political pamphlet on the eventful history of the last six years. But I may fairly rest my Apology on the truth of a single assertion that I have never renounced any principle, deserted any connection or violated any promise, I have uniformly asserted both in public and private the justice of the American war. I have constantly supported in Parliament the general measures of Government except at *one* particular Crisis, while it was doubtful after Bourgoyne's defeat whether they would offer terms to the Rebels.[4] I agreed with you in a speculative opinion almost equally rejected by both parties, that after the substance of power was lost, the name of independence might be granted to the Americans. I have often and severely censured the *faults* of administration but I have always condemned the *System* of opposition: and your judgment will allow that in public life every man is reduced to the necessity of chusing the side which upon the whole appears to him the least reprehensible. The mere acceptance of a seat at the board of trade does not surely convey any reproach or disgrace; since you yourself, my Dear Sir, have held the same disqualifying place under several successive administrations without any of those Domestic reasons which, if an excuse were necessary, might be alleged in my favour. You revive an old conversation between us concerning Mr Peachey's election, which passed if I am not mistaken in the Garret of the House of Commons. At the time I had never given a single vote against the actual measures of Government; and the indiscreet opinion which you urged me to declare, must apply to your sentiments not to my own. I thought and I still think that were I master of a Borough, I would not from motives of interest elect a *Stranger* whose political principles were repugnant to my own.[5]

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[2] Lord Loughborough. See Eliot's letter of Aug. 24.

[3] Benjamin Langlois, elected for St Germans in '74, was re-elected, June 3, '78, after reappointment as Storekeeper of Ordnance. Cf. No. 487.

[4] See No. 409, n. 3. See also No. 294, but it could be said that the general measures of the Government were not involved on that occasion.

Thus far, for my own honour, I have been forced into this unpleasant, though I hope, not intemperate explanation, but I perfectly concur with your wish to avoid all future complaints or Apologies. I most willingly embrace the offer of your private friendship and I shall always cultivate a cordial intercourse with a person who is entitled to my esteem and gratitude.

I beg you would present my kindest wishes and compliments to Mrs Eliot and the rest of your family. I suppose Mr Edward will succeed me at Leskeard.[6]

I am Dear Sir Your most obedient and affectionate humble servant

Bentinck Street. September 8th 1780. E Gibbon

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[5] John Peachey was elected in '76 for St Germans. In his letter Eliot said that he had given his support to Peachey because his politics were the same as those of the previous member, John Pownall, who was an old friend. G. emphasizes that Peachey, at any rate, was only a stranger.

[6] Edward James Eliot was elected for St Germans. G's successor at Liskeard was Wilbraham Tollemache, returned on Sept. 9, '80.

486. To J. B. Holroyd *Fri.* 15/9/80

I expect but cannot send news. I am passive, you are active; without the form of a letter you might dispatch every night the numbers of the poll.[1]—Fox is victorious, and though some Enemies have been thrown out, I do not find that we gain so much as might be wished. Lord L is not yet arrived, but I have conversed with the future Secretary of the bog:[2] he approves and will assist your vanity. I am very sorry to hear that Batt is detained at Oxford in a bad state of health with some symptoms of a growing dropsy. Adieu.
Sept. 15th 1780.

487. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 5/10/80

Dear Madam

I have delayed answering your kind enquiry about my seat in Parliament, till I should be able to say something satisfactory and positive. Had Mr Eliot been explicit some months since, another arrangement would have been made without difficulty. His silence has occasioned some delay, but I have the strongest reason to believe that I shall be again in the house of Commons before Christmas. I expect the event with the most tranquil indifference: I am heartily tired of the place, and if such indulgence were compatible with my situation and prospects, I should be glad to find myself released from such troublesome attendance. Your anxiety lest any coldness should arise between Mr E and me will, I hope, prove groundless.

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486. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 224. *P*, No. 405.

[1] The poll opened at Coventry on Sept. 9 but the proceedings were so disorderly that the sheriffs postponed it from day to day until Sept. 18, when they decided that they could make no return. See further No. 489.

[2] Wm Eden was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland in Oct. '80; the subject of his conversation with G. must have been JBH's desire for an Irish peerage. See No. 488. Lord L = Lord Loughborough.

487. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 225. *P*, No. 406.

I have nothing to reproach myself, I do not reproach him, and from the letters which have passed between us, I should imagine that we shall meet next winter on proper terms of friendship and civility. You see by the Gazette that Langlois is dismissed; and he himself has not received any other information from Cornwall.[1]—You may easily suppose that in my present state of suspense and attendance, it is not in my power to leave town: but I am almost offended that you are not angry. I think I may venture to promise not you but myself that no considerations human or divine shall prevent me from eating my Christmas dinner at the Belvedere.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours
Bentinck Street. October 5th 1780. E Gibbon

We need not trouble Sir Stanier; three shillings (no very considerable sum) pay twelve letters. The oeconomy of the age on the subject of Franks and postage has always amazed me.

488. To Abigail Holroyd *Mon.* 27/11/80

Mr Gibbon presents his respectful compliments to Lady Sheffield, and hopes her Ladyship is in perfect health, as well as the Honble Miss Holroyd, and the Honble Miss Louisa Holroyd.[1] Mr Gibbon has not had the honour of hearing from Lord Sheffield, since his Lordship reached Coventry, but supposes that the election begins this day.

Be honest. How does this read? Do you not feel some titillations of vanity? Yet I will do you the justice to believe that they are as faint, as can find place in a female (you will retort, or a male,) heart, on such an auspicious event. When it is revealed to the Honble Miss, I should recommend the loss of some ounces of noble blood. You may expect every post, a formal notification, which I shall instantly dispatch. The birds, as well as I now recollect their taste,

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[1] Cf. No. 485, n. 3. The return of E. J. Eliot and Dudley Long for St Germans was announced in the *London Gazette* for Sept. 19–13.

488. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 226. *MW* (1814), ii, No. CXLVI. *P*, No. 407.

[1] All this is in anticipation of the Irish barony conferred on JBH in December of this year.

were excellent. I hope the *Voyages*[2] still amuse. I had almost forgot to say that my seat in parliament is deferred. Stronger and more impatient rivals have stepped before me, and I can wait with chearful resignation till another opportunity. I wish the Baron's situation (and temper) were as placid as mine. No news—we are very dull. Adieu—I shall go to Bath, about the 15th of next month—But silence.
Bentinck Street. Nov. 27th 1780.

489. To J. B. Holroyd *Tue.* 28/11/80

Perhaps the Sherifs, the tools of your enemies may venture to make a false and hostile return on the presumption, that they shall have a whole year of impunity, and that the merits of your petition cannot be heard this Session.—Some of your most respectable friends in the house of Commons are resolved (if the return should be unfavourable) to state it forcibly as a special and extraordinary case, and to exert all proper strength for bringing on the tryal of your petition without delay. The knowledge of such a resolution may awe the Sherifs, and it may be prudent to admonish them of the *impending* danger, in the way that you judge most advisable. Adieu. God send you a good deliverance.[1]
Brookes's Nov. 28th 1780.

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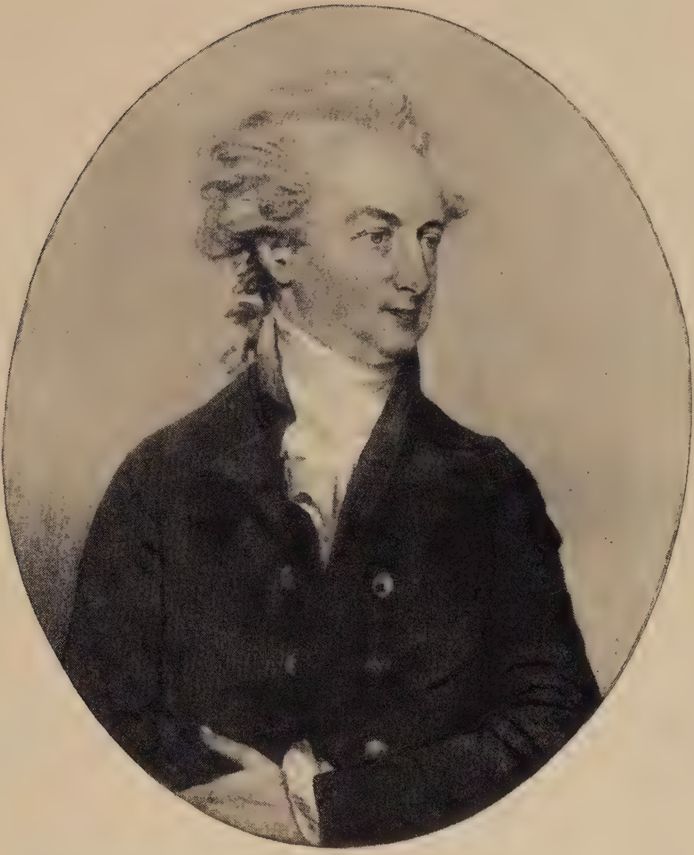
[2] Perhaps A. F. Prévost, *Histoire Générale des Voyages*, Paris, 1746–70. Cf. No. 589.

489. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 227. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXIX. *P*, No. 408.

[1] A new writ for the Coventry election (see No. 486, n. 1) was issued on Nov. 21. The election, which opened on Nov. 29, lasted till Dec. 28 and ended in the return of JBH's opponents. A petition against the election was presented in Jan. '81. In the normal course it would not have been considered until the end of June but on Jan. 23, on a motion proposed by Lord Beauchamp, the Commons voted that it should be referred to a committee on Feb. 15 and on Feb. 27, JBH, now Lord Sheffield, and Edward Roe Yeo were declared elected. A bill for the better regulating of elections at Coventry was passed soon after. (*Oldfield*, v, 75 sq. *Parl. Hist.*, xxi, 950. T. H. Whitley, *The Parliamentary Representation of Coventry*, (1894), chs. xli-xliii. Cf. P. W. Clayden, *Early Life of Samuel Rogers*, (1887), 40–42.)

PLATE III



John Baker Holroyd
Lord Sheffield.
n. 1735. ob 1821

490. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 7/12/80

Dear Madam.

My restoration to the character of a Senator has suffered some delay by the impatience of some strong competitors who have pushed between me and the door. I have received from the fountain head every kind of apology and assurance. I believe them to be sincere, and it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether I enter the H of C, the beginning or the end of the winter. My journey to Bath is not an object of indifference, and as nearly as I can calculate the business (for there is business) of the board of trade,[1] I think I shall have the pleasure of embracing you about the 23d or 24th of this month. You mentioned a lodging near your aerial castle (my sole object at Bath) and [I] shall be glad if you will secure it for that time. Poor George Scott died this morning of the consequence of falling down a flight of stairs at Lord Bathurst.[2] His life was long and happy, and his death was not painful. After a false alarm I was glad to hear that Dr De la Cour was not in the bosom of Abraham. The poor Colonel is fighting with the monsters of Coventry. I think he will conquer, but his victory will be dearly purchased.

I am Dear Madam[3] ever Yours

December the 7th 1780. E Gibbon

Young Eliot[4] is in town, and dined with me Tuesday. The kindest enquiries reciprocally passed between Port Eliot and Bentinck Street. The father does not come till after the Holydays.

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490. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 228. *P*, No. 409.

[1] The chief business before the Board of Trade in December was the case of Montford Browne, late Governor of the Bahamas. He had been suspended from office in Aug. '79, following complaints from the Council of the Bahamas and was now called before the Board for examination. The case was considered on Dec. 19, 21 and 29 and again on Jan. 23, '81, when a report was ordered. G. was present on all these occasions. (*B. of T. Journals*, under these dates.)

[2] Apsley House.

[3] 'Sir' in MS.

[4] Edward James, Edward Eliot's eldest son, recently elected M.P. for St Germans.

491. To J. B. Holroyd *Sat.* [9/12/80]

Succeed—and may you say, such another victory would ruin us![1] The messenger is returned from the Bog; but Lord B[2] has not yet sent the necessary forms and titles for his creatures; it will not however be in his power to delay that or any other business much longer, and I wish your entrance into one house was as secure as the other.—An express is just arrived in nine days from Vienna; the Empress is dead, and the Austrian Eagle may soar.—It is confidently said that the two great fleets are in sight, and expectation is high and eager. For my own part I do [not] believe that there ever can be a sea-fight.[3]
Saturday night.

492. To J. B. Holroyd *Mon.* [18/12/80]

All delays are at an end—Tuesday to-morrow the final warrant will be signed, Friday next, you may salute the Royal paw, Saturday the gazette will announce his Lordship,[1] and Sunday (December 24th) I shall set out for Bath. Be resolute and conquer. We have forgot the fleets, but it is supposed that d'Estaing is in Brest. It is time that every body should go to sleep for the winter.
Monday night.

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491. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 208. *P*, No. 410. Dated from the reference to the death of Maria Theresa, which occurred on Nov. 29, '80.

[1] A sum of £2,000 was contributed from the Government's private funds towards the expenses of the Coventry election. (*Robinson*, 37, 58.)

[2] Lord Buckinghamshire. Lord Carlisle had been appointed in October to succeed him as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland but had not yet taken up the appointment.

[3] An engagement between the British and the French and Spanish fleets in the Channel was at this time expected. Cf. Walpole, *Letters*, xi, 337.

492. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 197. *P*, No. 411.

[1] The announcement of JBH's elevation to the peerage of Ireland as Baron Sheffield of Dunamore appeared in the *London Gazette* on Dec. 23, '80.

493. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 21/12/80

Dear Madam.

I am sorry to inform you that I shall be forced to trespass a few days beyond the precise term which I had fixed. The constant attendance on the board of trade almost every day this week,[1] has obliged me to defer till next Monday a visit of inclination and propriety to Lord Loughborough (at Mitcham in Surrey). I shall not return till Wednesday or Thursday, and instead of my Christmas, I shall eat my new-years dinner, at the Belvedere. May that new year prove fortunate to you, to me, and to this weary country, which is this day involved in a new War.[2] I shall write again about the middle of next week with a precise account of my motions. I think the gallant Colonel, who is now Lord Sheffield, will succeed at Coventry *perhaps* on the return, *certainly* on the petition.

I am Dear Madam ever yours

Bentinck Street. December 21rst 1780. E Gibbon

494. To Dorothea Gibbon [*between* 21 *and* 31/12/80]

Prophecy of the events of two years.

December 31rst 1780. A profane historian will depart from Bentinck Street London, and drink tea, sup, and lye at Newbury in Berkshire.

January 1rst 1781. The same Historian will gently proceed from Newbury to Bath till he reaches the aerial cell of the Fairy of the green, or more probably, the white, mountain.[1] It is apprehended that the said Fairy will not be able to dine that day before four o'Clock in the afternoon.

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493. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 229. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXX. *P*, No. 412.

[1] See No. 490, n. 1.

[2] A manifesto against Holland, which was in effect a declaration of war, appeared in the *London Gazette* on Dec. 21.

494. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 230. *P*, No. 413 (as to Lord Sheffield).

[1] Cf. No. 461, n. 3.

495. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sun.-Mon.* [21-22/1/81]

Reading. Six o'Clock. Sunday evening

Eels, Beer and fowl.—A nasty day makes a good Inn appear still more comfortable. And now let me look back to Bath, and declare in sober truth, that I number the last three weeks among the happiest of my life. The best ingredient in that happiness was the satisfaction of seeing you more perfectly alive both in mind and body than I have known you for many years past. My best Compliments to all friends &c Jews and Christians, particularly to Sarah,[1] who was a naughty girl for not staying dinner. Pray send me with all convenient speed, the adventures of a tame Cat.[2]

Bentinck Street. Monday half past one

Safely landed—I ran my time to the last moment, and find on my table some respectful complaints from Mr Cadell, and a summons for the Board of trade to-morrow, which particularly requires *my* attendance.[3]

496. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 24/2/81

Bentinck Street. February 24th 1781

Dear Madam

As you have probably received my last letter of thirteen hundred pages,[1] I shall be very concise. Read judge pronounce; and believe that I sincerely agree with my friend Julian[2] in esteeming the praise of those only, who will freely censure my defects. Next

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495. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 217. *P*, No. 399 (n.d. but placed in July/Aug. '78). The date here given is three weeks from the time of G's arrival in Bath. There was a Board of Trade meeting on Jan. 23, '81.

[1] Sarah Holroyd.

[2] Mrs Eliza Hayley. Cf. No. 500, n. 3.

[3] Cf. No. 490, n. 1.

496. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 231. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXXI. *P*, No. 414.

[1] Vols. II and III of *The Decline and Fall* were published on March 1, '81.

[2] Julian the Apostate. See *The D. & F.*, ii (1781), ch. xxii, 348.

Thursday I shall be delivered to the World, for whose inconstant and malicious levity I am coolly but firmly prepared. Excuse me to Sara. I see more clearly than ever the absolute necessity of confining my presents to my own family: *that*, and that only is a determined line, and Lord S is the first to approve his exclusion. He has a strong assurance of success, and some hopes of a speedy decision. —How suddenly your friend General Pierson disappeared.[3] You thought him happy. What is happiness!

I am My dear Madam ever Yours

E Gibbon

497. To Edward Eliot *Sat.* 24/2/81

My Dear Sir

Although I have found it necessary to reduce my list of presents within a *very* narrow compass, I should think myself inexcusable if I neglected on this occasion to offer you a slight mark of my respect and gratitude. The second and third Volumes of my history which will be published next week are sent by the Plymouth coach: I hope you will receive them safe, and shall be much flattered if you can find any amusement in them.

I beg you would present my sincerest compliments to Mrs Eliot and the rest of your family.

I am My Dear Sir Your most obedient and faithful humble servant

Bentinck Street. February 24th 1781. E. Gibbon

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[3] General Sir Richard Pearson, KB, died suddenly of gout in the stomach, at Bath, on Feb. 13, '81. (*GM*, 1781, p. 95.)

497. Port Eliot Papers. Original not seen. Here printed from a typed copy.

498. To Suzanne Necker *Mon.* 26/2/81

À Londres. Ce 26 Fevrier. 1781

Après un silence de trois ans, j'ose vous envoyer Madame, une lettre de treize Cens pages, le second et le troisieme Volume de mon histoire que vous reçevrez addressés par la poste à Monsieur Necker.—Mais ce silence si long, si etrange, si indigne! Je crains vos reproches mais je crains bien plus une indifference froide et polie qui pardonne aisément les fautes d'un coupable qu'elle a oublié. Ce coupable est bien eloigné d'excuser sa conduite, il ne sauroit meme l'expliquer et s'il etoit permis de se plaçer dans la situation d'un spectateur instruit mais impartial, il rechercheroit vainement les causes d'un phenoméne moral dont il douteroit encore, s'il n'etoit que trop assuré de sa realité. *La paresse*? Cet homme qui n'a pas su ecrire une lettre de deux pages que le sentiment lui auroit dicté sans effort a achevé deux gros Volumes in quarto, et l'assemblage des materiaux, l'echaffaudage, les soutereins lui ont couté encore plus de tems et travail que l'edifice meme. *Le tourbillon des plaisirs ou des affaires*? triste et miserable excuse! L'homme qui seroit en meme tems un ministre d'etat et un petit maitre recherché auroit toujours des momens à lui, et moi, qui Dieu merci ne suis ni l'un ni l'autre, je me rappelle assez combien de fois j'ai perdu dans les regrets, les remords et les resolutions, l'heure qui m'auroit suffi pour soliciter et pour obtenir ma grace. *L'oubli et l'indifference*? Je prononce ces mots avec douleur; mais je suis assez puni par la reflection que ma conduite a pu m'exposer à un reproche que mon coeur seul peut dementir. Non, Madame, je n'oublierai jamais les momens les plus chers de ma jeunesse, et ce souvenir pur mais indelibile se confond avec l'amitié la plus vraie et la plus inalterable. Après une longue separation j'ai eu le bonheur de passer six mois dans votre societé: chaque jour a ajouté aux sentimens d'estime et de reconnoissance que vous m'inspiriez et je suis parti de Paris dans la resolution ferme mais

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498. Archives de Broglie. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, xxxvii (1880), 85–6 (part omitted), reprinted, *Salon de Mme Necker*, i, 80. Here printed from photostat.

inutile de cultiver assiduément une correspondance qui pouvoit seule me dedommager de mes pertes.

Les deux volumes d'histoire que j'ai l'honneur, Madame de vous envoyer, contiennent si je ne me trompe un tableau interessant et instructif; mais c'est au public et surtout à vous meme à prononcer jusqu'à quel point l'auteur a soutenu la majesté de son sujet. Je sai seulement que les premiers succès n'ont point rallenti ma diligence, et quoique je pense assez avantageusement de mon ouvrage, je suis tout preparé à un jugement moins favorable de la part de mes lecteurs. On embrasse le jeune ecrivain qui montre quelque talent à son premier debut, mais lorsqu'il reparoit sur la scene, il a deja excité l'envie, et l'esperance exagerée de ses amis lui fait souvent plus de tort que la malice de ses ennemis. Moimeme j'ai eté assez mal avisé pour encourir la haine d'un ordre puissant et nombreux qui a toujours consideré le pardon des injures comme un dogme plutot qu'un precepte; et dans un pays libre il est impossible pour le Citoyen ou du moins le Senateur le plus tranquille de ne pas indisposer la moitié de sa nation par ses suffrages et ses liaisons politiques. Malgré tous ces ecueils mon ouvrage surnagera s'il est bon, et je poursuivrai avec courage un travail qui fait le charme de ma vie. Si l'auteur perit, l'homme restera et je me consolerai de ma chute dans la lecture des livres anciens et modernes qui valent mieux que le mien, dans la societé de mes amis de Londres et dans l'esperance de revoir ceux de Paris lorsque la paix, helas! sera revenue sur la terre. Je me souviens Madame que vous me demandates un jour s'il y auroit dans ce Volume des femmes illustres. Il en est une qui m'a vivement interessé (Vol III p 318) par une sorte de resemblance qui n'echappera qu'à vous seule. Dans le dix huitieme siecle comme dans le cinquieme la fortune peut choisir dans l'obscurité un rare melange de beauté de vertus et de talens pour le placer sur le trône ou sur les marches du trone, mais elle a peu d'empire sur les ames qu'elle n'a jamais pu vaincre dans le malheur ni corrompre par la prosperité. Elle seroit bien la maitresse de releguer l'Athenais[1] de nos jours dans la solitude de Jerusalem ou de Copet,[2] mais je la defie de ternir sa gloire ou de troubler son repos.

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[1] Athenais, later christened Eudocia, daughter of Leontius, an Athenian sophist. She married the Emperor Theodosius II in A.D. 421 and died, A.D. 460. For her see F. Gregorovius, *Athenais* (Eng. trans., 3d ed. 1892).

Comme je me plais à penser que vous vous interessez encore à mon sort, je vous dirai Madame qu'il a subi quelque changement depuis mon voyage de Paris. Par le credit d'un ami puissant et respectable[3] j'ai obtenu une place (*Lord of Trade*), qui ajoute à ma fortune dix-huit ou vint milles livres de rente sans exiger des soins fort penibles. D'un autre coté ces memes liaisons m'ont enlevé mon siege dans le parlement à l'election generale de l'année derniere. Il y a apparence que je rentrerai dans la Chambre des communes par une autre voye, mais si mon esperance est trompée je supporterai sans peine mon exclusion d'une assemblée ou je ne serois jamais jamais qu'un personnage muet sans poids et sans reputation. En attendant je jouis de la santé du corps de la tranquillité de l'ame et d'une fortune honnete et suffisante. Mon ami M. d'Eyverdun qui s'est fixé à Lausanne dans une position très agreable me presse vivement de passer l'eté prochain avec lui, et je suis trés disposé à me rendre à ses instances.

Si l'on daigne encore se souvenir de moi à Paris, vous voudriez bien Madame assurer les personnes dont j'ai eprouvé les bontés qu'elles n'ont point accueilli un ingrat. J'ose à peine prononcer les noms de Mesdames de Beauvau et de Cambis, mais vous aurez la bonté de saluer de ma part MM. de Buffon, Marmontel, Thomas, et Suard, Le Comte de Creutz, et le Chevalier de Chastellux. Pour M. Necker, on l'estime à Londres et on le craint: à ces sentimens qui me sont communs avec mes compatriotes, il me permettra d'ajouter l'amitiè et la reconnoissance. Si Mademoiselle Necker n'est pas une personne accomplie, la nature, l'education et l'example sont sans force. J'ai l'honneur d'etre avec le devouement le plus respectueux Madame, Votre très humble et très obeissant Serviteur

E. Gibbon

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[2] The Château of Coppet did not at this time belong to the Neckers, who bought it in '84.

[3] Lord Loughborough.

499. To Joseph Banks *Thur.* 15/3/81

Mr Gibbon presents his Compliments to Mr Banks, and desires he would discharge this debt which has been incurred for the use of the Turk's Head Club.
Brookes's. March 15 1781.

500. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 13/4/81

Dear Madam.

I am always obliged to you for waking me by a friendly pinch from my silent lethargy, and I think it most prudent to write before I fall asleep again.

An author must always begin on the subject of his own work, the subject always most interesting to himself: but on this occasion he may assume the privilege of friendship and justly believe that it is not less interesting to you. Your praise has afforded me real satisfaction, not only because I wish to please you, but as I do not know any person (where questions of pure learning are not concerned) from whose approbation I should derive more pride. To speak frankly I am of your opinion with regard to the improvement of the style, nor is it very surprizing that long practise should make a workman more expert and ready at his trade. I am curious to learn what passage in Prior you have in your eye: but as the works of that agreable poet are not extremely familiar to me, the resemblance is more probably the effect of chance than of design. The reception of these two volumes has been very unlike that of the first and yet my vanity is so very dextrous, that I am not displeased with the difference. The effects of novelty could no longer operate, and the public was not surprized by the unexpected appearance of a new and unknown Author. The progress of these two

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499. Nat. Lib. of Scotland. Sir Joseph Banks, the explorer, acted for a time as treasurer of the Club. (M. E. G. Duff, *The Club* (1905), 14.)

500. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 232/3. *P*, No. 415.

Volumes has hitherto been quiet and silent. Almost every body that reads has purchased, but few persons (comparatively) have read them; and I find that the greater number, satisfied that they have acquired a valuable fund of entertainment, differ the perusal to the summer, the country, and a more quiet period. Yet I have reason to think, from the opinion of some judges that my reputation has not suffered by this publication. The Clergy (such is the advantage of total loss of character) commend my decency and moderation: but the patriots wish to damn the work and the Author.

Mrs Hester Gibbon is now in town and stays some weeks. Her house is repairing and her old friend Mrs Hutchinson[1] is just dead without leaving her any thing, at which Hester expresses more resentment than seems becoming in the character of a Saint. She is still healthy and sensible, refuses as formerly to enter my house, but appears pleased with my attentions and those of Mrs and Lady Porten and of Lord and Lady Sheffield who have all visited her in Surry Street. She enquired civilly and even kindly into your situation and approved the sentiments which naturally fell from me.—When I sent you my book I likewise dispatched another with a very polite letter to Port Eliot—A dead silence—I accidentally called in Spring Garden to visit the son, and heard that the father had been three weeks or a month in town; I instantly wrote a note to express my surprise and concern,—a dead silence of four days terminated only by a mute, blank, formal visit. Mrs Eliot however (they are an odd family) has called upon me this morning to announce her arrival; and I shall return her visit this evening.

My health this winter has been perfect without the slightest attack of the gout, and I rejoyce to hear that you revive with the Spring. A friend like Mrs P[2] was a real loss and I think with you that in such an intimate connection the heart is of much more importance than the head. Embrace in my name Sara and the tame Cat.[3] I hope the former is not offended with, and I am persuaded that the latter adores, me but am much disappointed that her Bath residence has not produced any shining adventures: a pair of small neat horns might peep very gracefully out of a laurel crown, which her husband well deserves, though I think with you that his effusions are too frequent and precipitate. Adieu Dear Madam. I am still ignorant and indeed indifferent about the precise moment of my parliamentary beatification. Lord S is chaired next Monday at Coventry; but it is needless to mention that family as you hear the earliest and most copious accounts of them. Once more Adieu.

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[1] Elizabeth, widow of Archibald Hutcheson, M.P. After her husband's death she and Hester G. lived with Wm Law in his house at King's Cliffe, Nhants. She was a wealthy woman and bore the major part of the expenses of the establishment. (J. H. Overton, *Life of W. Law*, (1881), 350–51.)

[2] Mrs Anne Portman. (See No. 283.) She died on March 13, '81.

[3] Eliza, wife of the poet, Wm Hayley. She was making a prolonged stay at Bath. For

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. April 13th 1781. E Gibbon

501. To Suzanne Necker *Fri.* 1/6/81

À Londres ce lr Juin 1781

Dans une occasion qui a repandu dans ce pays une satisfaction assez generale, permettez moi Madame de renouveller à Monsieur Necker les assurances d'un devouement respectueux qui ne depend pas des evenemens.[1] Son elevation l'exposoit aux orages mais son sort est toujours digne d'envie: il se connoit, ses ennemis l'estiment, l'Europe l'admire et vous l'aimez.—Le Compte rendû[2] avoit excité à Londres l'attention la plus serieuse: nos Financiers discutoient les raisonnemens et les calculs de cet important ouvrage mais universellement on a reconnu le caractere simple et sublime de l'auteur, l'etendue de ses vues, la purete de ses intentions et la franchise de ses procedès. On a surtout applaudi à l'art (hélas! il n'y en avoit point) avec lequel il a su placer le tableau de son bonheur domestique parmi les grands objets de l'administration de l'etat; à cet eloge si vrai et si touchant d'une compagne qui ne s'est jamais souvenue qu'elle etoit la femme d'un grand ministre que pour partager avec lui le departement de la bienfaisance. Malgrè

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her own account of her friendship with G. during his recent visit there, see Hayley, *Memoirs*, i, 217 sq.

501. Archives de Coppet.

[1] Necker resigned from his post as Director of Finance in May , '81. This was welcomed in England, because he had managed so efficiently the finances of the war against us. (Cf. Walpole, *Letters*, xii, 9.)

[2] J. Necker, *Compte Rendu au Roi*, Paris, 1781.

tous mes torts rendez moi la justice de croire que j'ai ecouté les acclamations du public avec la sensibilité d'un homme dont les gouts ne varient point avec les objets,[3] mais qui regardera toujours votre amitié comme le bonheur et la gloire de sa vie.

Dans le tems que l'un et l'autre placés dans des circonstances bien differentes nous suivions une carriere uniforme, je ne supportois que trop patiemment un long intervalle de silence; mais aujourd'hui Madame, je suis assez inquiet, assez presomptueux pour solliciter une réponse. Je sai combien l'ame de M. Necker est au dessus des revers, qu'il fouloit aux pieds la fortune et qu'il meprisoit toutes les vanités des grandes places. Sa vertu, sa reputation, l'esprit du siecle et celui meme du Gouvernement François me rassurent sur les craintes vaines et chimeriques qu'une amitié trop ingenieuse pourroit se former et si je crois les bruits confus qui nous sont parvenus, la retraite de M. Necker a eté volontaire et glorieuse. Mais j'ose vous demander avec le plus vif interet quel usage vous comptez faire de votre loisir et quels amusemens le Directeur General substituera à l'administration d'un grand Royaume? Jouirez vous dans la belle saison de la solitude de St Ouen?[4] Resterez vous tranquillement à Paris pour accueillir les amis qui n'etoient pas attachés à la faveur, ou bien chercherez vous dans quelque voyage, le repos, la santé, et une dissipation utile. C'est à present plus que jamais que je desirerois me transporter aupres de vous mais je me vois arreté par des soins obscurs quoique très essentiels. Bien loin de pouvoir entreprendre ce voyage en Suisse dont j'avois bercé mon imagination, il me sera tout au plus permis de prendre une maison à Brighthelmstone à vint lieues d'ici dans une situation fort agreable sur le bord de la mer, à la charge de venir regulierement à Londres tous les quinze jours.

La lettre charmante que vous avez daigné m'ecrire[5] (je la meritois si peu) a satisfait egalement l'esprit, le coeur et la vanité. Si je me livrois au plaisir de vous parler de mon ouvrage, la tendresse paternelle seroit intarissable mais je dois respecter les embarras du moment et je ne crains plus de retomber dans cette lethargie qui ressembloit si fort à l'oubli et qui en etoit cependant si eloignée. Comme vous, mon ami le Docteur Robertson (qui est actuellement à Londres) semble preferer ces deux derniers Volumes à la premiere partie de mon histoire[6] et malgré le public qui ne paroit pas encore de cet avis, je suis tenté de croire que vous etes sinceres et que vous avez raison. Toutefois, je ne dois pas me plaindre de ce public et mon libraire encore moins: une edition de deux mille exemplaires s'est deja debitée et il vient depuis quelques jours d'en publier une seconde presqu'aussi nombreuse.[7] Mais encore une fois je veux reserver ce sujet pour une autre occasion où je vous demanderai des conseils plutot que des eloges.

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[3] In her last letter (see n. 5), Mme N. had said of G, 'ses gouts varient avec les objets'.
[4] The Neckers' country house on the Seine, near Paris.
[5] Dated April 21, '81. *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 114/6, printed *MW*, ii, No. CXLVIII.

Je suis flatté du souvenir obligeant de toutes les personnes qui ont bien voulu oublier mes torts. Je connois mal les hommes si Messieurs Thomas et Marmontel ne font pas leur cour plus assiduement qu'ils ne la faisoient au Controle General. Les gens de lettres se sont distingués parmi les amis de Fouquet[8] et leur attachement à M. Necker sera d'autant plus genereuse qu'il s'est assez peu occupé à les enrichir.—Adieu Madame! Ce papier exclut les formules dont l'amitié n'a pas besoin.[9]

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[6] See R's letter, *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 117/8, printed *MW*, II, No. CXLIX.

[7] The so-called second edition of Vols. II & III is made up of the sheets of the first edition, with new titles and half-titles. (*Norton*, 55.) Something like 4,000 copies must have been printed, which was not unreasonable as nearly 3,500 copies of Vol. I had already been sold, but only 2,000 were issued as the first edition on March 1, '81. Cadell probably made two issues out of the one printing, in order to give the impression that the book was selling very fast. (*Norton*, 51. In the light of this letter, which was not available at the time of writing, the author would now somewhat modify the account there given.)

[8] Nicholas Fouquet, superintendent of finance during the minority of Louis XIV. He liberally supported Molière, La Fontaine and other literary men, from a private fortune, amassed out of public money.

[9] SN's reply, *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 121/2, is printed *MW*, II, No. LXXXVI (wrongly dated 1776).

502. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 16/6/81

Dear Madam

I take the earliest opportunity of informing you that in the course of next week I shall be elected for the borough of Lymington in Hampshire.[1] You may be sure of hearing from me before the end of the month.

I am ever Yours

E Gibbon

June 16th 1781.

503. To Lord Sheffield *Thur.* [28/6/81?]

O Lord, O Lord—I am quite tired of Parliament and sigh for the Country. I talked of being at S P next Saturday, I shall think myself fortunate if I reach it that day Sennight. Many bills are sent to the Lords, the forms of their house will consume some days, the Ch's temper may destroy more time, and the prorogation will not take place before the 17th. In the mean while, every body is going out of town and the danger of not getting a house will probably force me to stay, and after all this place is not uncomfortable. Adieu. No news. I embrace Mylady.—Adam [1] talks of accompanying me.

Thursday evening.

502. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 235. *P*, No. 417.

[1] Elections for Lymington were controlled by the Burrard family who owned the right of nominating the freemen of the borough, who were the electors. On this occasion the seat was purchased from Sir Harry Burrard for £3,000, paid from the King's private account. G. paid £800 to Lord North's private election account in July, '81. (Burrard, *Annals of Walhampton* (1874), chs. viii, ix. *Robinson*, 59, 60. Cf. E. Porrit, *The Unreformed House of Commons* (1903), 60, 76, 340–2.)

503. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 157. *P*, No. 353 (dated July, '78). In '81 Parliament adjourned on July 18 and the last days of the session in the Lords were occupied by debates on a number of bills. Walpole comments under date June 28, '81, on the difficult temper of the Lord Chancellor (*Last Journals*, ii, 368.) G. must have written between June 27, when he took his seat in the Commons, and July 3, by which time he had got a house. (See No. 504.) The remark about being tired of Parliament is a joke (cf. No. 504).

[1] Probably Wm Adam, M.P. for Wigton. Adam Smith was not in England at this date. Adam Ferguson, who was at Bath during the early part of this year, was back in Scotland before November, when 'Adam' is again mentioned (No. 524). In any case, G. does not normally use Christian names.

504. To DOROTHEA GIBBON *Tue.* 3/7/81

Dear Madam

Though your kind impatience might make the time appear tedious, there has been no other delay in my business, than the necessary forms of Election. My new Constituents of Lymington obligingly chose me in my absence, I took my seat last Wednesday and am now so old a Member that I begin to complain of the heat and length of the Session. So much for Parliament: with regard to the board of trade, I am ignorant of your friend's meaning and possibly she may be so herself. There has not been (to my knowledge) the most distant idea of my leaving it, and indeed there are few places within the compass of any rational ambition that I should like so well.[1]

In a few days, as soon as we are released from public business, I shall go down to my Country house for the summer.—Do not stare, I say my Country house. Notwithstanding Caplin's very diligent enquiries, I have not been able to please myself with any thing in the neighbourhood of London, and have therefore hired for three months a small pleasant house at Brighthelmstone. I flatter myself that in that admirable sea air, with the vicinity of Sheffield place, and a proper mixture of light study in the morning and good company in the evening the summer may roll away not disagreably. As I know your tender apprehensions, I promise you not to bathe in the Sea without due preparation and advice.

Mrs Porten has chosen not for health but pleasure a different seashore: she has been some weeks at Margate and will scarcely return to town before my departure. I sincerely sympathise in all the melancholy scenes which have afflicted your sensibility, and am more particularly concerned about poor Miss Gould to whom I wish to express the thoughts and hopes of friendship on this melancholy occasion. Lady Miller's sudden death has excited some attention even in this busy World, her foibles are no longer remembered and

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504. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 237/8. *P*, No. 418.

[1] Here follows a sentence which G. obliterated. It can be read, however, as follows: 'A more permanent situation, the object of my wishes can be attained only by patience industry good fortune, and *time*.'

her good qualities are mentioned wiith general regard.[2] Adieu Dear Madam, and do not let Mrs Ravaud tempt you into Elysium: we are tolerably well here.

I am ever Yours

Bentinck Street. July 3d 1781. E Gibbon

505. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 9/7/81

Dear Madam.

Nothing but my absence (on a visit to Mr Jenkinson[1] in Surry) should have prevented me from writing by the *first* post to remove those fears which could be suggested only by too exquisite a sensibility. I am well and happy; the modest expression of *tolerably* was intended to express a very high degree of content, and I most sincerely assure you that my journey to Brighthelmstone is in search not of health, but of amusement and society.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

Bentinck Street. July 9th 1781. E Gibbon

506. To Lord Sheffield *Thur.* 12/7/[81]

Bentinck Street. July 12th

Expect me—when you see me and do not regulate your active motions by my uncertainty. Saturday is impossible. The most probable days are Tuesday or Friday next. I live not unpleasantly in a round of Ministerial dinners, but I am really impatient to see my white house at Brighton: I cannot find that Sheffield has the same attractions for you. Lord North as a mark of his gratitude observed the other day that your Regiment would make a very good figure in North Carolina.—Adieu. I wrote two lines to Mitchell lest he should think me dead.

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[2] Anne, wife of Sir John Riggs Miller, died on June 24, '81. (*GM*, 1781, p. 295.)

505. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 239. *P*, No. 419.

[1] Charles Jenkinson, later 1st Earl of Liverpool, at this time Secretary of State at War. He occupied Addiscome House, near Croydon.

506. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 156. *MW* ('96), i, No. CX (dated July 7, '78). *P*, No. 352 (dated as in *MW*). The reference to G's house at Brighton indicates the year.

507. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 26/7/81

Dear Madam

After a short visit to Sheffield I came to this place last Sunday evening, and think it will answer my expectations. My house[1] which is not much bigger than yours has a full prospect of the sea and enjoys a temperate climate in the most sultry days. The air gives health spirits and a ravenous appetite. I walk sufficiently morning and evening, lounge in the middle of the day on the Steiyn[2], bookseller's shops &c and by the help of a pair of horse can make more distant excursions. The society is good and easy, and though I have a large provision of books for my amusement I shall not undertake any deep studies or laborious compositions this summer. You will rejoyce I am sure in hearing so favourable an account of my situation, and I wish I could propose to you to share it with me.

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Brighthelmstone. July 26th 1781. E Gibbon

508. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 24/8/81

Brighthelmstone. August 24 1781

Dear Madam

Of all mortals I have the least right to complain of a friend's silence: but yours has been so *long* and so *unnatural* that I am seriously alarmed. If you can assure me by a line that it does not proceed from want of health or spirits, I shall be perfectly [satisfied].

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507. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 241. *P*, No. 420.

[1] A coal bill for this period, in *Magd. Coll. Papers*, is endorsed 'Miss Elliot's Lodgings. Cliff House.'

[2] The Steyne, the fashionable square and promenade at Brighton.

508. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 242. *P*, No. 421.

Notwithstanding our princely visitors (the Cumberlands) who are troublesome, I like the air and society so well that I shall certainly [stay] here at least till the end of September. Adieu.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

E G.

509. To Lord Sheffield *Wed.* [*Aug.*? '81]

You feed me royally and almost superabundantly.—Though Brighton is truly the most agreable place in the World I am desirous to spend three or four days at S P, and am not unwilling to meet Lord M.[1] But are you sure of a visit from that venerable Sage? You have a formidable Rival, Gerard Hamilton[2] who has invited me to dinner for Sunday to meet the Chief Justice. I wish to conciliate—, which your instructions will enable me to do: but at all events if you miss the Judge you will have the Historian the beginning of next week. Adieu.

Wednesday morn. Brighton.

510. To Lord Sheffield *Wed.* [*Sept.*? '81]

I have carefully perused the Report,[1] and think you have considerably improved both the matter and arrangement. The remarks were as clear to my conception as they could be made without the help of maps, and the general language is easy and spirited: To render the style minutely elegant and correct would be a tedious, and, at the same time a very useless task. As it now stands the work must do credit to the author and may do service to the Country.

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509. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 159. *P*, No. 355 (dated 1778). Date uncertain but, from the reference to Brighton, some time in Aug. or Sept. '81.

[1] Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

[2] See No. 549, n. 1.

510. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 160. *P*, No. 356 (dated '78). Date uncertain, but during the Brighton visit in '81.

[1] Perhaps a draft of Lord S's *Observations on the Commerce of the American States*, but this was not published until '83; alternatively a report on military matters, in which he was now engaged.

Adieu. We meet at Lord G's[2] Friday morning; I suspect that Mylady will decline the party.
Brighthelmston. Wednesday morn. ten o'Clock. E G.

511. To Lord Sheffield [*Sept.* '81?]

I have seen the General; you are both wrong; he first in lending your pamphlet[1] without *special* leave, and then in the real or apparent slight of your messages. You in the serious anger which you expressed on so trifling a business. Unless you wish that this slight scratch should inflame into an incurable sore, embrace the lucky opportunity of his illness and confinement which will excuse your dignity and should assuage your resentment. Call on him this evening, give and receive, between jest and earnest a volley of *damns*, and then let the whole affair be no more remembered than it deserves. Dixi et liberavi animam meam.
Bentinck Street. ¼ before five.

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[2] Perhaps at Lord George Germain's, at Stonelands, Tunbridge Wells, not far from SP.

511. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 282. *P*, No. 429. There is no clue to the date. The MS has '1782' added to G's date in another hand but these editorial markings are not reliable. The letter has perhaps some connection with the Report mentioned in No. 510. As to G's being in London, see No. 512, n.

[1] Corrected by Lord S. to 'papers'.

512. To Lord Sheffield *Fri.* [14/9/81?]

Friday two o'Clock

Lord Hillsborough[1] tells me that himself and Co. believe that the combined fleets are gone into Brest. Expresses that left Bristol yesterday, and Plymouth Wednesday cannot give the least account of them and a Portuguese ship from Lisbon the 23d last Month beat several days between Scilly and the Land's end without seeing or hearing of them. However at all events more than twenty five swift sailing vessels have been sent out to meet and warn the West India fleets. Adieu. We shall meet at Brighton on Monday.

E G.

513. To Lady Sheffield *Fri.* [28/9/81?]

Oh ho! I have given you the slip, saved thirty miles by proceeding directly this day from Eartham to town, and am now *comfortably* seated in my library, in *my own* easy chair and before *my own* fire, a style which you understand though it is unintelligible to your Lord. The town is empty, but I am surrounded with a thousand old acquaintance of all ages and characters who are ready to answer a thousand questions which I am impatient to ask. I shall not easily be tired of their Company, yet I still remember and will honourably execute my promise of visiting you at Brighton about the middle of next month. I have seen no body, nor learned any thing, in four hours of a town life, but I can inform you that Lady

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512. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 245. *P*, No. 424 (dated Sept. 7, '81). The Admiralty orders to send warning to the West India fleets are referred to in the newspapers on Sept. 13. The letter reads as if written from London, to which G. returned at fortnightly intervals during his Brighton holiday (see No. 501).

[1] Secretary of State for the Northern Dept., Nov. '79 to March, '82. The newspapers during Sept. '81 were full of rumours about the movements of the French and Spanish fleets, which appeared near the entrance to the Channel early in the month. Cf. Walpole, *Letters*, xii, 45, 46, 48, 50.

513. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 246. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXXIII. *P*, No. 425. 'Next month' was October (see No. 516) and as G. seems to have finished with his house at Brighton, which he took for three months at the end of June (No. 504), he was probably writing at the end of Sept.

Derby[1] is now the declared mistress of Prince Henry of Prussia, whom she encountered at Spa; and that the Emperor has invited this amiable Couple to pass the winter at Vienna; fine encouragement for married women who behave themselves properly. I doubt whether Mrs Hayley will be as fortunate, though she means to resort once more to the region of Bath. Poets should not marry.[2] I spent a very pleasant day in the little Paradise of Eartham, and the hermit expressed a desire (no vulgar compliment) to see and to know Lord S.[3] Adieu. I cordially embrace, &c.

Bentinck Street. Friday evening, ten o'Clock. E G.

514. To William Hayley *Wed.* 3/10/81

Bentinck Street. October 3, 1781

My dear Sir

It is impossible, that the Fancy of Youths, or Poets (although they may magnify my Powers) should over-rate my Inclination to serve your Wishes, & those of your Friends; among whom your gallant Adventurer[1] interests me on his own account.—This Morning I went to the War-Office, and finding, that Mr Jenkinson was in Hampshire, on a Visit to the Speaker, I mentioned the Business to the under Secretary, Mr Lewis.—It appears to me, that our young Friend is not correct in his Information as to the Number of seven Companies;—Many more independent Companies are forming into Regiments for India, & perhaps some are actually raising, but even in that Case, the Ensign &c is required to purchase his Commission by furnishing his proportion of Men or Money. Any gratuitous favour, which is *very difficult* in itself, depends on the Secretary at War, or rather on Lord Amherst,[2] and as soon as the former (Mr Jenkinson) returns to town, I shall obtain from his Friendship, if not a satisfactory, at least an explicit answer.

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[1] Name erased but legible. Lady Derby was separated from her husband in '78, on account of her intrigue with the Duke of Dorset. Though her life thereafter seems to have been blameless enough, scandal was constantly busy with her name. G. E. C., *Complete Peerage*, iv (1916), 218. Argyll, *Intimate Society Letters of the 18th Century* (1910), i, 269 sq.)

[2] This and the preceding sentence have been obliterated but can be read with reasonable certainty. Hayley was often consulted by Lord S. on the editing of *MW*; hence, no doubt, the obliteration.

[3] Eartham was only about 14 miles from B'n and Hayley was at one time engaged to Fanny Page, who was 'talked of' for G. (Hayley, *Memoirs*, i, 33–83. *Jour.* A, 83, 97–9), but we have no record of any acquaintance between them until '80, when G. wrote to thank H. for his *Essay on History in three Epistles to Edward Gibbon, Esq.* (Hayley, *Memoirs*, i, 206, 218, 224.) In '81 he wrote when sending a copy of Vols. II & III of *The Decline & Fall* (letter from H. to G., Feb. 28, '81 in *Hayley MSS*, Case XVI, Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge) and again in Aug. '81, refusing for the present an invitation to Eartham (H. to G., Aug. 26, '81, loc. cit.). These letters and the originals of those printed further on are missing. They are not mentioned in the catalogue of the Hayley sale at Sotheby's on May 20, 1878, but they may still be extant.

514. National Library, Calcutta, 202. D. 1. ff. 51/2. A copy.

[1] Thomas Howell. For this and following letters to Hayley and Howell see App. V.

Accept, my dear Sir, my kindest Wishes for yourself, and your amiable Eliza!—The delightful Scenes of Eartham are still present to my Mind, and many Days will roll away, before I shall find, in the tumult of the World, those pleasures, which I enjoyed in the familiar Society of the best English Poet of the Age.—You *must* write for the Stage; and I shall continue to goad you, till you have filled up that original and pathetic Design, which must command the Applause and the Tears of any audience, from Athens to London.

I am, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours

E. Gibbon

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515. To Thomas Howell *Fri.* [5/10/81]

Address. To Mr Howell at Colonel Gallier's, Rickmansworth.

Telling him that G. has some hope that his application may be successful and asking him to leave at Bentinck St. his Christian name and direction in town.

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[2] The acting Commander-in-Chief.

515. Sold in the Hayley sale at Sotheby's, May 20, 1878; summary in catalogue (item 161) as above. See also *Cat. of the Collection of ALS formed by Alfred Morrison*, ii (1885), 178. For the date see No. 519.

516. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 6/10/81

Dear Madam.

I have meditated a letter many posts, and the bell of Saturday evening[1] now admonishes or rather reproaches. Allow me only to say that I am perfectly well, and expect very soon some more lines. The season no longer invites me to Brighthelmston, but the Sheffields &c insist on my passing another fortnight there, which will carry me (as I shall not go till Sunday sevennight) to the end of the month.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

Bentinck Street. October 6th 1781. E Gibbon

517. To Lord Hardwicke *Sun.* [7/10/81?]

Mr Gibbon did himself the honour of calling this morning in St. James's Square to thank Lord Hardwicke for his valuable present[1] and more valuable praise. Mr Gibbon cannot forbear to observe that it has been seldom given to one and the same family to imitate and to record the merit of past times.[2]

Bentinck Street. Sunday.

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516. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 247. *P*, No. 426.

[1] See No. 168, n. 1.

517. *Add.MSS* 35350, ff. 87/8. Apparently a brief preliminary to No. 518.

[1] No doubt a copy of *Athenian Letters*, by Lord Hardwicke and Charles Yorke, privately printed in 1741–3 and published in one vol., a hundred copies, in '81. (*Keynes*, 287.) It contains letters supposed to have been written during the Peloponnesian War, hence G's reference to imitating past times.

[2] The Yorke and Gibbon families were connected through the marriage of Lord Hardwick's grandfather with Elizabeth Gibbon. A table in G's hand, showing their common descent (*Add.MSS* 36248, f. 9) was given by Lord Sheffield to Lord Hardwicke after G's death.

518. To Lord Hardwicke *Mon.* 8/10/81

My Lord

To please your Lordship and such readers as yourself must be the ambition of every judicious writer, and he will always esteem your approbation his noblest reward. From thence your Lordship may judge how deeply I was flattered by your very obliging letter,[1] and by the wish which you so politely express that I may prosecute the laborious work which I have undertaken. Such is indeed my design as far as it is consistent with the avocations from which many authors are exempt, Parliamentary attendance, *some* official business, and the various dissipations of this immense town: I shall advance slowly, but I shall advance, and I already feel that mere desultory reading will not fill those hours which have been so long devoted to a train of regular composition. Your Lordship's observation is undoubtedly just that the Byzantine history becomes less interesting *after* the irruption of the Arabs; but our curiosity is again excited by the Crusades and the Turks, and in the intermediate period, I shall measure, not so much the length of time as the dullness of matter.—The Map which your Lordship recommends[2] would be useful, but it must be adapted to a single moment, and that moment would not be easily fixed, any more than the precise limits of the wandering Barbarians. My opinion of the Anecdotes of Procopius is still doubtful, with regard to their authenticity, but I am satisfied that the line of truth may often be drawn in the midway between them, and the flattering history which is ascribed to the same author.[3]

I am with the highest respect My Lord Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

Bentinck Street. October the 8th 1781. E Gibbon

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518. *Add.MSS* 35350, ff. 85/6.

[1] Dated Sept. 20, '81, *Add.MSS* 34886, f. 123, printed *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXXV and *MW* (1814), ii, No. CLII. It was written from H's country house at Wimpole and this is perhaps why G. did not acknowledge it till October, when he could expect to see H. personally in town.

[2] 'A map of the progress and native seat of the northern hives.' (Lord Hardwicke, loc. cit.)

[3] 'You seemed: . . . to think the anecdotes of Procopius spurious.' (*Ibid.*) Cf. *D. & F.*, III, ch. xxxv, n. 74. G. discussed this problem again later in *D. &* F., IV, ch. xl.

519. To William Hayley *Mon.* 8/10/81

Bentinck Street. October 8, 1781

Dear Sir

As soon as the Secretary at War came to Town, I mentioned our Business to Him (last Friday) and found Him, as I expected, friendly, and decisive. He promised a Commission, as far as it depended on Himself; and desired, that I would immediately send for the Person, whom I so strongly recommended.—I wrote the same Evening into Hertfordshire, and have had the pleasure of seeing Mr Howell this Morning.—As Mr Jenkinson was again gone into the Country for a few Days, I presented our Friend to the Under Secretary, who had already received his Principal's orders: He will carry Him to-morrow Morning to Lord Amherst, and does not foresee any probable difficulties in the accomplishment of this Business, in which you are so generously interested. Your last obliging Letter, and the pleasing assurance of your Friendship, have already rewarded *me*; and I am confident, that the future Behaviour and Success of our young Officer will prove a Source of lasting, and frequent Satisfaction to us both. I am highly pleased with this Address, and Conversation; I was disappointed only in one Instance: I thought Him taller, and thinner;[1] but Heroes have been of all Sizes. I dreaded an humble Bow, and profuse Thanks; but He is liberal, manly, and modest; and his Hopes of Fortune seem to be built on the Resolution of deserving it. If it should be in my Power by any proper recommendations &c to promote them, be assured, that I shall not be careless of your Charge.

I am, with the greatest Truth & Regard, Dear Sir, most faithfully yours

E. Gibbon

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519. National Library, Calcutta, 202. D. 1. ff. 58/9. A copy. See App. V.

[1] G. had perhaps seen at Eartham the water-colour sketch by Romney of Howell, with Mr and Mrs Hayley, painted in '80. Howell was at this time (Sept.–Nov., '81) sitting to Romney for another portrait. (H. Ward & W. Roberts, *Romney . . . with a Catalogue of his Works* (1904), 75, 82.)

520. To CHARLES JENKINSON *Sun.* 28/10/81

Dear Sir,

Permit me to return you my warmest acknowledgements for Mr Thomas Howell's appointment of which I received the obliging notification by last night's post.[1] Your most polite and friendly attention has enhanced the value of the obligation, and I trust that the young Officer's behaviour will never disgrace your patronage.

In about ten days I shall return to London, when I hope to thank you in person, and to enjoy the satisfaction of passing an agreable and instructive day at your Croydon Villa.

I am with great truth and regard Dear Sir Your most faithful and obliged humble Servant

Brighthelmston. October 28th 1781. E. Gibbon

521. To DOROTHEA GIBBON *Fri.* 2/11/81

Dear Madam.

If I had not been fortified by the friendly assurances which you sent me, I should indeed have been alarmed by the melancholy account that I heard of your health as soon as I arrived in Sussex. Since that time (an interval somewhat too long) I have been gradually better satisfied with the frequent and favourable dispatches from Bath, and I have now the satisfaction to find (however I might suspect your own friendly dissimulation) that even in Mrs H's[1] apprehensive fancy you have in a great measure recovered that situation which I wish you long to preserve.

I returned to this place with Lord and Lady Sheffield with the design of passing two or three weeks in a situation which had so

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520. Lord Charnwood. D. Charnwood, *An Autograph Collection*, (1930), 122.

[1] A copy of Jenkinson's letter, dated Oct. 25, '81, informing G. that Howell had been commissioned Ensign in the 101st Foot, is in *Add.MSS* 38308, f. 190.

521. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 249/50. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXXVII (part omitted). *P*, No. 428.

[1] Sarah Holroyd.

highly delighted me. But how vain are all sublunary hopes! I had forgot that there is some difference between the sun-shine of August, and the cold fogs (though we have uncommon good weather) of November. Instead of my beautiful sea shore I am confined to a dark lodging in the middle of the town: for the place is still full, and our time is now spent in a dull imitation of a London life. To compleat my misfortunes Lord S was hastily ordered to Canterbury to suppress smuggling and I was left, alone with Mylady almost in the servile state of a married man. But he returns to-day, and I hope to be seated in my own library by the middle of next week. However you will not be sorry to hear that I have refreshed myself by a very *idle* summer, and indeed a much idler and more pleasant winter, than the house of Commons will ever allow me to enjoy again. I hear of no public changes of administration but you are perhaps already informed that a great Officer of my household (Mrs Ford) at length retires on a pension, her wages for her life with which she seems well contented though I am ignorant of her plans. Mrs Porten opened the business to her, but I have not yet sustained the last tender interview which I really dislike very much. Caplin assumes with pleasure the office of prime minister, and we hope that some lessons at White's will turn the housemaid (Edward's sister) into a good Cook for private ordinary days.[2]—I had almost forgot Mr Hayley; ungratefully enough, since I really past a very simple but entertaining day with him. His place though small is elegant as his mind, which I value much more highly: and Adam might be happy if Eve had never been admitted into the paradise of Eartham. She is resolved (the air of Eartham after fifteen years residence is found to be too cold) to eat another Bath apple, which as you properly apprehend will not be very wholesome either for her fame or for his fortune.—Mrs H wrote a melancholy story of an American mother a friend of her friend, who in a short time had lost three sons, one killed by the savages, one run mad from fright at that accident, and the third, taken at sea, now in England a prisoner in Forton hospital. For *him* something might perhaps be done. Your humanity will prompt you to obtain from Mrs H a more accurate account of names, dates and circumstances but you will prudently suppress my request lest I should raise hopes which it may not be in my power to gratify.—Lady S. begs to send her kindest Compliments to you. The persons of Bath by whom, and to whom I wish to be remembered are Mrs Ravaud and the Goulds.[3] What is become of poor Sir John Miller?—I foresee very little prospect of visiting Bath at Christmas, but I depend, perhaps with too much confidence, on next Easter.

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[2] See No. 213, n. 1. Phoebe Ford enjoyed her pension for sixteen years, not dying till three years after her master. She seems to have been something of a domestic tyrant and she and Caplin were on terms of uneasy rivalry. (*Reade*, *A. L.* iv, 46–51. *Low*, 213–5.) Edward = Edward Budd, G's coachman.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours.

Brighthelmston. November the 2d 1781. E. Gibbon

522. To Lord Sheffield *Tue.* [13/11/81]

Tuesday evening

I have designed writing every post.—The air of London is admirable; my complaints have vanished, and the Gout still respects me. —Lord L with whom I passed an entire day is very well satisfied with his Irish expedition and found the barbarous people very kind to him: the Castle is strong, but the volunteers are formidable.[1] London is dead, and all intelligence so totally extinct that the loss of an army would be a favourable incident.[2] We have not even the advantage of Shipwrecks[3] which must soon, with the society of Ham.[4] and Lady Shelly become the only pleasures of Brighton. Mylady is precious and deserves to shine in London when she regains her palace. The workmen are slow, but I hear that the Minister talks of hiring another house after Christmas.[5] Adieu till Monday sevennight. Shall Caplin get you a lodging?

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[3] 'Golds' in MS.

522. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 280. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXLII (dated 1782). *P*, No. 453 (dated 1782). Loughborough's Irish visit occurred in '81. From the reference to Caplin, this precedes No. 524 and the Monday engagement mentioned here and in Nos. 524 and 525 fixes the day as Nov. 13.

[1] Loughborough visited Ireland to try to persuade the Irish Volunteers to become part of the regular army. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 375.)

[2] Cf. No. 524, n. 1.

[3] Cf. No. 534.

[4] Wm Gerard Hamilton.

[5] Lord North owned a house at the corner of Grosvenor Street and Grosvenor Square. It was for some time let but he resided there from '82. At this time he was staying at

523. To William Hayley *Sat.* 17/11/81

Plantation Chambers. November 17, 1781

Dear Sir

Will you be so good as to deliver to our young Friend the enclosed Letter to General Stuart,[1] which (I hope) will be found no common Recommendation.—Assure Mr Howell, whom I suppose with you, of my constant Regard, and kindest Wishes!—I am satisfied, that his future Conduct will be a Credit to us, and Himself.

I write in a Hurry, but cannot conclude without expressing my Hopes of seeing you in London on your approaching Passage.

I am my dear Sir Most faithfully yours

E Gibbon

524. To Lord Sheffield *Tue.* 20/11/81

I came yesterday from Jenkinson's (near Croydon) where I had spent two very agreable days. We all tremble on the edge of a precipice, and whatever may be the event, the American war seems now to be reduced to very narrow compass both of time and place.[1] —This morning Caplin was sent to reconnoitre: he reports that the *stables* are empty, but as the *coach-house* is full, the close alliance between carriage and horses will render the former circumstance of little avail. Nothing can be had in Parliament Street or the *large* streets adjoining except one *whole* house at four Guineas per week. In Fludyer, and Downing street several indifferent and gloomy lodgings are at your service, but as *I* should prefer a Pall Mall &c

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Lord S's house in Downing Street, while his own was being repaired. (*Wraxall*, i, 374–5. *MW*, ii, 263.)

523. National Library, Calcutta, 202. D. 1. ff. 69/70. A copy. See App. V.

[1] James Stuart, Major-General in the service of the East India Co. in Madras.

524. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 251. *P*, No. 430.

[1] Alarming news of a naval defeat off Virginia and of the failure of Cornwallis's campaign in the Southern States was now reaching England. Great fears were entertained for the safety of his army. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 375, 377. *Ibid.*, *Letters*, xii, 66, 81, 82.)

situation Caplin has paused till you send him more peremptory commands.—Your Monday dinner will be ready at five, and Adam,[2] perhaps Batt, will be of the party.—Your Greeks were not carried from Brighton through carelessness: but as you are *seriously* absurd about lending books, I have directed Caplen to send them to S P per coach. By way of revenge I may inform you that I have now purchased a Copy of Stephens's Greek Poets compared to which yours is very little more than waste paper.[3]—Adieu. I embrace Mylady. I do not approve of her being called *Cat*.

Bentinck Street. November 20th 1781. E G.

525. To Lord Sheffield *Sat.* [24/11/81]

Mrs Williams No 8 Downing Street will embrace Lord S. Mr Purden[1] and Co for two Guineas and a half per week. The stables and *Coach houses* will be empty and Mr Collier[2] will provide the needful refreshments.—Sir R W has opened the trenches in Doctors commons, and cryed down his wife's credit with tradesmen &c.[3]—I supped last night at Lord L's with Mrs Abingdon, a judge and an actress, what would Sir Roger Hill say?[4] Dinner will on table at five o'Clock next Monday in Bentinck Street.

Saturday night. Brooke's absolutely alone. The town even yet very empty.

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[2] See No. 503, n. 1.

[3] *Florilegium Diversorum Epigrammatum Veterum*, [in Greek], Paris, H. Stephanus, 1566. (*Keynes*, 138.)

525. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 243. *P*, No. 423 (n. d. but placed in Sept. '81). Written on the Saturday before the Monday after Nov. 20; see No. 524, 'your Monday dinner'.

[1] Charles Porden, Lord S's agent. He signed himself thus on a document dated 1783. (*Add.MSS* 34887, f. 8.)

[2] Liveryman of King St, Westminster, according to a note by Lord S. in the margin of the MS of No. 524.

[3] Lady Worsley, whose amours with Lord Peterborough were notorious, ran away from her husband with an officer in the Hants militia, named George Bisset. Sir Richard brought an action in Feb. '82 and was awarded 1/- damages. (Walpole, *Letters*, viii, 135, 166; xii, 180.)

[4] L = Loughborough. Frances Abington had acted at Drury Lane with Garrick and at Covent Garden. She was the first to act the part of Lady Teazle. Sir Roger Hill, a judge under the Commonwealth, was an ancestor of Lady S's.

526. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 6/12/81

Dear Madam

I wish most sincerely that it were in my power to give you or myself any comfort on the present state of public affairs, which is indeed deplorable and I fear *hopeless*.[1] But at least I can send you a favourable account of myself: the late, hot, melancholy hours of the house of Commons, which seem to oppress every body round me have no effect on my health or spirits, and I feel myself heartily tired (*ennuyé*) without being in the least fatigued. Of Mrs P, I shall say nothing as by this time you will [have] seen her brother and his wife, who set out this morning for Bath. A month without business will be a new and wholesome scene for Sir Stanier. I hear nothing, and want to hear something of Mrs Hayley. You have heard of Lady Worsley, your old acquaintance Sir Richard labours with copious materials for a divorce.[2]

I am Dear Madam Ever Yours

H of Commons. December 6th 1781. E G.

Thanks for the Carpet.[3]

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526. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 252. *P*, No. 431.

[1] Cf. No. 524, n. 1. News of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown on Oct. 19 reached London on Nov. 25. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 378.)

[2] Cf. No. 525, n. 3.

[3] Cf. No. 588.

527. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 26/12/81

Dear Madam

Will you excuse my only transmitting the *needful*, with the necessary assurance, that I am well and happy, and the unnecessary addition, that I wish you long to remain so? I envy Sir Stanier and Lady Porten the pleasure which I shall not enjoy till Easter: pray give my love to them. I pity poor Delacour and his friends, above all his Christian wife or daughter.[1] Give my Compliments to Mrs Hayley, and tell her that both song and music have been much applauded.[2] Will she accept this notice as a letter? Adieu Dear Madam. Believe me Most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. December 26th 1781. E Gibbon

528. To Lady Sheffield *Sat.* 29/12/81

Address. The Lady Sheffield. Sheffield Place. East Grinstead. *Franked*, E. Gibbon. *Postmarks.* FREE; 29.DE.

As Sheffelina has modernized herself by securing an unknown Ciscisbeo, I have a great [mind] to propose a partie quarrée, which might be easily furnished from Ickworth.[1] If that project is rejected, and I must make a solitary visit, I shall still obey the gracious mandate, but instead of the third day of the year (may it be more auspicious!) 1782, I must delay my attendance till about the 8th or even the tenth, which will still allow me eight or ten days of

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527. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 254. *P*, No. 432.

[1] The *Morning Herald* of Dec. 26, '81, carried a story that, having fallen ill, Dr Delacour allowed himself to be persuaded by two brother physicians, who coveted his practice, that only removal from Bath could save him and he retired with his family to Richmond. Bath society thought this a great joke.

[2] Mrs H. studied music at Bath and a number of songs were composed for her by Rauzzini and others. (Hayley, *Memoirs*, i, 241, 246 sq.)

528. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 255/6. *P*, No. 433.

[1] Ickworth Park was the seat of the Marquis of Bristol, father of Lady Elizabeth Foster, for whom G. had a great admiration.

fresh air and friendly converse, before I again descend into the noise and nonsense of the Pandaemonium. At present we are as quiet in London as you can be in Sussex. Mrs Stuart's shocking adventure is the only event that enlivens conversation: the family whisper insanity (a terrible ressource), and strive without success to persuade that the whole scene passed only in her imagination—yet she certainly passed the whole night abroad.[2] I did suppose that the Baron would be tired of his home in a week, but as this visit to the Regiment will abridge the remaining interval he may possibly support it. I hear nothing more of the house in D S but still believe that the Minister will retire before your superior majesty:[3] the last time I saw him he expressed great apprehension of your displeasure. I too am in pursuit of a house, in Harley Street somewhat farther in the Country than my own: it has but one fault, a steep narrow stair-case: but where must we seek (except at—) either a house or a wife without *one* fault? I embrace the Angels, Princesses &c. I believe the elder had rather be a Princess than an Angel. Adieu.

Bentinck Street. December 29th 1781. Le Grand Gibbon

529. To Lord Sheffield *Sat.* [5/1/82?]

The Gib is *half* astounded, and *half* disappointed, at the Revolution. He thinks (at present) that he shall appear in person at S P either Monday or Tuesday next to require an explanation.—London is a dead calm, and delicious solitude. If some people would send for the Eliza all might be forgiven. Adieu.

Saturday night. E G.

Tuesday next will certainly produce his presence or an Epistle.

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[2] Frances, daughter of the 1st Lord Camden, was the second wife of Robert Stewart, later 1st Marquis of Londonderry. She had arrived home early one morning, in a dishevelled condition, saying that on the previous evening two men had forcibly abducted her while she was walking in her father's park at Chislehurst, and after robbing and maltreating her, had left her unconscious in a wood. The story was reported at length in the newspapers. Cf. Walpole, *Letters*, xii, 142, 145.

[3] Cf. No. 522, n. 5.

529. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 133. *P*, No. 333 (dated 1778). Date doubtful but the reference to 'the Eliza' (Lady Elizabeth Foster) suggests a connection with No. 528. G. attended a Board of Trade meeting on Tue. Jan. 8, '82, which would account for his changing the day of his arrival to Wednesday; see No. 530.

530. To Lord Sheffield [*Mon.* 7/1/82?]

For *Tuesday* read *Wednesday*. I think I may reach S P by dinner-time, but do not wait. Mylady's inconstancy disarranges me much; but it is far better that I should be disarranged, than that her gentle spirit should be grieved. Yet why cannot she live quiet and solitary at Brighton?

531. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 23/1/82

Dear Madam

I am not sorry that the indiscretion of certain female correspondents should give the opportunity of sending you a very fair but not flattering picture of myself.—It is very true that I have had a fit of the Gout; but if the name of agreable can ever be applied to the uggly monster, my Gout has deserved it on this occasion. It lasted in the whole no more than ten days, attacked only one foot, was [not] attended with any feaver, loss of appetite, or lowness of spirits, and has left me in perfect health both of mind and body.—Our busy scene commences to-morrow,[1] and I am now entering into the hurry of the winter: but I will write again soon.

I am most truly Yours

Jan. 23d 1782. E G.

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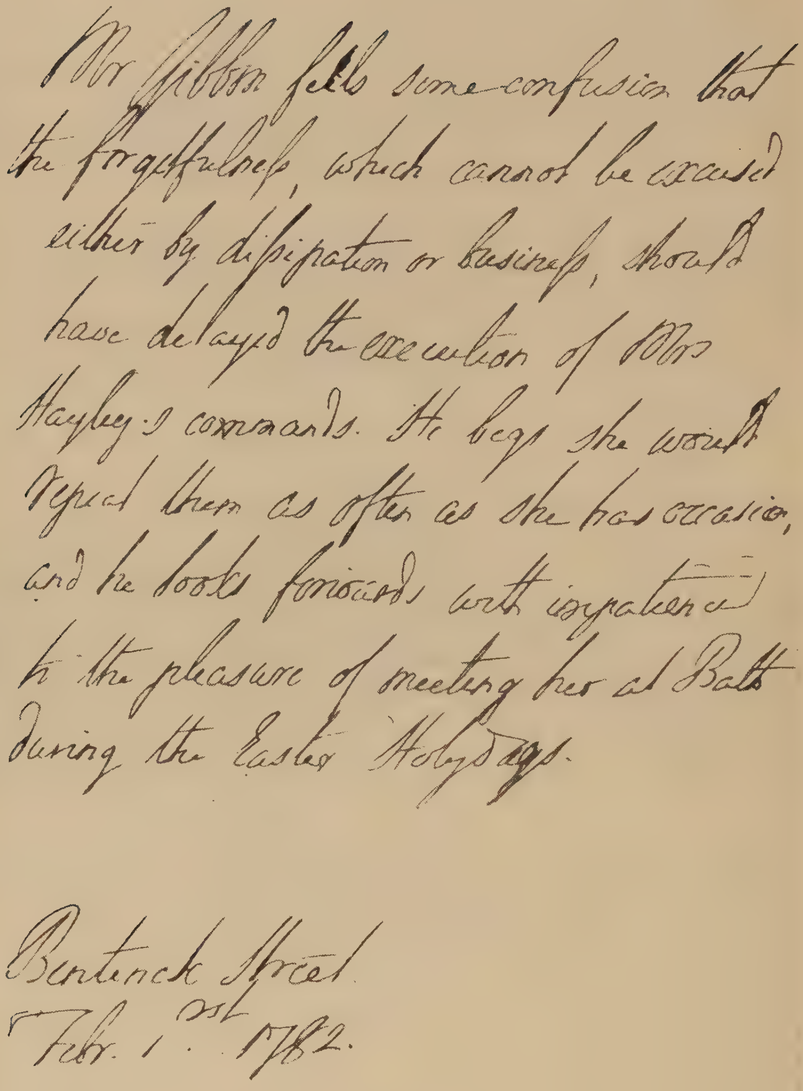
530. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 34. *P*, No. 334 (dated 1778).

531. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 258. *P*, No. 434.

[1] The session opened on Jan. 21 but the first important business in the Commons was on 24th.

PLATE IV



Mr Gibbon feels some confusion that the forgetfulneſs, which cannot be excused either by diſsipation or busineſs, should have delayed the execution of Mrs Hayley's commands. He begs she would repeat them as often as she has occasion, and he looks forwards with impatience to the pleasure of meeting her at Bath during the Easter Holydays.

Bentinck Street
Febr. 1st 1782.

Gibbon's Handwriting, 1782

532. To Elizabeth Hayley *Fri.* 1/2/82

Mr Gibbon feels some confusion that the forgetfulness, which cannot be excused either by dissipation or business, should have delayed the execution of Mrs Hayley's commands. He begs she would repeat them as often as she has occasion, and he looks forwards with impatience to the pleasure of meeting her at Bath during the Easter Holydays.

Bentinck Street. Febr. 1st 1782.

533. To Edmund Malone *Tue.* 5/2/82

Sir

I have the pleasure of informing you that you have this day been elected a Member of the Club.

I am, with great regard, Sir Your most obedient humble Servant

E Gibbon. President.[1]

Turk's head. Gerard Street. February 5th 1782.

534. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 2/3/82

Dear Madam

I am much afraid that I have lost all credit by repeated promises and repeated neglects, yet I still persuade myself that you are glad to hear though in two lines of my health and good spirits and that you will postpone more ample conversations to the Easter Holydays when I can talk more in an hour than I could write in a month. Perhaps I should even have delayed this scrap of an Epistle, were

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532. Hyde Collection. Printed from photostat.

533. Hyde Collection. Printed from photostat.

[1] This differs from the formula quoted as sent to Lord Tennyson in H. T. Tennyson, *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* (1897), ii, 21 and from the one now in use (M. E. G. Duff, *The Club* (1905), 14), both said to have been drawn up by G. Cf also Reynolds' form of announcement in '78. (Reynolds, *Letters*, ed. Hollis (1929), 67.)

534. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 259. *P*, No. 435.

I not apprehensive that the parliamentary events of this week would have given you some uneasiness both on a private and public account. Though I am not in the secret especially of the adverse party, yet I know more than it is proper to trust to paper. The situation of the administration though dangerous is not *absolutely* desperate, and with some concessions I still think that Lord N may survive the impending storm of the next fortnight. At all events if we fall (for inconsiderable as I am, I am sure of being one of the first victims) I shall meet my fate with resolution.—I remember you asked me an age ago about a report of my having got a house in Harley Street[1] and a wreck of wine on the Coast of Sussex: the former was a fruitless negociation, the latter related to my aunt's Manor of Newhaven, but the wine is contested by the King's officers and the litigation, if pursued may cost her more than the object is worth. Adieu My Dear Madam, on every account I am impatient for the Easter holydays.

I am ever Yours
March 2d 1782. E G.

535. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 20/3/82

My Dear Madam

All is now over, and Lord North is no more. This day when the armies in the H of C were ready to engage, he gave solemn notice that the whole administration was dissolved, and the House has adjourned till Monday next to allow time for the new arrangements.[1] Complaints are vain and useless for the past, and futurity is dark and dismal. It is my intention, unless I should [be] detained either by *serious* business, or by some threatening symptoms of the Gout to visit Bath about Sunday sennight, when we may discuss freely and fully the strange events of the times. Till then Adieu. Remember me to Mrs Hayley. The Eliots whom I see *sometimes*, are well and as you may suppose triumphant.

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[1] Cf. No. 528.

535. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 260. *P*, No. 436.

[1] The new Ministry, which was agreed to on 27th, was a combination of the Rockingham Whigs with the followers of Lord Shelburne and Charles Fox. Lord Rockingham was the First Lord of the Treasury and Shelburne and Fox, Secretaries of State. The Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, retained his office. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 425.)

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

March 20th 1782. E G.

536. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 28/3/82

Dear Madam

In our common disappointment you will be pleased to hear that the Gout has totally left me, and that it is only the extreme shortness of our adjournment,[1] and the busy uncertainty of the times that have prevented my Easter visit to Bath. I am satisfied that Bath is very pleasant in the months of May and June, and you may be assured that I will come down, as soon as our fate is determined and the busyness of parliament has begun to subside. Pray give my Compliments to Mrs Hayley: I fear she will be gone before my arrival.

I am Dear Madam Ever Yours

Bentinck Street. March 28th 1782. E Gibbon

537. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 4/5/82

Dear Madam.

The thunder-bolt has fallen, and I have received one of the circular letters from Lord Shelburne to inform me that the board of trade will be suppressed and that his Majesty has no farther occasion for my services.[1] I have been prepared for this event and

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536. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 261. *P*, No. 437.

[1] The Commons adjourned from March 28 to April 8.

537. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 263. *P*, No. 438.

[1] The letter is in *Add.MSS* 34886, f. 126. The sittings of the Board of Trade were suspended from May 1 but the act abolishing it was not passed until July 11. After much legal argument it was decided, in July, '83, that the members of the Board were entitled to their salaries for the intervening period. (A. H. Basye, *The Lords Commissioners of Trade* (1925), 213–4.)

can support it with firmness. I enjoy health friends reputation and a perpetual fund of domestic amusement: I am not without resources and my best resource which shall never desert me is in the chearfulness and tranquillity of a mind which in any place and in any situation can always secure its own independent happyness. The business of the House of Commons still continues and indeed encreases, and though I am heartily tired of the scene, some serious reasons prevent me from retiring at the present season. Yet I still cast a longing eye towards Bath, and though I find it difficult or rather impossible to fix the moment of my summer visit, I can most sincerely promise that it will be the first use which I shall make of my freedom. As I have only *one* object it will be perfectly indifferent to me whether the place be full or empty, dully or lively. Mrs Holroyd I suppose has found, and Mrs Hayley has left you. Are you acquainted with Lady Eliza Foster a bewitching animal? You have heard of my Gouts, they are vanished, and I feel myself five and twenty years old. Can you say as much. I hope you can. Adieu. Recommend me to the Goulds.

I am most truly Yours

May 4th 1782. E G.

Next Wednesday I conclude my forty fifth year and in spite of the changes of Kings and Ministers, I am very glad that I was born.

538. To John Douglas *Thur.* 9/5/82

Sir.

Will you permit a Man of letters, who has some reason to complain of the late Bishop of Bristol to address himself to one of the most respectable of his surviving friends?[1]

Most assuredly I do not complain of the harsh sentence which

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538. BM, *Egerton MSS* 2182, ff. 51/2. *Select Works of the Rt. Rev. John Douglas, with a Memoir by the Rev. W. Macdonald*, (1820), *75–*77.

[1] John Douglas was Canon of Windsor, later Bishop of Carlisle and, from '91, Bishop of Salisbury. He was known to hold high standards of scholarship, 'the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks'. (Goldsmith, *Retaliation*, l. 80) A draft of his benevolent reply to G. is in *Egerton MSS*, 2186, f. 166.

Dr Newton has passed on the style and composition of my history.[2] Opinions should be free, they must be various; and I am more flattered by the perseverance of the good old Man, than I can possibly be offended with his taste. His Anecdote of the disgust of two Right Reverend Critics, I never knew or had totally forgotten, and can only rejoyce for Mr Cadell's sake that their example has not been very contagious.[3] But Dr Newton's assurance that my testimonies are not to be depended upon would give me more serious concern, if I were not satisfied that the Bishop has too credulously listened to bold assertions, and partial reports, and if in the instance which he produces he were not evidently mistaken.

His Lordship (in his life p 130) has taken notice of one of my testimonies (vol iii, p 99) from Burnet de Statû mortuorum (p 56–84.91 &c) and without questioning the truth of the quotation he charges me (or rather the passage which I have alledged) with supposing, that Dr Burnet believed in the *sleep* of souls, which in another place he expressly disclaims. If that ingenious Author had been guilty of a contradiction, can I be justly made responsible for it? But the contradiction is only apparent, and entirely proceeds from the Bishop's overlooking two essential words which I had cautiously inserted, 'sleep, *or repose*'. Dr Burnet rejected the former, he maintained the latter; it was his opinion that human souls retain, in a separate state the consciousness of their existence, but that these *incorporeal* substances are incapable of action, deprived of the organs of sense, and excluded from all communication with external objects. Perhaps this sentiment is neither orthodox nor intelligible, but it appeared curious in itself, and very apposite to my particular purpose.

I have taken the liberty of sending you Burnet's book, and if on examination you should think me in the right, I trust, from your candour, that you will do me justice in litterary, or even *Clerical* conversation, when the Bishop's criticism may chance to be mentioned.

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[2] Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol, died on Feb. 14, '82. For his strictures on *The Decline and Fall*, see *Works of the Rt. Rev. Thomas Newton, DD* (1782), i, 129–30. G. took this criticism very seriously. It is refuted in his memoirs (*M*, 323, n. 2) and is the subject of a note, preserved among his papers (*Add MSS* 34882, ff. 172–4) and printed *MW*, i, 241–2.

[3] Newton emphasized that he had read the whole of *The Decline and Fall* (hence G's ironical reference to his perseverance) and contrasted himself with two of his brethren, one of whom, he says, laid the book aside in disgust, while the other returned it to his bookseller, on an occasion, 'when it is said that Mr G. himself happened unluckily to be in the shop'. (Newton, *Works*, *loc. cit.*)

I am with great regard Your obedient humble Servant
Bentinck Street. May 9th 1782. E Gibbon

539. To Lord Sheffield *Fri.* [10/5/82]

Address. Lord Sheffield.

I will not be idle: but I have this moment received from George Byng, and transmitted to Lord L. by his desire, a notice that nothing will be done this day except moving for Lord Hardwicke's patent. Adieu, till three.
Friday morn.

540. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 29/5/82

Dear Madam.

From the very strong expressions of *anxious expectation*, and *frequent disappointments*, I must think that I am much more guilty than I conceived myself to be on account of my silence. Your apparent indulgence had taught me to believe that you were accustomed to my faults, that you kindly forgave them, and that without the aid of the pen or the post your own heart would inform you of the sentiments of mine. Since my last letter nothing has happened, indeed nothing can happen to affect my situation: in the midst of a plague (such is the present influenza) my health and spirits are perfectly good, and in that tranquil state Saturdays and *Mondays* pass away without waking me from my gentle slumber. Even my curiosity is not excited as I have frequent opportunities of hearing circumstantial and impartial accounts of the only object that interests me at Bath. You ask with some anxiety when you

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539. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 257. The date is that on which Lord Hardwicke's patent was moved for. (*H. of C. Journals*, xxxviii, 998.)

540. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 264. *P*, No. 439.

may hope to see me. I know not what to say. Though I always foresee and recollect with heartfelt satisfaction the time which I spend at the Belvidere, yet the convenient season of my visit seems to retire before me. Public events have immoderately protracted[1] the present session of Parliament; it will certainly continue the whole of June and a considerable part of July, and as it was my intention to attend it to the last, I began to think that you would excuse me if I delayed my journey, (which would suit me far better) till the beginning of Autumn. But if you have any particular reasons that make you wish to see me sooner, say it in ten lines, and I will set off in ten days.—I rejoyce in every subject of your joy both private and public, and I am better pleased to hear that you are free from pain than that Rodney has destroyed a French fleet. Alas had he done it two months sooner our poor administration would have stood. Every person of every party is provoked with our new Governors for taking the truncheon from the hand of a victorious Admiral, in whose place they have sent a Commander without experience or abilities. To-morrow they will be exposed to a small fire in the H of C on that popular topic.[2] Adieu Dear Madam. in this sickly season all my acquaintance, (masters, mistresses and servants) are laid up except *young* Mrs Porten and myself.

I am Most truly Yours
Bentinck Street. May 29th 1782. E G.

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[1] 'protected' in MS.

[2] News of Rodney's victory over the French fleet on April 12 reached London on May 18. (Walpole, *Letters*, xii, 251.) Public rejoicings followed but Rodney had for some time been the object of Whig attacks and in moving a vote of thanks to him on May 22 Fox admitted that he had been recalled and Admiral Pigot appointed to his command. This highly unpopular action was again raised in the House on May 30. (*Wraxall*, ii, 331 sq.) The whole affair, as reflecting credit on North's ministry which had been responsible for sending out Rodney, was very embarrassing to the new Government. Cf. W. B. Pemberton, *Lord North* (1938), 353–4.

541. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 3/7/82

Dear Madam

I hope you have not had a moment's uneasiness about the delay of my Midsummer letter. Whatever may happen, you may rest fully secure that the materials of it shall always be *found.* But on this occasion I have missed four or five posts, postponing as usual from morning to the evening bell, which now rings, till it has occurred to me that it might not be amiss to inclose the two essential lines, if I only added that the Influenza has been known to me only by the report of others.—Lord Rockingham is at last dead, a good man though a feeble Minister, his successor is not yet named, and divisions in the Cabinet are suspected. If Lord Shelburne should be the Man, as I think he will, the friends of his predecessor will quarrel with him before Christmas.[1] At all events I foresee much tumult and strong opposition, from which I should be very glad to extricate myself by quitting the H. of C. with honour and without loss. Whatever you may hear, I believe there is not the least intention of dissolving Parliament, which would indeed be a rash and dangerous measure.—I hope you like Mr Hayley's poem,[2] he rises with his subject, and since Pope's death, I am satisfied that England has not seen so happy a mixture of strong sense and flowing numbers. Are you not delighted with his address to his mother: I understand that She was in plain prose every thing that he speaks her in verse.[3] This summer I shall stay in town and work at my trade, till I make some Holydays for my Bath excursion.[4] Lady S is at Brighton and he lives under tents like the wild Arabs, so that

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541. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 265. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXXVIII. *P*, No. 440.

[1] Lord Rockingham died on July 1. Lord Shelburne was appointed to succeed him. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Keppel and General Conway decided to support him but the Duke of Portland, Fox, Burke, and Lord John Cavendish resigned. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 445 sq.) For other changes in the Ministry, see No. 545.

[2] *Essay on Epic Poetry in five Epistles to the Rev. Mr Mason.*

[3] Mary, daughter of Col. Yates, M.P. for Chichester. Hayley's lines in her praise are in *Epic Poetry*, 4th Ep. 439 sq. He also described her, 'in plain prose', in his *Memoirs* (1823, i, 3–7, 135–9).

[4] G. spent this year in studying the age of Justinian and nearly completed the fourth volume of *The Decline and Fall* by July, '83. (*M*, 326.)

my Country house is shut up. Kitty Porten is gone on a fortnight's frolick to lodge at Windsor.

I am Dear Madam Ever Yours

July 3d 1782. E G.

542. To Lord Sheffield *Thurs.* [4/7/82?]

What I *hear* would fill volumes, what I *know* does not amount to half a line.—All is expectation: but I fear that our enemies are more active than our friend. *He* is still at Bushy, a meeting is held next Saturday morn at eleven o'Clock, but I think you need not hurry yourself. According to Louisa's phrase I will be your grandfather. The black Patriot is now walking and declaiming in this room with a train at his heels. Adieu. No news.

Brookes's, Thursday evening.

If there is another meeting Sunday evening you shall find a note. I have not seen Ld Loughborough but understand he *has* preached War and any coalition against the Minister.

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542. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 244. *P*, No. 422 (dated 1781[July]). The date follows the rather slender evidence of references in Walpole's *Letters* (xii, 283, 287) to Fox at Brookes's on July 4 and to a meeting of the Rockingham Whigs on Sat. July 6, '82. The letter evidently refers to one of the ministerial crises of '82–3. As Lord North was at Bushey, it was probably written during a Parliamentary recess—possibly on Jan. 17, '82, when North's position was critical and Loughborough was opposed to him, or in Oct. '82, when, as in July, L. was promoting a coalition of North and Fox against Shelburne—not in March, '82, in the interim between the North and Rockingham administrations, when L. was in favour of a North-Shelburne coalition and the words 'against the Minister' do not seem to apply, nor in Jan. '83, when we already have a letter from G. to Lord S. written at the end of the recess, and not in March, '83, when the war had ended.

543. To Francis Hugonin [*Sat.* 6/7/82]

My dear Sir

As my banker's book only mentions the names (and names unknown to me) of the persons who have given the draughts, I am at a loss to determine whether the last belong to your's or to other remittances; though indeed my bills from different places are not very numerous, and since the loss of my office are likely to become still less frequent. If any thing still remains due I hope you will send it as soon as may be convenient, and I fairly own, that I shall grudge every shilling which is kept back for the most useful or necessary repairs. From your silence I suppose that the negotiation about Horn[1] farm has totally failed. You know I was never anxious about it, and nothing could tempt me but the eagerness of the purchasers. The general receipt or discharge which you mention ought to have been sent you a long while ago, but I have now mislaid (according to my usual practice) the model of the receipt. If you will take the trouble of drawing another, I will return it signed, and only wish you could insert in it all the expressions of gratitude, confidence, and regard, to which you are so justly entitled. We are all in confusion and amaze at Mr Fox's resignation. We shall hear his reason next Tuesday, but I think it an act of passion rather than prudence, as he does not carry his whole party with him. Mr W. Pitt will be a minister at three and twenty. The Duke of Richmond and General Conway stay with Lord Shelburne. Lord Keppel is out;[2] perhaps Howe succeeds him, but every thing is uncertain.

I am, Dear Sir, most faithfully Yours,

June 6, 1782. E.G.

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543. *Hampshire Repository* (1800), ii, 208. The date at the end is a mistake either of G's or of the transcriber's, as is shown by the reference to Fox's resignation (cf. No. 541, n. 1).

[1] Printed 'Storn' but 'Horn' is right. Cf. No. 626, p. 24.

[2] A mistake, see No. 541, n. 1.

544. To Lord Sheffield *Sat.* [6/7/82]

I sympathize with your fatigues, yet Alexander, Hannibal &c have suffered hardships almost equal to yours.[1]—At such a moment it is disagreable (besides lazyness) to write because every hour teems with a new lye. As yet however only Charles has formally resigned, but Lord John, Burke, Keppel, Lord Althorpe &c certainly follow; your Commander in chief[2] stays, and they are furious against the Duke of Richm. Why will he not go out with Fox? said somebody; because, (replied a friend,) he does not like to *go out* with any man. In short three months of prosperity has dissolved a Phalanx which had stood ten years adversity. Next Tuesday Fox will give his reasons, and possibly be encountered by Pitt, the new Secretary or Chancellor at three and twenty. The day will be rare and curious and if I were a light Dragoon I would [take] a gallop on purpose to Westminster.

Adieu. I hear the bell.[3] How could I write before I knew where you dwelt.

Saturday night. E G.

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544. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 262. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXXXIX. *P*, No. 441. 'Next Tuesday' was July 9 (see No. 545, n. 2.)

[1] Lord S. was in camp with his regiment, the 22nd Light Dragoons, during the rest of this year.

[2] General Conway.

[3] See No. 168, n. 1.

545. To Lord Sheffield *Wed.* [10/7/82]

Address. Lord Sheffield. Lenham Camp. Kent. *Franked,* MP. *Postmarks.* FREE; 10.IY.

Authentic list. July 10th[1]

Treasury	Lord S W Pitt Chancellor James Grenville Richard Jackson Ed. Eliot Junior of Port Eliot.	
Admiralty	Aubrey Duncannon vice Pratt Jack Townshend	Lord Keppel has not yet resign'd
Secretaries of State	Lord Grantham T. Townshend	
—of War	Sir George Young!	
Treasurer of Navy	Barré remain	
Paymaster	perhaps Advocate.	
Ireland	Lord Temple.	

Yesterday *was* a rare day.[2]

Vera Cop,[3]

E G.

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545. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 266/7. *P.* No. 442.

[1] A list of office-holders in Shelburne's ministry, nearly all new men. In the end Barré became Paymaster and the Lord Advocate, Henry Dundas, Treasurer of the Navy. Keppel did not resign. The name of the new Secretary at War should have been spelt 'Yonge'. Loughborough said that his appointment was completely ridiculous. (*Auckland*, i, 8.)

[2] On July 9, Fox gave to the Commons his reasons for resigning. The debate was remarkable for the interchanges between Fox and Conway and for the first public encounter between Fox and the younger Pitt. (*Parl. Hist.*, xxiii, 159 sq.)

[3] *Vera Copia*, a true copy.

546. To Lord Thurlow [*Mid.-July*, 1782?]

My Lord

Without presuming to enquire into the state of public measures which must be secret in order to be successful, I cannot but observe and congratulate with the rest of my countrymen the fair prospect of peace or at least of negociation which seems to be opening upon us.

I find it generally understood that the principal conduct of this important work will be entrusted to a Minister whose eminent abilities have been long tryed and distinguished.[1] But a scene of business so various and extensive must afford several collateral and subordinate lines of negociation. If in any of these I should be thought qualified for public trust, I am ready to devote my time and my best industry to the service of my Country, and shall think myself happy if I can discharge in any degree my debt of gratitude to his Majesty's Government. Your Lordship's experience of mankind has undoubtedly taught you to distrust and dislike ostentatious professions; yet I may affirm with the confidence of truth that if I consulted only my private interest and inclination I should not be lightly tempted to interrupt the tranquillity and leisure, which I now enjoy, and in which I am never busy, and never idle.

The grateful recollection of your Lordship's indulgence on a former occasion has strongly solicited me to make this offer of my services.[2] I should deem it no vulgar honour if they could ever deserve the approbation of a wise and intrepid statesman, who, in

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546. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 281. *MW* (1814), ii, No. CLXVII (n. d. but placed after Feb. '83.) A draft, headed by G. 'To the Lord Chancellor'. Date uncertain but on July 3 G. said he would be glad to leave the House of Commons (No. 541) and on Aug. 10 he refers to his failure to get new employment (No. 548) and see also n. 1 below.

[1] Alleyn Fitzherbert, lately British Ambassador at Brussels, was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris. His instructions are dated July 27, '83. (D. B. Horn, *British Diplomatic Representatives*, *1689–1784*, Ry. Hist. Soc. Camden, 3d Series, xliv (1932), 25.)

[2] Cf. No. 456.

a divided Country, has commanded the esteem and applause of the most hostile parties.[3]

I am with profound respect My Lord, &c.

547. To Lord Sheffield *Tue.* 23/7/82

The papers say You are at Coxe Heath.[1] Write. Bad news from India, I am afraid that we have lost a ship and that Hyder has won a battle.[2] None, therefore good, from Lord Howe since every day fortifies him.[3] Within this last fortnight prodigious exertions by the Admiralty: till then they were fast asleep. The Advocate[4] arrived last night, but has not *yet* accepted. To-morrow I visit Eden at his farm near Bromley.[5] If you and Mylady could give me a meeting in a *house*, I would run down even for three or four days: but I do not admire Canvass. Adieu.

July 23d 1782. E G.

Aunt Hester seems to want some intelligence

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[3] G. first wrote, 'a Statesman who, with a character the farthest removed from tameness and timidity has conciliated in a divided country the esteem and respect of the most hostile parties', but corrected the sentence as above. Lord Thurlow, though quarrelsome and dictatorial, was skilful and intrepid in political matters. Few people liked him but he had made himself indispensable to all parties and was the only member of North's ministry to retain his post throughout the changes in administration during this year. For a sympathetic account of his life see R. Gore-Brown, *Lord Chancellor Thurlow*, 1953. His politely evasive answer to G's letter is in *Add.MSS* 34886, f. 127 and printed, *MW*, ii, No. CLXVIII.

547. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 268. *P*, No. 443.

[1] See *Morning Chronicle*, July 23, '82.

[2] The *Hannibal* was taken by the French on Feb. 14, on her way from St Helena to India. The news from India was in the papers on July 24. Tipoo Sahib, son of Hyder Ali, ruler of Mysore, defeated British troops on the Colloroon river on Feb. 16. See further No. 553, n. 6.

[3] Commas inserted by the editor. Howe was in daily expectation of encountering the French and Spanish fleets, which had been reported off Ushant. (Walpole, *Letters*, xii, 300.) Orders had been given by the Admiralty for reinforcements to be sent to him.

[4] Henry Dundas; see No. 545, n. 1.

[5] G. dined with Eden on July 24. Lord North had just left after a short visit. (*Auckland*, i, 11, 12.)

548. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 10/8/82

Dear Madam

A person whom you would scarcely suspect General Conway as commander in Chief is the real author of my silence, which as usual has insensibly lasted far beyond my first intentions. Lord Sheffield is a slave, his master's resolutions are obscure and fluctuating and I have waited from post to post till he could mark some week for our meeting in Sussex, which might leave the rest of my time at liberty for my Bath expedition. Though I can obtain no satisfaction from him, I must not suffer another *Monday* to slide away with[out] saying that I am alive, well, and unless the Arab should seize (*he* has no choice) that particular moment, in full expectation of gratifying my wishes by a visit to Bath about the 20th of next Month. I flatter myself that I shall find you not affected by the long winter which we still feel, though a friend of mine, an Astronomer, assured me that yesterday was the last of the dog days.—It is impossible to know what to say of our public affairs, and the most knowing are only such by the knowledge of their ignorance. The next session of Parliament will be the warmest and most irregular battle that has ever been fought in that place, and each man (except some leaders) is at this moment uncertain of the party which inclination opinion or connection will prompt him to embrace. You see that Mr Eliot, or at least his family are become Courtiers: his son (a very unmeaning Youth) is a Lord of the Treasury an office which was formerly the reward of twenty years' able and faithful [service]. The Minister has not lost, for he never possessed the public confidence, and Lord N if he chuses to act has the balance of the Country in his hands.[1] A propos of the Eliots, they are still in town, we meet seldom, but with the utmost propriety, and equal regard.

My private life is a gentle and not unpleasing continuation of my old labours, and I am again involved as I shall be for some years in

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548. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 269/70. *P*, No. 444.

[1] The split among the Whigs left three parties of approximately equal strength and since a reconciliation between Fox and Shelburne was impossible, it was in North's hands to tilt the balance by joining one of them. (W. B. Pemberton, *Lord North* (1938), 357.)

the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Some fame, some profit, and the assurance of daily amusement encourage me to persist. I am glad you are pleased with Mr Hayley's poem;[2] perhaps he might have been less diffuse, but his sense is fine and his verse is harmonious.—Mrs Porten is just returned from a six weeks excursion in lodgings at Windsor, which she enjoyed (the Terrace, the Air, and the Royal family) with all the spirit of youth. Her elder brother is quiet in his new employment, and apartments in Kensington palace. I envy him the latter, and had there been no Revolution, I might have obtained a similar advantage. At present I [am] on the ground, but the weather may change, and compared with recent darkness, the clouds are beginning to break away.

I am Dear Madam Ever yours

August 10th 1782. E G.

549. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 14/9/82

Dear Madam.

As you suffered by the long winter, I may reasonably, as I warmly hope, that your health and spirits have been permanently restored by the milder spring or Autumn which this month has introduced. —For many reasons you will be surprized, though I think pleased to hear that I have fixed myself for this season in a country villa at Hampton court. My friend Mr Hamilton (I must distinguish him by the impertinent epithet of single-speech[1]) has very obligingly lent me a ready furnished house close to the Palace, and opening by a private door into the Royal garden which is maintained for my use but not at my expence. The air and exercise, good roads and neighbourhood, the opportunity of being in London at any time in two hours, and the temperate mixture of society and study adapt this new scene very much to my wishes, and must entirely remove your kind apprehensions of my injuring my health (which I have never done) by excessive labour. I find or make many acquaintance and among others I have visited your old friend Mrs Mawhood (Ashby) at Isleworth in her pleasant summer house on the Thames. She overwhelms me with civility but you need not indulge either hopes or fears; as I hear she is going to accept Sir William Draper for her third husband.[2]

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[2] Cf. No. 541.

549. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 271. *P*, No. 445.

[1] Wm Gerard Hamilton, M.P. for Petersfield, made a maiden speech in '55 of such brilliance that, though he made other speeches, he was always known as 'single-speech Hamilton'.

You will naturally suppose, and will not I think be displeased that I should enjoy this new and unexpected situation as long as the fine weather continues and our past hardships encourage us to depend on the favour, at least the first favours, of the month of October. Beyond that period the prospect in every sense of the word is cloudy, and my future motions will be partly regulated by parliament, and the intanglement of some private pursuits with public affairs. I still flatter myself with the hope of securing two or three weeks for Bath, but if I should *again* delay that visit till Christmas I shall prove my perfect confidence in your indulgent friendship, and in your firm belief of my tender attachment, which can alone justify such freedom of conduct. Of the Sheffields I know little, seldom hear from, and am totally ignorant when I shall see them. —The Eliots are gone into Cornwal. They *say* that the son is going to marry Lady Sarah Pitt sister to his intimate friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer.[3]—From the little I have read I agree with you about Gilbert Stuart's book, but I cannot forgive your indifference and almost aversion to one of the most amiable men, and masterly compositions in the World.[4]

I am Dear Madam most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. Sept. 14th 1782. E G.

I lay in town last night and am just setting out for Hampton

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[2] Cf. No. 297. Sir Wm Draper, ex-Governor of Malta, did not marry Mrs Mawhood.

[3] Edward James Eliot married Lady Harriot Pitt, second daughter of the first Lord Chatham, but not till '85.

[4] Gilbert Stewart's *History of Scotland from the Reformation till the Death of Queen Mary*, was published in '82. The second half of the sentence refers perhaps to Hayley. DG's friendship with Mrs Hayley, who did not get on with her husband, might account for her disliking him. She had, however, approved of his *Essay on Epic Poetry* (see No. 548).

Court. NB. I never travel after dark, but our dangers are almost over.[5]

550. To Lord Sheffield *Fri.* 20/9/82

I should like sometimes to hear whether you survive the scenes of action and danger in which a Dragon is continually involved.[1] What a difference between the life of a Dragon and that of a Philosopher and I will freely own that I (the Philosopher) am much better satisfied with my own independent and tranquil situation, in which I have always something to do without ever being obliged to do any thing. The Hampton Court Villa has answered my expectation, and proved no small addition to my comforts, so that I am resolved next summer to hire borrow or steal either the same, or something of the same kind. Every morning I walk a mile or more before breakfast, read and write quantum sufficit, mount my chaise and visit in the neighbourhood, accept some invitations and escape others, use the Lucans as my daily bread,[2] dine pleasantly at home or sociably abroad, reserve for study an hour or two in the evening, lye in town regularly once a week &c &c &c. I have anounced to Mrs G my new Arrangements, the certainty that October will be fine, and my encreasing doubts whether I shall be able to reach Bath before Christmas. Do you intend (but how can you *intend* any thing?) to pass the winter under Canvas? Perhaps under the veil of Hampton Court, I may lurk ten days or a fortnight at Sheffield, if the enraged Lady or Cat does not shut the doors against me.—The Warden passed through in his way to Dover.[3] He is not so fat and more chearful than ever. I had not any private conversation with him: but he clearly holds the balance unless he falls asleep and lets it fall from his hand. The Pandaemonium (as I understand) does not meet till the 26th of November. I feel with you that a nich is grown of higher value, but think *that* only an additional argument for disposing of it.[4] And so by this time Lord L is actually turned off. Do you know his partner Miss Courtenay, the Lord's sister about thirty, only £4000, not handsome but very pleasant.[5] I am at a loss where to address my condoleance, I would say congratulation. Town is more a desert than I ever knew it. I arrived yesterday, dined at Sir Joshua's with a tolerable party:[6] the chaise is now at the door, I dine at Richmond, lye at Hampton &c. Adieu.

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[5] Much alarm was caused by highway robberies in the Richmond district at about this time. (Walpole, *Letters*, xii, 323 & *passim.*)

550. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 272. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXL (dated Sept. 29). *P*, No. 446 (dated Sept. 29).

[1] See No. 544, n. 1.

[2] Charles, 1st Baron, later 1st Earl, Lucan and his wife, Margaret, had a house at Wimbledon. He was a member of the Club, and Viscount Althorp, later 2nd Earl Spencer, grandson of DG's old friend, Mrs Poyntz, was his son-in-law.

[3] Lord North was Warden of the Cinque Ports. His house, Waldershare Park, is near Dover.

Sept. 20th 1782. E G.

551. TO DOROTHEA GIBBON *Tue.* 1/10/82

(first Copy)[1]

My Dear Madam

I feel your anxiety and am impatient to assure you that the report of your officious visitor is absolutely without foundation. I had not any complaints when I came down to this place; but the air exercise and gentle dissipation have given me fresh spirits; and I should be apt to fix on the last month as the part of my life, in which I have enjoyed the most perfect health. You may depend on my word of honour that in case of any real alarm you shall hear from myself or from Caplen.—Excuse brevity, as I save a day perhaps more by sending Caplen with Duplicates to London, one copy for the post, the other to take the chance of greater dispatch by the

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[4] I.e., of G's Parliamentary seat.

[5] On Sept. 12, '82, Lord Loughborough married, as his second wife, the Hon. Charlotte Courtenay, daughter of the 1st Viscount Courtenay. For their courtship see *Auckland*, i, 33 sq.

[6] They dined off a buck presented to Sir Joshua by the Duke of Rutland. (Reynolds, *Letters*, ed. F. W. Hilles (1929), 97.)

551. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 273. *P*, No. 447.

[1] A duplicate of this letter, headed 'Second Copy' is in *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 274.

Coach.[2] I wish to know what you think of me and my schemes; if you are not perfectly satisfied with my confidence you may be somewhat displeased with my seeming neglect. I fear we shall not meet till Christmas.

I am ever Yours

Hampton Court. October 1rst 1782. E Gibbon

552. To William Eden *Sat.* 12/10/82

My Dear Sir

This morning in a short excursion from Hampton, I saw Sir Ralph and Lady Payne who informed me of their intended visit to Beckenham. At the very moment when I received your obliging summons I was *actually* writing to ask you whether you could spare me a bed in the garret on Saturday next the 19th instant. I hope to find you perfectly cured not of the taste but of the accidents of farming[1]—People seem pleased with the last news from India, The French gone back to the Mauritius, a treaty with the Nizam and Mahrattas, Heyder desirous of peace and 70 Lack in the Bengal treasury.[2] I do not yet feel myself Patriot enough to be sorry for any prosperous events.[3]

I am My Dear Sir most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. October the 12th. 1782. E Gibbon

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[2] Cf. No. 133, n. 2. In the reverse direction, letters posted in Bath were not delivered in London till the second day after posting, whereas letters sent (illegally) by coach arrived the next morning. (Howard Robinson, *The British Post Office*, (Princeton, 1948), 131.)

552. Lord Rothschild. Messrs Maggs, *Cat.* No. 568, (1931), item 1018 (extract.)

[1] Wm Eden, later 1st Baron Auckland, had a house, Eden Farm, near Beckenham. Cf. *MW*, i, 418. G. wrote on Oct. 21 that he had just come back from Eden's (No. 554). For E's interest in farming see *Auckland*, i, 11, 23, 35 and *passim*; for the number and frequency of his visitors, see *ibid.*, ii, 401.

[2] See No. 553, n. 6.

[3] Cf. No. 439, n. 2.

553. To Lord Sheffield *Mon.* 14/10/82

On the approach of winter, my paper house of Hampton becomes less comfortable, my visits to Bentinck Street grow longer and more frequent and the end of next week will restore me to the town with a lively wish however to repeat the same or a similar experiment next Summer. I admire the assurance with which you propose a month's residence at Sheffield, when you are not sure of being allowed three days. Here it is currently reported that Camps will not separate till Lord Howe's *return* from Gibraltar, and as yet we have no news of his arrival.[1] Perhaps indeed you have more intimate correspondence with your old School-fellow Lord Shelburne,[2] and already know the hour of your deliverance. I should like to be informed.—As Lady S has entirely forgot me I shall have the pleasure of forming a new acquaintance: I have often thought of writing but it is now too late to repent.

I am at a loss what to say or think about our Parliamentary state. A certain late Secretary of Ireland (the husband of Polly Jones)[3] reckons the House of Commons thus. Minister 140, Reynard 90, Boreas 120, the rest unknown or uncertain. The last of the three by self or agents talks too much of absence, neutrality, moderation. I still think he will discard the game.—I am not in such a fury with the letter of American independence, but it seems ill-timed and useless; and I am much entertained with the Metaphysical disputes between Government and secession about the meaning of it.[4] Lord Lough. will be in town Sunday sennight. I

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553. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 275. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXLI. *P*, No. 448.

[1] Howe had sailed on Sept. 11. News was expected early in Oct. (Walpole, *Letters*, xii, 338) but he had been detained by contrary winds. He landed his supplies safely in the middle of the month. In the meantime an assault on the Rock had been totally defeated. News from Howe reached London on Oct. 26 (Walpole, *op. cit.*, 355) and he arrived home a fortnight later.

[2] Both were educated at Dr Ford's school in Dublin. (J. Prior, *Life of Edmund Malone* (1860), 5.)

[3] Wm Eden. For Polly Jones, who was not his wife, see *Glenbervie*, *B*, i, 6. H. Bleackley, *Ladies Fair & Frail*, (1925), 152–3.

[4] The 'disputes' were about the instructions sent to the British Envoy in Paris in May, '82. He was empowered to recognize the independence of the American States, without

long to see him and Co. I think he will take a very decided part:[5] if he could throw aside his Gown, he would make a noble Leader. The East India news are excellent. The French gone to the Mauritius, Heyder desirous of peace, the Nizam, and Mahrattas our friends, and 70 Lack of Rupees in the Bengal treasury, while we were voting the recall of Hastings.[6] Adieu. Write soon.
Bentinck Street. October 14th 1782. E G.

554. To Lord Sheffield *Mon.* 21/10/[82]

These last ten years by your advice, I ensured my farm buildings at Buriton,[1] and no accident happened.—This year after your example I have ceased my insurance, and—read Hugonin's two letters which I have just received and answered. I thank him for undertaking the necessary work, press for Harris's[2] immediate resignation, and propose to weigh during the winter the choice of tenants and the scale of repairs. The present rent is only £50.—If any ideas occur to you communicate your instructions, and *he* will receive them with deference; but the subject makes *me heavy*.—

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making it conditional on a peace. A difference over the interpretation of these instructions was one of the causes of the split between Fox and Shelburne. (*Mems & Corr. of C. J. Fox*, ed. Russell (1853), i, 343 sq.) The matter was still being argued at the time that G. wrote and several letters on the subject appeared in the papers. (Cf. *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 5; *Morning Post*, Oct. 12.) The first part of G's sentence refers to the official letter to George Washington, dated Aug. 2 and published in the London papers on Sept. 24, in which the terms of the instructions were communicated to him.

[5] Lord Loughborough was promoting a coalition of Fox and North against Shelburne. (*Auckland*, i, 2 sq.)

[6] Hyder Ali, ruler of Mysore, invaded the Carnatic in '80. He was later supported by French naval forces. The war was indecisive and it was feared that British resources were becoming exhausted. In May, '82, the Commons voted the recall of Warren Hastings, Governor of Bengal, but he could only be removed if the East India Co. Directors requested it and this they decided not to do. Hastings kept the campaign going with treasure seized from the Rajah of Benares. His policy was based on an alliance with the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Mahrattas and negotiations with the latter, which resulted in a treaty in Dec. '82, were now going on. (*Camb. Hist. of India*, v, ch. 15.) G's news appeared in the papers on Oct. 14 and 16. The *Morning Post* said that it was 'the most agreeable that has been received from that quarter for some time'.

554. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 248. *P*, No. 427 (dated 1781). The fire is again referred to in No. 555, which is dated 1782.

[1] See No. 263, n. 2.

[2] Tenant of Whitrow farm, where the fire occurred. See No. 555.

The time is ill chosen.

If you go to Coventry you must pass through town—when?—But I have *almost* done with Hampton Court. I may see Lord Beauchamp, but do not understand I have any thing to say to him from you. His brother[3] may be a tolerable accession to the Party, and let me tell you it is no contemptible one. I mean the party in the H. of C. If we ever meet at S.P. you will introduce me to the Lady of whom I hear a very amiable character. Adieu.

Bentinck Street. Oct. 21rst. E G.

I arrived this morn. from Eden's. Lord Loughborough does not arrive this week. From Cambridge, I understand that you have suffered by the fatigues of the Camp. Inform me of your health.

555. To Lady Sheffield *Thur.* 31/10/82

Although I am provoked (it is always right to begin first) with Your long and unaccountable silence, yet I cannot help wishing (a foolish weakness) to learn whether you and the two infants are still alive, and what have been the summer amusements of your widowed and their orphan state. Some indirect intelligence inclines me to suspect that the Baron himself has quitted before this time a house of Canvas for one of brick, and that he enjoys a short interval between the fatigues of War and those of Government. Should he happen to find himself in your neighbourhood, you may inform him, that Hugonin (good creature) came to town purposely on my business, and passed three hours with me this morning. Harris has resigned his lease of the conflagration, and either by a sale to Lord Stawell or by a new Tenant we shall make it rather a profitable affair.[1]—You have doubtless received very accurate accounts of my proceedings from the Cambridges, by which channel I have likewise obtained very frequent narratives of your life and conversation, and this mutual Gazette has contributed not a little to stifle the reproaches of my conscience. In my excursions round the Hampton neighbourhood, I have often visited and dined with them, and found him properly sensible of his happyness in the absence of his wife: indeed I never saw a Man more improved by any fortunate event. My campaign, and it has been a pleasant one is now closed, but in the time which remains before the opening of our Pandaemonium, I should not dislike to breathe for a week or ten days the air of Sheffield place, and as the Lord will be accessible in town before Christmas my attack (according to modern rules) will be chiefly designed for the Lady. About Wednesday or Thursday next would be the day that I should think of moving, but I wish to be informed how far such a plan may consist (as the Scotch say) with other arrangements. Adieu. Is not Elliot a glorious old fellow?[2] We suspend our judgement of Lord Howe, yet I like the prospect.[3]

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[3] The Hon. Wm Conway. See No. 562, n. 1.

555. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 276. *P*, No. 449.

[1] *Newton* has a charge on Dec. 17 for searching for the purchase deeds of Whitrow farm and another on Jan. 25, '83, for drawing a conveyance of Whitrow farm to Lord Stawell.

I embrace &c

Bentinck Street. October the 31rst 1782. E G.

556. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 7/11/82

Dear Madam.

Last week I finished my Hampton Court expedition and think myself obliged to the person and to the accident which have thrown that unexpected but not unpleasing variety into my Summer life. I am now fixed in town till Christmas, or if Lord Sheffield who has quitted his Camp should drag me into Sussex, it can be only for three or four days. The Parliamentary Campaign is approaching very fast and a very singular one it must be from the conflict of *three* parties, each of which will be exposed in its turn to the direct or oblique attacks of the other two. As a matter of curiosity I shall derive some gratification from my silent seat, but at present I do not perceive its use in any other light. From honour, gratitude and principle I am and shall be attached to Lord N. who will lead a very respectable force into the field, but I much doubt whether matters are ripe for either conquest or coalition, and the havock which Burke's bill has made, of places &c encreases the difficulties of a new arrangement.[1] However a month or two may change the face of things, and the faces of Men. Among those men, surely Will Pitt the second is the most extraordinary. I know you never liked the father, and I have no connection public or private with the son. Yet we cannot refuse to admire a youth of four and twenty, whom eloquence and real merit have already made Chancellor of the Exchequer without his promotion occasioning either surprize or censure.—We are much indebted to your Bath Theatre for Mrs Siddons: two years ago, and in the part of Lady Townley she did not strike me: but I saw her last night with the most exquisite pleasure, she gave sense and spirit to a wretched play (the Fatal Marriage) and displayed every power of voice, action and countenance to a degree which left me nothing to wish. To-Morrow I promise myself still more satisfaction from Jane Shore as the character is more worthy of her talents.[2] Adieu Dear Madam. Inform me that the beginning of the winter has not affected your health. Whatever may be the state of my name-sake,[3] I hope at Christmas to bring you a sound body, and a mind not dissatisfied with external things, because it is not dissatisfied with itself.

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[2] General George Augustus Elliott, Governor of Gibraltar, who was responsible for its recent successful defence.

[3] Cf. No. 553, n. 1.

556. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 277. *P*, No. 450.

I am ever Yours
November 7th 1782. E G.

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[1] The Act, recently introduced by Burke, for the reform of the Civil List abolished forty sinecure offices, reduced the pension list and limited the amount of the secret service funds, thus considerably decreasing the sources of ministerial patronage.

[2] Mrs Siddons had acted for one season only in London before this, from Dec. '75 to June, '76. She played Lady Townley in *The Provoked Husband*, by Vanbrugh and Cibber, at Bath in Jan. '81. On the present occasion she was acting at Drury Lane in *Isabella or the Fatal Marriage*, an adaptation by Garrick of a play by Southerne. On Nov. 8, she appeared in *Jane Shore* by Nicholas Rowe.

[3] Probably Edward Budd, G's coachman.

557. To Sir Henry Clinton[1] [*December*, 1782?]

p. 12 &c. The design against Rhode Island is too concisely mentioned. I would dwell more fully on the time of first proposing it to the Admiral, the nature and practicability of the attempt, the important consequences of its probable success, the repetition of your offers, and the repetition of the obstacles and disappointments which never originated on your side.

p. 18. Will not Lord C. say that you over-rate his force in calling it 7000 men? since he declares (Correspondence p. 16) that after sending you 3000, he should have only 2400 rank and file fit for duty having numerous sick.

p. 22. Do you not mention Lord C's computation that his provisions from the 16th of September would last at least six weeks, viz to the 28th of October? Corresp. p 52. Late as you sailed you would still have been in time for his relief.

p. 23. Lord C. dwells on your promise that the fleet would sail Oct. 5th and that even *unforeseen* [circumstances] could lengthen it no more than a day or two, viz. to the 6th or 7th. Correspondence p. 53.54. The subsequent and fatal delay of twelve days more though not imputable to the Land Commander should in some measure be explained. I confess I think your letters too positive. Yet they cannot excuse Lord C. since he did not receive them till his retreat was impracticable.

p. 35. To shew that you were serious in the design of relieving Lord C. by a direct attack of the Chesapeak I think it incumbent on you to prove that the design, though bold was not rash or im-

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557. Clements Lib. Univ. of Michigan. Printed from photostat.

[1] The covering letter, if there was one, to these notes, is missing. They relate to a pamphlet, published early in Jan. '83, entitled *Narrative of Lt General Sir Henry Clinton, KB, relative to his Conduct during Part of his Command in North America; Particularly to that which respects the unfortunate Issue of the Campaign in 1781*. It was an account of the events leading up to Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown. Cornwallis immediately published a reply, to which Clinton responded in a second pamphlet, and other people took part in the controversy. Five pamphlets, together with the official correspondence concerning the campaign, notes and other matter, and a general account of the affair, are printed in *The Campaign in Virginia, 1781*, ed. B. F. Stevens, 1888. See also No. 567.

practicable. Some of the circumstances which would have facilitated it's success are not generally known, such as the double entrance of the Chesapeak, and the disadvantageous position of the Enemy's ships owing to the force of the stream. &c &c.

p 6 &c. after stating (as you have done) the necessity and the assurance of a covering fleet, I would add something like the following sentence. 'At the same time, that truth compells me to impute our misfortunes to the want of such a fleet in the Chesapeak I am obliged in justice and candour to declare that it is not my wish to arraign the conduct of those persons for whose characters I entertain the highest respect. As a land Officer I do not feel myself a competent judge of the propriety and practicability of naval operations. As a servant of the state entrusted with an important, but partial command I cannot enter into the counsels of Ministers, who, from a more elevated station survey and balance the whole system of the Campaign, and the general safety and welfare of the Empire.'[2]

558. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 21/12/82

Dear Madam

I write a little letter on little paper because I shall soon have the pleasure of conversing with you in a less laborious manner. Next Thursday I propose to begin my journey for Bath, but as the times (in a public and private light) are very *hard*, I shall travel with my own horses, lye two nights on the road, and reach the Belvidere for a late dinner Saturday. You will be so good as to secure me a lodging; the nearness to your house will be its best recommendation, as you are my sole inducement. If any business should detain me two or three days longer in town, you may depend on the earliest notice.

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[2] This must have been intended to cover Lord George Germain, on whose orders Cornwallis had continued the campaign against Clinton's advice. (*Trevelyan*, vi, 360.) Clinton, who made use of G's suggestions, inserted an adaptation of this passage, using most of G's words and phrases. Later, however, in manuscript notes to copies sent to friends, he rather ungraciously repudiated it, as follows: 'Nonsense'; 'Nonsense slipped in by a friend of the then Cabinet'; 'This paragraph is a cavil introduced by a friend of the Cabinet who revised my Narrative; it had been better left out, it appeared unknown to me'; 'This was put in by a friend of the ministers. I did not object tis true'; and so on. (Stevens, *op. cit.*, i, 42.)

558. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 278. *P*, No. 451.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

December 21rst 1782. E G.

559. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 26/12/82

Dear Madam

It was not in my power to set out this morning (Thursday) and therefore I cannot hope to reach Bath Saturday. I am not perfectly sure whether Sunday, or Monday will be the day of my arrival: for which reason I shall eat a mutton chop at the Devizes, and beg you would not wait dinner for me.

I am most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. December 26th 1782. E G.

560. To Dorothea Gibbon *Tue.* 14/1/[83]

Tuesday the 14th January

Andover five o'Clock in the Afternoon.—Safe, well, and hungry. Not a single Lyon or Giant to be seen on Salisbury plain.[1]—Very odd!

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559. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 279. *P*, No. 452.

560. *Add.MSS* 34885, f. 234. *P*, No. 523 (dated c. 1788). Jan. 14 fell on a Tuesday in '83.

[1] An old joke, see No. 350.

561. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 16/1/83

Dear Madam.

I reached London after an easy and pleasant journey, and am now seated in my library before a good fire, and among three or four thousand of my old acquaintance.—The prospect of my future life is not *gloomy*: yet I should esteem myself a very happy man indeed if every fortnight could be of as pure a white as the last which I have spent at Bath in the society of the most sincere as well as amiable of my friends.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

Bentinck Street. Jan. 16th 1783. E G.

562. To Lord Sheffield *Fri.* 17/1/83

As I arrived about five o'Clock on Wednesday last, we were some time in town in mutual ignorance. Unlucky enough; yet our loss will be speedily repaired. Your reason for not writing is worthy of an Irish Baron: you thought Sarah might be at Bath, because you directed letters to her at Clifton near Bristol; where indeed I saw her in a delightful situation swept by the winter winds and scorched by the summer sun. A nobler reason for your silence would be the care of the public papers to record Your steps, words and actions. I was pleased with your Coventry oration: a panegyric on the Hertford family is a subject entirely new and which no orator before yourself would have dared to undertake.[1] You have acted with prudence and dignity in casting away the military yoke;[2] yet even

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561. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 283. *P*, No. 454.

562. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 284. *MW* ('96), i, No. CXLIII. *P*, No. 455.

[1] The death of Edward Roe Yeo left vacant a parliamentary seat at Coventry, for which the Hon. Wm Conway, son of Lord Hertford, was returned on Jan. 19. The *Morning Herald* for Jan. 8 mentions Conway, in company with Lord Beauchamp and Lord Sheffield, leaving Coventry, where he had completed his canvass, for Lord Hertford's seat at Ragley.

[2] Viscount Feilding, Lord S's successor, was commissioned Lt.-Colonel of the 22nd Dragoons on Jan. 19.

if I *had* a right, I should try to moderate my indignation. This next summer you will sit down (if you can sit) in the long lost character of a country Gentleman.

For my own part my late journey has only confirmed me in the opinion, that No 7 Bentinck Street is the best house in the World. I find that peace and war alternately and daily take their turns of conversation, and this (Friday) is the pacific day. Next week we shall probably hear some questions on that head very strongly asked and very foolishly answered.[3]—I embrace &c.—Give me a line by return of post, and possibly I may visit Downing Street on Monday evening—late however as I am engaged to dinner and card[s]. Adieu.

Jan. 17th 1783. E G.

563. To Joseph Priestley *Tue.* 28/1/83

Sir

As a mark of your *esteem*, I should have accepted with pleasure your *History of the Corruptions of Christianity*. You have been careful to inform me that it is intended not as a gift, but as a *challenge*; and such a challenge you must permit me to decline. At the same time, since you glory in outstripping the zeal of the Mufti and the Lama, it may be proper for me to declare, that I should equally refuse the defiance of those venerable[1] Divines. Once, and once only, the just defence of my own veracity provoked me to descend into the amphitheatre; but as long as you attack opinions which I have never maintained, or maintain principles which I have never denied, you may safely exult in my silence, and your own victory. The difference between us, (on the credibility

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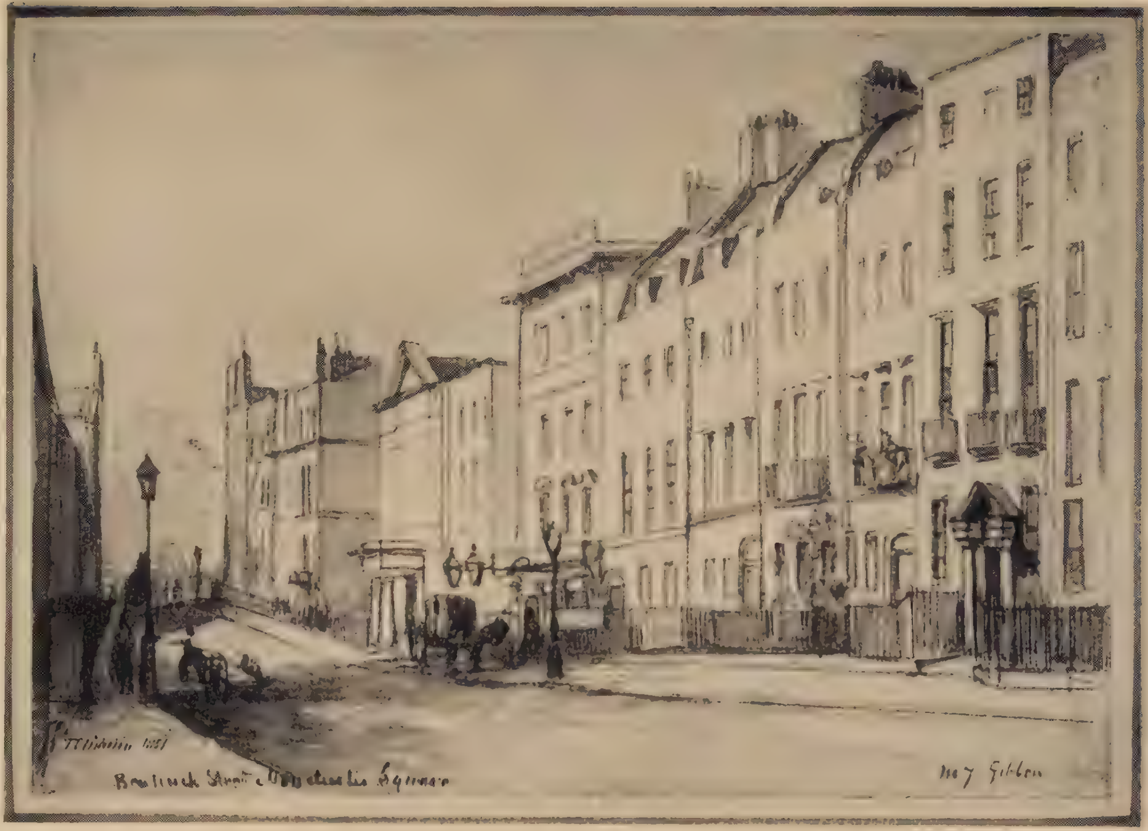
[3] Parliament reassembled on Jan. 21.

563. J. Priestley, *Discourses on the Evidence of Revealed Religion* (1794), 412. For drafts of G's letters to Priestley, see *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 285/6, 287, 289/90. They differ from the versions here given only in minor details. In Priestley's book the dates are given on an errata slip. They correspond with the dates on the drafts. For Priestley's replies, see *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 128/9 (Feb. 3, '83), 130/31 (Feb. 10), 132/3, (Feb. 25). The whole correspondence, except Priestley's first note, is printed from *Add.MSS* in *MW* ('96), i, Nos. CXLIV–IX and *MW* (1814), ii, Nos. CLXI–VI.

[1] In the draft G. substituted this word over 'learned'.

PLATE V


1851
Bentinck Street Manchester Square
No 7 Gibbon

Bentinck Street, 1851 (No. 7 with the portico)

of miracles) which you chuse to suppose, and wish to argue, is a trite and antient topic of controversy; and, from the opinion which you entertain of yourself, and of me, it does not appear probable, that our dispute would either edify, or enlighten the public.

That public will decide to whom the invidious name of *unbeliever* more justly belongs: to the historian, who, without interposing his own sentiments, has delivered a simple narrative of authentic facts, or to the disputant, who proudly rejects all natural proof of the immortality of the soul, overthrows (by circumscribing) the inspiration of the Evangelists and Apostles, and condemns the religion of every Christian nation as a fable less innocent, but not less absurd, than Mahomet's journey to the third Heaven.

And now, Sir, since you assume a right to determine the objects of my past and future studies, give me leave to convey to your ear the almost unanimous, and not offensive, wish of the philosophic world: that you would confine your talents and industry to those sciences in which real and useful improvements *can* be made. Remember the end of your predecessor Servetus, not of his life (the Calvins of our days are restrained from the use of the same fiery arguments) but I mean the end of his reputation. His theological writings are lost in oblivion; and if his book on the trinity[2] be still preserved, it is only because it contains the first rudiments of the discovery of the circulation of the blood.[3]

I am, Sir, your obedient humble Servant

January 28th 1783. E Gibbon

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[2] Spelt with a capital 'T' in draft.

[3] Michael Servetus, doctor and theologian, a Swiss of Spanish origin, was burned as a heretic by the Calvinists in 1553. The book referred to is his *Christianismi Restitutio*. Vienne, 1553.

564. To Joseph Priestley *Thur.* 6/2/83

Sir

As I do not presume to judge of the sentiments and intentions of another, I shall not enquire how far you are disposed to suffer, or inflict, martyrdom. It only becomes me to say, that the style and temper of your last letter has satisfied me of the propriety of declining all farther correspondence, whether public or private, with such an adversary.

I am, Sir, Your humble servant,

Bentinck Street. February 6th 1783. E Gibbon

565. To Dorothea Gibbon *Wed.* 19/2/83

Dear Madam

On Monday or rather Tuesday last we gave the first blow to Lord S's Government by a Majority of sixteen in the House of C. on the Peace which will be followed by new and decisive attacks. The victory was obtained by the union of Lord North with Fox and the Rockingham party.—You would have blamed me for going or rather being carried down with flannels and crutches and sitting all night till past eight in the morning: but I have the pleasure of assuring you that the heat and fatigue have done me no harm, that I have already changed my two crutches into a single stick which I hope to throw away in three or four days. This fit of the Gout, though severe has been short regular, and I think beneficial. Adieu.

I am ever Yours

Febr. 19th 1783. E Gibbon

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564. J. Priestley, *Discourses on the Evidence of Revealed Religion* (1794), 417. See No. 563, preliminary note.

565. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 288. *P*, No. 456.

566. To Joseph Priestley *Sat.* 22/2/83

If Dr Priestley consults his friends, he will probably learn, that a single copy of a paper, addressed under a seal, to a single person, and not relative to any public or official business, must always be considered as *private correspondence*, which a man of honour is not at liberty to print, without the consent of the writer. That consent, in the present instance, Mr Gibbon thinks proper to with-hold: and as he desires to escape all farther altercation, he shall not trouble Dr Priestley, or himself, with explaining the motives of his refusal.
February 22nd 1783.

567. To Sir Henry Clinton *Fri.* [*March*, 1783]

Address. Sir Henry Clinton.

Mr Gibbon has attentively perused Sir H. Clinton's reply, and would have freely stated his objections, had any thing occurred which Mr G thought either superfluous or deficient. But it appears to him that the argument and narrative are clear, comprehensive and decisive, and as no fair answer can be given it may possibly conclude this disagreable controversy.[1]
Bentinck Street. Friday morn.

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566. J. Priestley, *Discourses on the Evidence of Revealed Religion* (1794), 419. See No. 563, preliminary note.

567. Clements Lib. Univ. of Michigan. Printed from photostat.

[1] This is G's comment on Clinton's second pamphlet in the Clinton-Cornwallis controversy (see No. 557, n. 1). It was published on April 4, '83, and entitled *Observations on some Parts of the Answer of Earl Cornwallis to Sir Henry Clinton's Narrative.*

568. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 29/3/83

Dear Madam

Will you credit and excuse the cause of my delay? I came home late and found your letter on my table. Meaning to read it the next morning, I slipt it into my drawer, and till this moment it escaped my memory and my eye.—I would not bribe you to prefer my silence, yet you may always take it as an assured proof that the body Gibbon is in a perfect state of health and spirits as it is most truly at the present moment, and since the entire retreat of my Gout. The state of public affairs is Anarchy without example and without end and if the King does not decide before Monday the consequences in the House of Commons will be fatal indeed. Every day produces its own lye, and nothing that is probable is true. Yet I believe that Pitt will not accept, and that the Coalition must succeed.[1]

I am Dear Madam Ever Yours

March 29th 1783. E Gibbon

569. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 31/3/83

Dear Madam

In my last, written like this in a very great hurry, I used (if I am not mistaken) an expression which at a distance might alarm you too much. The *fatal* Monday is past without any *fatal* consequences, yet no administration is appointed, but as Pitt has

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568. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 291. *P*, No. 457.

[1] Shelburne's defeat in the Commons on Feb. 18 (see No. 565) was followed by his resignation on 24th. The King tried every means to avoid a ministry containing Fox and the Duke of Portland and during the ensuing negotiations, the country remained without an administration for nearly six weeks. Money was short, the army and navy were growing mutinous, the peace treaties were in danger and there were threats of public riots. The King, having failed to persuade Pitt to form a government, at last gave way and on April 2 a new ministry took office, headed by the Duke of Portland, with Fox and North as Secretaries of State. (Walpole, *Last Journals*, ii, 481–509.)

569. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 292. *P*, No. 458.

formally resigned, the K will probably yield without expecting a second and more serious address on Thursday.[1]—I rejoyce to hear that you have surmounted your complaint, and hope you will feel every day the genial influence of the spring.

I am ever Yours
March 31rst 1783. E G.

570. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 5/5/83

Dear Madam.

My cousin Robert Darrel gave me great pleasure by the information that he thought you perfectly recovered from your late indisposition. I depend on his testimony which removed all my doubts and suspicions of your giving too favourable an account of yourself. For my own part after paying my annual tribute to the gout, I find myself in the same even course of health and spirits which I have enjoyed for many years. The business of the house of Commons has been postponed by waiting first for peace and afterwards for Government; the long hot days will be crowded, and we shall wrangle with a strong June sun shining through the windows to reproach our folly. I have already made one short visit to my Cottage at Hampton Court; I propose every week to steal away like a Citizen from Saturday till Monday, and persuade myself that I shall be revived by such excursions. You express a kind indignation against the persons for whose sake I acted the devil upon two sticks.[1] Notwithstanding their apparent neglect I have reason to think them well inclined towards me, and have even received some assurances, but as every thing that depends on Ministers is precarious and uncertain, I would not raise too much either your hopes or my own. If any situation permanent and proper could be obtained, incompatible with a seat in parliament, I should retire from that assembly without the least reluctance.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours
May 5th 1783. E G.

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[1] Pitt and other members of the Shelburne ministry resigned on March 31.

570. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 293/4. *P*, No. 459.
[1] See No. 565.

571. To GEORGES DEYVERDUN *Tue.* 20/5/83

Address. A Monsieur Monsieur d'Eyverdun à Lausanne dans le Canton de Berne. En Suisse. *Postmark.* Paid 2/-.

A Londres ce 20 Mai, 1783

Que j'admire la douce et parfaite confiance de nos sentimens reciproques. Nous nous aimons dans l'eloignement et le silence, et il nous suffit à l'un et à l'autre de savoir de tems en tems des nouvelles de la vie, de la santé et du bonheur de son ami. Aujourdhui j'ai besoin de vous ecrire, je commence sans excuses et sans reproches, comme si nous allions reprendre la conversation familiere du jour precedent.—Si je proposois de faire un *Compte rendu* de mes etudes, de mes occupations, de mes plaisirs, de mes nouvelles liaisons, de ma politique toujours muette mais un peu plus rapprochée des grands evenemens je multiplierois mes in-quarto, et je ne sai pas encore votre avis sur ceux que je vous ai deja envoyés. Dans cette histoire moderne il seroit toujours un peu question de la decadence des Empires, et autant que j'en puis juger sur mes reminiscences et sur le rapport de l'ami Bugnon vous aimez aussi peu la puissance de l'Angleterre que celle des Romains. Notre chute cependant a eté plus douce, après une guerre sans succès et un paix assez peu glorieuse il nous reste de quoi vivre contens, et heureux, et lorsque je me suis depouillé du role d'un membre du parlement pour redevenir homme philosophe et historien, nous pourrions bien nous trouver d'accord sur la plupart des scenes etonnantes qui viennent de se passer devant nos yeux, et qui fourniront une riche matiere au plus habile de mes successeurs.

Bornons nous à cette heure à un objet moins illustre sans doute, mais plus interessant pour tous les deux, et c'est beaucoup que le meme objet puisse interesser deux mortels qui ne se sont pas vûs, qui à peine se sont ecrit depuis—Oui ma foi depuis huit ans. Ma plume tres paresseuse au commencement, ou plutot avant le commencement marche assez vite lorsqu'elle s'est une fois mise en train, mais une raison qui m'empecheroit de lui donner carriere,

571. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 295/7. *MW* ('96), i, No. CL. *P*, No. 460.

c'est l'esperance de pouvoir bientot me servir avec vous d'un instrument encore plus commode, la langue. Que l'homme, l'homme Anglois, l'homme Gibbon est un sot animal. Je l'espere, je le desire, je le puis, mais je ne sai pas si [je] le veux, encore moins si j'executerai cette volonté.—Voici mon histoire autant qu'elle pourra vous eclairer, qu'elle pourra m'eclairer moi-meme sur mes veritables intentions, qui me paroissent très obscures et très equivoques, et vous aurez la bonté de m'apprendre quelle sera ma conduite future. Il vous souvient, seigneur que mon grand-pere a fait sa fortune, que mon pere l'a mangé avec un peu trop d'appetit, et que je jouis actuellement du fruit ou plutot du reste de leurs travaux. Vous n'avez pas oublié que je suis entré au parlement sans patriotisme et sans ambition, et que toutes mes vues se bornoient à la place commode et honnete d'un *Lord of Trade.* Cette place je l'ai obtenue enfin, je l'ai possedée trois ans, depuis 1779 jusqu'à 1782 et le produit net qui se montoit à sept cens cinquante livres sterling, augmentoit mon revenu au niveau de mes besoins et de mes desirs. Mais au printemps de l'année precedente, l'orage a grondé sur nos tetes: Mylord North a eté renversé, votre serviteur chassé, et le *board* meme dont j'etois membre, aboli et cassé pour toujours par la reformation de M. Burke avec beaucoup d'autres places de l'etat, et de la maison du Roi. Pour mon malheur je suis toujours resté membre de la chambre basse: à la fin du dernier parlement (en 1780) M. Eliot a retiré sa nomination, mais la faveur de Mylord North a facilité ma rentrée, et la reconnoissance m'imposoit le devoir de faire valoir pour son service les droits que je tenois, *en partie* de lui. Cet hyver nous avons combattu sous les etendarts reunis (vous savez notre histoire) de Mylord North et de M. Fox, nous avons triomphé du Lord Shelburne et de la paix, et mon ami (je n'aime pas à profaner ce nom) a remonté sur sa bête en qualité de Secretaire d'Etat. C'est à present qu'il peut bien me dire 'C'etoit beaucoup pour moi ce n'etoit rien pour vous.' et malgré les assurances les plus fortes, j'ai trop de raison pour avoir de la foi. Avec beaucoup d'esprit et des qualités tres respectables notre homme a la demarche lente et le coeur froid. Il n'a plus ni le titre ni le credit de premier ministre; des collégues plus actifs lui enlevent les morceaux les plus friands qui sont aussitot devorés par la voracité de leurs creatures, nos malheurs et nos reformes ont diminué le nombre des graces; par orgueil ou par paresse je solicite assez mal,[1] et si je parviens enfin ce sera peut-etre à la veille d'une nouvelle revolution, qui me fera perdre dans un instant ce qui m'aura couté tant de soins et de recherche. Si je ne consultois que mon coeur et ma raison je romprois sur le champ cette indigne chaine de la dependance, je quitterois le Parlement, Londres, l'Angleterre, je chercherois sous un ciel plus doux, dans un pays plus tranquille, le repos, la liberté, l'aisance et une societé eclairée, et aimable. En attendant la mort de ma bellemere et de ma tante[2] je coulerois quelques années de ma vie sans esperance et sans crainte, j'acheverois mon histoire, et je ne rentrerois dans ma patrie qu'en homme libre, riche et respectable par sa position aussi bien que par son caractere. Mes amis, et surtout Mylord Sheffield (M. Holroyd) ne veulent pas me permettre d'etre heureux suivant mon gout et mes lumieres. Leur prudence exige que je fasse tous mes efforts pour obtenir un emploi très sur à la verité qui me donneroit mille Guinées de rente mais qui m'enleveroit cinq jours par semaine. Je me prete à leur zele, et leur ai promis de ne partir qu'en Automne apres avoir consacré l'eté à cette derniere tentative. Le succés cependant est très incertain, et je ne sai si je le desire de bonne foi.

Si je parviens à me voir exilé, mon choix ne sera pas douteux. Lausanne a eu mes premices, elle me sera toujours chere par le doux souvenir de ma jeunesse. Au bout de trente ans je me rappelle les polissons qui sont aujourdhui Juges, les petites filles de la societé du printems,[3] qui sont devenue grand'meres. Votre pays est charmant, et malgré le degout de Jean Jacques, les moeurs et l'esprit de ses habitans me paroissent tres assortis aux bords du lac Leman. Mais un tresor que je ne trouverois qu'à Lausanne c'est un ami qui me convient egalement par les sentimens et les idées, avec qui je n'ai jamais connu un instant d'ennui de secheresse ou de reserve. Autrefois dans nos libres epanchemens nous avons cent fois fait le projet de vivre ensemble et cent fois nous avons epluché tous les details du Roman avec une chaleur qui nous etonnoit nous-memes. A present il demeure ou plutot vous demeurez, (car je me lasse de ce ton etudié) dans une maison charmante et commode, je vois d'ici mon apartement, nos salles communes, notre table et nos promenades, mais ce marriage ne vaut rien s'il ne convient pas egalement aux deux epoux, et je sens combien des circonstances locales, des gouts nouveaux, de nouvelles liaisons peuvent s'opposer aux desseins qui nous ont paru les plus agreables dans le lointain. Pour fixer mes idées, et pour nous épargner des regrets, il faut me devoiler avec la franchise dont je vous ai donné l'exemple, le tableau exterieur et interieur de George d'Eyverdun. Mon amour est trop delicat pour supporter l'indifference et les égards, et je rougirois d'un bonheur dont je serois redevable non à l'inclination mais à la fidelité de mon ami. Pour m'armer contre les malheurs possibles, hélas! peut-etre trop vraisemblables, j'ai essayé de me detacher la pensée de ce projet favori, et de me representer à Lausanne votre bon voisin sans etre precisément votre commensal. Si j'y etois reduit je ne voudrois pas tenir maison, autant par raison d'économie, que pour eviter l'ennui de manger seul. D'un autre coté une pension ouverte, fut-elle montée sur l'ancien pied de celle de Mesery ne conviendroit plus à mon age ni à mon caractere; passerois je ma vie au milieu d'une foule de jeunes Anglois echappés du college, moi qui aimerois Lausanne cent fois davantage si j'y pouvois etre le seul de ma nation. Il me faudroit donc une maison commode et riante, un etat au dessus de la bourgeoisie, un mari instruit, une femme qui ne resembleroit pas à Madame Pavillard, et l'assurance d'y etre reçu comme le fils unique ou plutot comme le frere de la famille. Pour nous arranger sans gêne, je meublerois très volontiers un joli apartement sous le meme toit, ou dans le voisinage, et puisque le menage le plus foible laisse encore de l'etoffe pour une forte pension je ne serois pas obligé de chicaner sur les conditions pecuniaires. Si je me vois dechû de cette derniere espérance, je renoncerai en soupirant à ma seconde patrie, pour chercher un nouvel azyle non pas à Geneve, triste sejour du travail et de la discorde, mais aux bords du lac de Neufchatel, parmi les bons Savoyards de Chamberry, ou sous le beau climat des provinces meridionales de la France.—Je finis brusquement parceque j'ai mille choses à vous dire. Je pense que nous nous ressemblons pour

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[1] Cf. No. 573.

[2] Hester Gibbon, from whose will G. had expectations.

[3] Cf. No. 58, n. 14.

la correspondance. Pour le bavardage savans ou meme amical je suis de tous les hommes le plus paresseux, mais dès qu'il s'agit d'un objet réel d'un service essentiel, le premier courier emporte toujours ma reponse. A la fin d'un mois, je commencerai à compter les semaines, les jours, les heures. Ne me les faites pas compter trop longtems.[4]—Vale.

572. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 30/5/[83]

Dear Madam.

When I was called upon last February[1] for my annual tax to the Gout, I only paid for my left foot which in general is the most heavily assessed: the officer came round last week to collect the small remainder that was due for the right foot. I have now satisfied his demand, he is retired in good humour, and I feel myself easy both in mind and body.—If I complained of your silence though somewhat longer than usual I should be unreasonable indeed, and I only wish to be assured that it does not proceed from want of health or spirits. I hope you do not stand in need of a Physician but I am concerned to think that since the Jew's[2] departure you have not any one who knows your constitution or in whom you repose any confidence. How do you propose to spend the summer? do you mean to breathe the sharp air of the Welsh mountains? If you would visit the banks of the Thames you would find a hearty wellcome, and my cottage would be easily enlarged by an occasional lodging. I feel great comfort in this retreat at Hampton Court, and shall now escape every week from the heat and dust of the House of Commons.

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[4] D's reply (*Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 134/7; printed *MW* ('96), i, No. CLI, *MW* (1814), ii, No. CLXX and *P*, No. 461) was written on June 10 and reached G. on 21st. He welcomed G's suggestion, which was particularly opportune, as some friends with whom he had been sharing his house were on the point of leaving him. He went on to describe his house, La Grotte, suggested that he and G. should share expenses in proportion to their respective incomes and was sure G. would find enough money to enable him to live very comfortably. He then described the pleasant social life which G. might expect to find in Lausanne.

572. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 234. *P*, No. 416 (dated 1781). Only in '83 was G. at Hampton Court in May.

[1] Cf. No. 565.

[2] Dr Delacour. Cf. No. 527, n. 1.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

Friday, May 30th. E G.

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573. To Lord North [*May*, 1783?]

My Lord.

Although you have not been able to insert me in any of your late arrangements, I am very much flattered by hearing from some of our common friends that your Lordship still thinks me worthy of your regard and assistance; and I am much better pleased to owe that notice to your kind remembrance than to my own importunity. If I trouble you at this moment it is only to suggest an idea which might not have occurred to your Lordship. My seat in parliament (except for the purpose of giving a faithful though mute support to your Government) has long since grown indifferent to me, and prudential considerations urge me[1] to cast anchor in some safe and commodious harbour. A place of Commissioner of the Customs or Excise (I should very much prefer the former) would be secure and sufficient, and however irksome[2] I ought not to complain of the necessary attendance. Perhaps it might be found that some Commissioner, aged, or rich, or infirm or idle would be tempted to retire by a moderate provision, and the whole business by your Lordship's weighty interposition might be accomplished without much difficulty. If this scheme is carried into effect, my seat at Lymington might be filled by some person equally attached to the present Government as Sir Harry Burrard,[3] on every principle of equity and reason must consent at your Lordship's recommendation to the substituting one name instead of another. On a subject

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573. *Add.MSS* 34885, f. 19. A draft. Evidently to Lord North, from the contents and from the reference to Grosvenor Street (see No. 522, n. 5). Written after N's return to office in April and before June 24 (see reference to the post at the Customs in No. 574, p. 338), probably late in May, when it must have become evident that N. was not going to offer a post on his own initiative.

[1] Followed by 'to wish for', deleted.

[2] Followed by 'it might be', deleted.

[3] Cf. No. 502, n. 1.

so interesting to myself I should easily become prolix, but if you will permit me to wait on you any morning in Grosvenor Street, I think I could[4] offer some expedients that would tend to facilitate the Arrangement.

I am &c.

573*a*. To Thomas Cadell [*Summer*, 1783?]

Mr Cadell is desired to send a Copy *From the Author to Mr Charles Butler of Lincoln's Inn*, of the last Edition of the three Volumes of the Decline and fall of the Roman Empire.
Bentinck Street. Saturday.

574. To Georges Deyverdun *Tue.* 24-*Fri.* 27/6/83

Address. A Monsieur Monsieur Deyverdun chez M. Bourcard de Kirschgarten à Bâle en Suisse.

Je reçois votre lettre du 10 Juin[1] le 21 de ce mois. Aujourdhui Mardi le 24 je mets la main à la plume (comme dit M. Freron) pour y repondre quoique ma missive ne puisse partir par l'arrangement des postes que Vendredi prochain, le 27 du courant. O merveille de la grace efficace! Elle n'agit pas moins puissamment sur vous, et moyennant le secours toujours pret et toujours prompt de nos couriers, un mois nous suffira pour la demande et la reponse. Je remercie mille fois le Genie de l'amitié qui m'a poussé apres mille efforts inutiles à vous ecrire enfin au moment le plus critique et le plus favorable. Jamais demarche n'a repondu si parfaitement à

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[4] Followed by 'mention some means', deleted.

573a. Huntington Library. Printed from photostat. Written before G. quitted Bentinck Street in this year and perhaps after May 22, when an octavo edition of *D. & F.* was published, but possibly in '82 (see *Norton*, 52).

574. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 298/301 and (last leaf) papers of M. Louis Grenier. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLII (without last paragraph). *P*, No. 462 (without last paragraph). *Read*, ii, 431 (last paragraph, in trans). RHV, (1912), 183 (last paragraph).

[1] See No. 571, n. 4.

tous mes voeux et à toutes mes esperances. Je comptois sans doute sur la durée et la verité de vos sentimens, mais j'ignorois (telle est la foibless humaine) jusqu'à quel point ils avoient pu etre attiedis par le tems et l'eloignement: et je savois encore moins l'etat actuel de votre santé de votre fortune de vos liaisons qui auroient pù opposer tant d'obstacles à notre reunion. Vous m'ecrivez vous m'aimez toujours, vous desirez avec zele avec ardeur de realiser nos anciens projets vous le pouvez vous le voulez, vous m'offrez dès l'automne votre maison et quelle maison! votre terrasse et quelle terrasse! votre societé et quelle societé: l'arrangement nous convient à tous les deux, je retrouve à la fois le compagnon de ma jeunesse un sage conseiller, et un peintre qui sait representer et exagerer même les objets les plus rians. Ces exagerations me font pour le moins autant de plaisir que la simple verité. Si votre portrait etoit tout à fait ressemblant, ces agremens n'existeroient que hors de nous memes, et j'aime encore mieux les retrouver dans la vivacité de votre coeur et de votre imagination. Ce n'est pas que je ne reconnoisses un grand fond de verité dans le tableau de Lausanne, je connois le lieu de la scene, je me transporte en idée sur *notre* terrasse, je vois ces coteaux ce lac ces montagnes ouvrage favori de la Nature et je conçois sans peine les embellissemens que votre gout s'est plû à y ajouter. Je me rappelle depuis vint ou trente ans les moeurs l'esprit l'aisance de la societé, et je comprens que ce veritable ton de la bonne compagnie se perpetue et s'epure de pere en fils ou plutot de mere en fille car il m'a toujours paru qu'à Lausanne aussi bien qu'en France les femmes sont très superieures aux hommes. Dans un pareil sejour je craindrois la dissipation bien plus que l'ennui, et le tourbillon de Lausanne etonneroit un Philosophe accoutumé depuis tant d'annèes à la tranquillité de Londres. Vous etes trop instruit pour regarder ce propos comme une mauvaise plaisanterie; c'est dans les detroits qu'on est entrainé par la rapidité des courans, il n'y en a point en pleine mer. Dès qu'on ne recherche plus les plaisirs bruyans, et qu'on s'affranchit volontiers des devoirs penibles la liberté d'un simple particulier se fortifie par l'immensité de la ville. Quant à moi l'application à mon grand ouvrage, l'habitude et la recompense du travail m'ont rendu plus studieux plus sedentaire plus ami de la retraite: la Chambre des communes, et les grands diners exigent beaucoup de tems; et la temperance d'un repas Anglois vous permet de gouter de cinq ou six vins differens, et vous ordonne de boire une bouteille de Claret après le dessert: mais enfin je ne soupe jamais je me couche de fort bonne heure, je reçois peu de visites, les matinées sont longues, les etés sont libres, et dès que je ferme ma porte je suis oublié du monde entier. Dans une societé plus bornée et plus amicale les demarches sont publiques les droits sont reciproques l'on dine de bonne heure, on se goute trop pour ne pas passer l'après midi ensemble, on soupe, on veille, et les plaisirs de la soirée ne laissent pas de deranger le repos de la nuit et la travail du lendemain. Quel est cependant le resultat de ces plaintes, c'est seulement que la mariée est trop belle, et si j'ose me servir de l'excuse honnete de la santé et du privilege d'un homme de lettres il ne tiendra qu'à moi de moderer un peu l'excès de mes jouissances. Pour cet engouement que vous m'annoncez, et qui a toujours eté le defaut des peuples les plus spirituels je l'ai deja eprouvé sur un plus grand théatre. Il y a six ans que l'ami de Madame Necker fut reçu à Paris comme celui de Georges d'Eyverdun pourroit l'etre à Lausanne. Je ne connois rien de plus flateur que cet accueil favorable d'un public poli et eclairé, mais cette faveur si douce pour l'etranger n'est elle pas un peu dangereuse pour l'habitant exposé à voir flétrir ses lauriers par sa faute ou par l'inconstance de ses juges. Non: on se soutient toujours, peut etre pas precisément au meme point d'elevation. A l'abri de trois gros volumes in quarto en langue etrangere encore, ce qui n'est un petit avantage je conserverai toujours la reputation litteraire, et cette reputation donnera du relief aux qualités sociales, si l'on trouve l'historien sans travers sans affectation et sans pretentions. Je serai donc charmé et content de votre societé, et j'aurois pu dire en deux mots, ce qui j'ai bavardé en deux pages mais il y a tant de plaisir à bavarder avec un ami: car enfin je possede à Lausanne un veritable ami, et les simples connoissances remplaceront sans beaucoup de peine tout ce qui s'appelle liaison et meme amitié dans ce vaste desert de Londres. Mais au moment ou j'ecris je vois de tout coté, une foule d'objets dont la perte sera bien plus difficile à reparer. Vous connoissiez ma bibliotheque, mais je suis en état de vous rendre le propos de la maison 'c'est bien autre chose à cette heure'. Formée peu à peu mais avec beaucoup de soin et de depense elle peut se nommer aujourdhui un beau cabinet de particulier. Non contente de remplir à rangs redoublés la meilleure piece qui lui etoit destinée, elle s'est debordée dans la chambre sur la rue, dans votre ancienne chambre à coucher, dans la mienne dans tous les recoins de la maison de Bentinck Street, et jusques dans une chaumiere que je me suis donnée à Hampton Court.

J'ai mille courtisans rangés autour de moi
Ma retraite est mon Louvre, et j'y commande en Roi.

Le fonds est de la meilleure compagnie Grecque Latine Italienne Françoise, et Angloise, et les auteurs les moins chers à l'homme de Gout, des Ecclesiastiques, des Byzantins, des Orientaux sont les plus necessaires à l'historien de la decadence et de la Chute &c. Vous ne sentez que trop bien le desagrement de laisser et l'impossibilité de transporter cinq ou six mille volumes, d'autant plus que le Ciel n'a pas voulu faire de la Suisse un pays maritime. Cependant mon zele pour le reussite de nos projets communs me fait imaginer que ces obstacles pourront s'applanir, et que je puis adoucir ou supporter ces privations douleureuses. Les bons auteurs classiques la bibliotheque des Nations se retrouvent dans tous les pays: Lausanne n'est pas depourvue de livres ni de politesse et j'ai dans l'esprit qu'on pourroit acquerir pour un certain tems, quelque bibliotheque d'un vieillard ou d'un mineur dont la famille ne voudroit pas s'en défaire entierement. Quant aux outils de mon travail, nous commencerions par examiner l'etat de nos richesses, après quoi il faudroit faire un petit calcul du prix du poids et de la rareté de chaque ouvrage, pour juger de ce qu'il seroit necessaire de transporter de Londres, et de ce qu'on acheteroit plus commodément en Suisse; et [à] l'egard de ces frais on devroit les envisager comme les avances d'une manufacture transplantée en pays etranger et qu'on espere de retirer dans la suite avec un profit raisonnable. Malheureusement votre bibliotheque publique en y ajoutant meme celle de M. de Bochat est assez piteuse, mais celles de Berne et de Basle sont très nombreuses et je compterois assez sur la bonhommie Helvetique pour esperer que moyennant des recommendations et des cautions il me seroit permis d'en tirer les livres dont j'aurois essentiellement besoin.[2] Vous etes très bien placé pour prendre les informations et pour faire les demarches convenables mais vous voyez du moins combien je me retourne de tous les cotés pour esquiver la difficulté la plus formidable.

Venons à present à des objets moins relevés mais très importans à l'existence et au bien-etre de l'animal, le logement les domestiques et la table. Pour mon apartement particulier une chambre à coucher avec un grand cabinet et une antichambre auroient suffi à tous mes besoins mais si vous pouvez vous en passer, je me promenerai avec plaisir dans l'immensité de vos onze pieces, qui s'accomoderont sans doute aux heures et aux saisons differentes. L'article des domestiques renferme une assez forte difficulté sur laquelle je dois vous consulter. Vous connoissez et vous estimez Caplen mon Valet de Chambre, Maitre d'Hotel &c qui a eté nourri dans notre maison et qui comptoit d'y finir ses jours. Depuis votre depart ses talens et ses vertus se sont devellopées de plus en plus, et je le considere bien moins sur le pied d'un domestique que sur celui d'un ami. Malheureusement il ne sait que l'Anglois, et jamais il n'apprendra de langue etrangere. Il m'accompagna il y a six ans dans mon voyage à Paris mais il rapporta fidelement à Londres toute l'ignorance et tous les prejugés d'un bon patriote. A Lausanne il me couteroit beaucoup et à l'exception du service personel il ne nous seroit que d'une très petite utilité. Cependant je supporterois volontiers cette depense mais je suis très persuadé que si son attachement le portoit à me suivre il s'ennuyeroit à mourir dans un pays où tout lui seroit etranger et desagreable. Il faudroit donc me detacher d'un homme dont je connois le zèle la fidelité, rompre tout d'un coup mille petites habitudes qui sont liées avec le bien-etre journalier et momentané et se resoudre à lui substituer un visage nouveau, peutetre un mauvais sujet, toujours quelque aventurier Suisse pris sur le pavé de Londres. Vous rappellez vous un certain Georges Suess qui a fait autrefois avec moi le voyage de France et de l'Italie? Je le crois marié et etabli à Lausanne; s'il vit encore, si vous pouvez l'engager à se rendre ici pour me ramener en Suisse la compagnie d'un bon et ancien serviteur ne laisseroit pas d'adoucir la chute, et il resteroit peutetre aupres de moi jusqu'à ce que nous eussions choisi un jeune homme du pays, adroit modeste et bien elevé à qui je ferois un parti avantageux. Les autres domestiques, Gouvernante, laquais, cuisiniere &c se prennent et se renvoyent sans difficulté. Un article bien plus important c'est notre table, car enfin nous ne sommes pas assez hermites pour nous contenter des legumes et des fruits de votre jardin tout excellens qu'ils sont mais je n'ai presque rien à ajouter à l'honneteté de vos propos qui me donnent beaucoup plus de plaisir que de surprise. Si je me trouvois sans fortune au lieu de rougir des bienfaits de l'amitié j'accepterois vos offres aussi simplement que vous les faites.[3] Mais nous ne sommes pas reduits à ce point, et vous comprenez assez qu'une déconfiture Angloise laisse encore une fortune fort decente au pais de Vaud, et pour vous dire quelque chose de plus precis je depenserois sans peine et sans inconvenient cinq ou six Cens Louis. Vous connoissez le resultat aussi bien que les details d'un ménage; en supposant une petite table de deux philosophes Epicuriens, quatre cinq ou six domestiques, des amis assez souvent, des repas assez rarement, beaucoup de sensualité et peu de luxe, à combien estimeriez vous en gros la depense d'un mois et d'une année? Le partage que vous aviez deja fait me paroit des plus raisonnables, vous me logez et je vous nourris: A votre calcul j'ajouterois mon entretien personel, habits, jeu, menus plaisirs, gages de domestiques &c, et je verrois d'une manniere assez nette l'ensemble de mon petit etablissement.

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[2] The library of Charles Guillaume Loys de Bochat, professor of law at the Académie de Lausanne, was given by his family to the Bibliothèque Académique, after his death in '54. The library at Berne was founded in the sixteenth century. It was difficult to get books from it and G. had to resort to some surreptitious borrowing through a friend. (*Read*, ii, 462–4.)

Apres avoir essuyé tant de details minutieux le cher lecteur s'imagine sans doute, que la resolution de me fixer pendant quelque tems aux bords du lac Leman est parfaitement decidée. Helas rien n'est moins vrai: mais je me suis livré au charme delicieux de contempler, de sonder, de palper ce bonheur dont je sens tout le prix, qui est à ma portée et auquel j'aurai peutetre la betise de renoncer. Vous avez raison de croire, mais vous ignorez jusqu'à quel point vous avez raison que ma carriere politique a eté plus semée d'epines que de roses. Eh quel objet quel motif pourroit me consoler de l'ennui de affaires, et de la honte de la dependance? *La gloire*? Comme homme de lettres j'en jouis, comme Orateur je ne l'aurai jamais, et le nom des simples soldats est oublié dans les victoires aussi bien que dans les defaites. *Le devoir*. Dans ces combats à l'aveugle où les Chefs ne cherchent que leur avantage particulier, il y a toujours à parier que les subalternes feront plus de mal que de bien. *L'attachement personel*. Les ministres sont rarement dignes de l'inspirer, jusqu'à present Lord North n'a pas eu à se plaindre de moi et si je me retire du parlement il lui sera très aisé d'y substituer un autre muet tout aussi affidé que son ancien serviteur. Je suis intimement convaincû et par la raison et par le sentiment qu'il n'y a point de parti qui me convienne aussi bien que de vivre avec vous et auprès de vous à Lausanne, et si je parviens à la place (Commissioner of the Excise or Customs) où je vise, il y aura toutes les semaines cinq longues matinées qui m'avertiront de la folie de mon choix: vous vous trompez à la verité à l'egard de l'instabilité de ces emplois, elles sont presque les seules qui ne se ressentent jamais des revolutions du ministere. Cependant si cette place s'offroit bientot, je n'aurois pas le bon sens et le courage de la refuser. Quels autres conseillers veux je prendre sinon mon coeur et ma raison? Il en est de puissans et toujours ecoutés, la paresse, les egards, la mauvaise honte. Tous mes amis ou soi-disan tels s'ecrieront que je suis un homme perdu, ruiné, un fou qui se derobe à ses protecteurs, un misanthrope qui s'exile au bout du monde, et puis les exagerations sur tout ce qui seroit fait en ma faveur, si surement, si promptement, si liberalement. Mylord Sheffield opinera à me faire interdire et enfermer, mes deux tantes et ma belle-mere se plaindront que je les quitte pour jamais &c. Et l'embarras de prendre mon bonnet de nuit comme disoit le sage Fontenelle lorsqu'il n'etoit question que de decoucher. Combien de bonnets de nuit me faudra-t-il pas prendre et les prendre tout seul, car tout le monde, amis, parens, domestiques s'opposera à ma fuite. Voila à la verité des obstacles assez peu redoutables, et en les decrivant je sens qu'elles s'affoiblissent dans mon esprit. Grace à ce long bavardage vous connoissez mon interieur comme moi meme, c'est à dire assez mal; mais cette incertitude très ridicule pour moi seroit très facheuse pour vous. Votre reponse me parviendra vers la fin de Juillet, et huit jours apres je vous promets une replique nette et decisive, *je pars* ou *je reste.* Si je pars ce sera au milieu de Septembre, je mangerai les raisins de votre treille les premiers jours d'Octobre, et vous aurez encore le tems de me charger de vos commissions. Ne me dites plus, Monsieur et très cher ami, le premier est froid, le second est superflû.[4]

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[3] D. had said that if G. had been really penniless, he would have taken him as a guest, as G. had once received him, but that he supposed that this was not necessary.

Ce 27 juin. Ma raison s'éclaire, mon courage se fortifie, et je me promene deja sur la terrasse, riant avec vous de tous ces fils d'araignée qui me sembloient des chaines de fer et ne regrettant [de] Londres que ma chère bibliothèque. Je suis tenté de lacher les mots sacrementaux: toutefois j'aime encore mieux attendre vos derniers eclaircissemens pour prendre ma resolution finale ou du moins pour engager ma parole d'honneur.

575. To Georges Deyverdun *Tue.* 1/7/83

Address. A Monsieur Monsieur Deyverdun chez M. Bourcard de Kirshgarten à Bâsle. En Suisse. *Postmark.* Paid 1/-.

Hampton Court, ce lr Juillet, 1783

Après avoir pris ma resolution, l'honneur et ce qui vaut encore mieux l'amitié, me defendent de vous laisser un moment dans l'incertitude. JE PARS.—Je vous en donne ma parole, et comme je suis bien aise de me fortifier d'un nouveau lien je vous prie très serieusement de ne pas m'en dispenser. Ma possession sans doute ne vaut pas celle de Julie, mais vous serez plus inexorable que St Preux. Je ne sens plus qu'une vive impatience pour notre reunion. Mais le mois d'Octobre est encore loin, 92 jours et nous aurons tout le tems de prendre et de donner les eclaircissemens dont nous avons besoin. Après un mur examen je renonce au voyage de George Suess qui me paroit incertain, cher et difficile. Après tout mon valet de Chambre et ma bibliotheque sont les deux articles les plus embarassans.—Si je ne retenois pas ma plume je remplirois sans peine la feuille—mais il ne faut pas passer du silence à un babil intarissable. Seulement, si je connois le Comte de Cagliostro cet homme extraordinaire &c.[1] Savez vous le Latin? oui sans doute mais faites comme si je ne le savois point. Quand retournez vous à Lausanne vous même? Je pense que vous y trouverez une petite bête bien aimable mais tant soit peu mechante qui se nomme Mylady Elizabeth Foster, parlez lui de moi mais parlez en avec discretion, elle a des correspondences partout. Vale.[2]

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[4] The MS in BM ends here. The succeeding paragraph is written on a separate leaf, on the reverse side of which is the address. The connection of this leaf with the letter of June 24 was first pointed out by Prof. P. Kohler, in an article entitled 'Un Post-Scriptum de Gibbon' in RHV, (1912), 178–84.

575. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 302/3. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLIV. *P*, No. 464.

576. To R. O. Cambridge [*c. July*, '83]

Fanny Burney reported as follows on a note from G. to R. O. Cambridge, 'He shall attend him, he says, at Twickenham, and upon the water as soon as the weather is propitious, and the Thames, that amiable creature, is ready to receive him.'[1]

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[1] The famous astrologer and quack doctor. D. had said on June 10 (see No. 571, n. 4) that he was being treated by the Count of Cagliostro, of whom G. had perhaps heard.

[2] D. received this letter a few days earlier than No. 574, which had been forwarded to him at Strasbourg, just too late to catch him before his return to Bâle. His reply to both letters is in *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 139/40, and printed *MW* ('96), No. CLIII, *MW* (1814), ii, No. CLXXII and *P*, No. 463. He welcomed G's decision but refused to accept his word of honour, in case he changed his mind. D. went on to offer various suggestions for meeting practical difficulties. His letter reached G. on July 30 and was answered on July 31 (No. 582.)

576. D'Arblay, *Diary and Letters*, ed. Barrett & Dobson (1904–5), ii, 222.

[1] The Thames received him in a more literal sense than he expected, for during this visit he fell into the water from a boat. (F. Burney, *Memoir of Dr. Burney* (1832), ii, 341.)

577. To Lord Sheffield *Thur.* 10/7/83

(Most private)

You will read the following lines with more patience and attention than you would probably give to a hasty conference perpetually interrupted by the opening of the door and perhaps by the quickness of our own tempers. I neither expect nor desire an answer on a subject of extreme importance to myself, but which friendship alone can render interesting to you. We shall soon meet at Sheffield.

It is needless to repeat the reflections which we have sometimes debated together, and which I have often seriously weighed in my silent solitary walks. Notwithstanding your active and ardent spirit you must allow that there is some perplexity in my present situation and that my future prospects are distant and cloudy. I have lived too long in the World to entertain a very sanguine idea of the friendship or zeal of Ministerial patrons: and we are all sensible how much the powers of patronage are reduced, the source of pensions is absolutely stopped, and a double list of candidates is impatient and clamorous for half the number of desirable places. A seat at the board of customs or excise was certainly the most practicable attempt, but how far are we advanced in the pursuit? Could we obtain (it was indeed unprecedented) an extraordinary commission? Have we received any promise of the *first* vacancy? how often is the execution of such a promise delayed to a second or third opportunity? When will those vacancies happen? incumbents are sometimes very tough: Of the Excise I know less, but I am sure that the door of the Customs (except when it was opened for Sir Stanier by a pension of *equal* value) has been shut at least during the last three years. In the mean while I should be living in a state of anxiety and dependence, working in the illiberal service of the House of Commons, my seat in parliament sinking in value every day, and my expences very much exceeding my annual income. At the end of that time or rather long before that time (for their

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577. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 304/5. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLV (part omitted). *P*, No. 465 (postscript omitted).

lives are not worth a years purchase) our ministers are kicked down stairs and I am left their disinterested friend, to fight through another opposition and to expect the fruits of another revolution. But I will take a more favourable supposition and conceive myself in six months firmly seated at the board of Customs; before the end of the next six months I should infallibly hang myself. Instead of regretting my disappointment I now rejoyce in my escape, as I am satisfied that no salary could pay me for the irksomeness of attendance and the drudgery of business so repugnant to my taste (and I will dare to say) so unworthy of my character. Without looking forwards to the possibility still more remote of exchanging that laborious office for a smaller annuity there is surely another plan more reasonable more simple and more pleasant, a temporary retreat to a quiet and less expensive scene. In a four years residence at Lausanne, I should live within my income, save and even accumulate my ready money: finish my history an object of profit as well as fame, expect the contingencies of elderly lives, and return to England at the age of fifty to form a lasting independent establishment, without courting the smiles of a minister or apprehending the downfall of a party. Such have been my serious sober reflections, yet I much question whether I should have found courage to follow my reason and my inclination, if a friend had not stretched his hand to draw me out of the dirt. The twentieth of last May I wrote to my friend Deyverdun after a long interval of silence to expose my situation, and to consult in what manner I might best arrange myself at Lausanne. From his answer which I received about a fortnight ago I have the pleasure to learn that his heart and his house are both open for my reception, that a family which he had lodged for some years is about to leave him, and that at no other time my company could have been so acceptable and convenient. I shall step at my arrival into a excellent apartment, and a delightful situation: the fair division of our expences will render them very moderate, and I shall pass my time with the companion of my youth whose temper and studies have always been congenial to my own. I have given him my word of honour to be at Lausanne the beginning of October, and no power or persuasion can divert me from this IRREVOCABLE resolution which I am every day proceeding to execute.

I wish but I scarcely hope to convince you of the propriety of my scheme; but at least you will allow that when we are not able to prevent the *follies* of our friends, we should strive to render them as easy and harmless as possible. The arrangement of my house furniture and books will be left to meaner hands but it is to your Zeal and judgment alone that I can trust the more important disposal of Lenborough and Lymington. On these subjects we may go into a Committee at Sheffield place, but you know it is the rule of a committee not to hear any arguments against the *principle* of the bill. At present I shall only observe that neither of these negociations ought to detain me here: the former may be dispatched as well, the latter much better, in my absence. Vale.
July the 10th 1783.

I do not hear of any new chapmen, but Fonnereau talks of seeing it.[1] He asks the *lowest* price. Newton urges 18: but I say 17½. Moderation and dispatch! I desire him to write to you.

578. To Lord Sheffield *Sat.* [12/7/83?]

I send you my letter to Hearne[1] which you may dispatch by to-night's post, with any additions you please, as I have now introduced you to the Attorney. You will see that instead of 25 I ask 26 years purchase, not from growing more sanguine, but to leave room (if necessary) for large abatements: the infirmity of mankind requires such disingenuous treaty. With Newton you will act as

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[1] Lenborough was advertised for sale in the *Morning Chronicle*, June 14 and the *Morning Herald*, June 17. *Newton* has a charge, under date June 18, 'You having advertised Lenborough without my knowledge'. The Fonnereaus were a large and very wealthy family of linen merchants. This one was perhaps Martin Fonnereau, M.P. for Aldeburgh.

578. *Add. MSS* 34885, f. 20. Probably written after G. had spoken on July 10 (No. 577) of confiding the Lenborough business to Lord S; if so, on Sat. July 12. On July 19 he was already at Hampton Court (see No. 579). After July he was only there from Aug. 22 to 25 and we have a letter to Lord S. written on Fri. 22.

[1] The agent in charge of Lenborough.

you think proper. The American trade[2] attends me to Hampton Court. Adieu.
Saturday morn. E G.

579. To Lord Sheffield *Wed.* 16/[7/83]

Whether you mean to abuse or applaud me, you must postpone that pleasure from Sunday the 20th to Saturday the 26th. I have some litterary accounts to settle before I shut my shop for some months, and they have run as it commonly happens to a greater length than I expected.[1] This delay happens likewise to be very convenient to my agreable Companion Mr Nichols,[2] who salutes the whole Barony with proper respect.
Hampton Court. Wednesday June 16th three o'Clock.

Yours has been just perused and I am glad to find that *in your heart* you cannot disapprove my projects. I have a parcel from Aunt Hester directed to you, but know not whether I should bring or forward. Of Lenborough I hear nothing, but I am *now calm*. Yesterday I visited sister Zara at Weybridge.[3] Adieu.

Bentinck Street Wednesday ten o'Clock. I return to Hampton to-morrow.

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[2] Lord S's pamphlet on the subject or perhaps the American, Silas Deane. See No. 595, n. 1.

579. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 236. *P*, No. 527 (dated June 16, '88, second part omitted). The year is indicated by the contents. G's 'June' is a mistake; the dated days of the week show that he wrote in July.

[1] The fourth volume of *The Decline and Fall* was finished, except for the last chapter, before G. left England in September. (*M.* 326.)

[2] Probably the Rev. Norton Nicholls, friend of the poet, Gray. There are several letters from him to Maria Holroyd in *MJH*.

[3] Sarah Holroyd was staying at Weybridge, whence she went for a few days to SP. (*Add.MSS* 34887, ff. 200, 206.)

580. To Lady Sheffield *Thur.* 24/7/[83]

The Gibbon with his friend Nic (a very proper companion) still proposes to visit Sheffield place, on Saturday next the 26th instant; but as he travels slowly and prudently with his own horses, they dine at Godstone and cannot reach the mansions of bliss before the dusk of evening. The Gibbon presumes that the most aimiable Zara means to allow *him* some extraordinary days.
Bentinck Street. Thursday July 24th.

581. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 26/7/83

My Dear Madam

You have so long been acquainted with my indifference or rather dislike to the house of Commons, that you will not be much surprized, that I should entertain a thought or indeed a resolution of vacating my seat. Your vain hope (a kind and a friendly vanity[1]) of my making a distinguished figure in that assembly has long since been extinct, and you are now convinced by repeated experience that my reputation must be derived solely from my pen. A seat in parliament, I can only value as it is connected with some official situation of emolument: that connection which had fortunately subsisted about three years is now dissolved, and I do not see any probability of its being *speedily* restored. Whatever may be the wishes or sentiments of my political friends, their patronage has been extremely circumscribed by the double list of candidates, the reduction of places and the suppression of pensions. The most solid and attainable things (at the boards of Customs or Excise) are incompatible with a seat in parliament, and my praevious retreat, (by taking from them a motive of delay) will promote rather than

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580. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 240. *P*, No. 524 (dated Feb. 24, no year but placed in '88). Evidently follows No. 579. The date is partly torn but July 24, '83, was a Thursday.

581. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 308/9. *P*, No. 466. See a reference to this letter on p. 410.

[1] Over 'hope', deleted.

obstruct the accomplishment of my hopes and their promises. Thus restored for some time to the enjoyment of freedom, I propose to spend it in the society of my friend d'Eyverdun at Lausanne who presses me in the kindest manner to visit him in the house and garden which he possesses in the most beautiful situation in the World. I intend going about the middle of September, and though it is not possible to define precisely the time of my absence, it is not likely that I shall pass less than a year in Switzerland. I shall exchange the most unwholesome air[2] (that of the house of Commons) for the purest and most salubrious, the heat and hurry of party for a cool litterary repose; and I have little doubt that this excursion which will amuse me by the change of objects will have a lasting and beneficial effect on my health. The lease of my house expires next Christmas, and I shall take the opportunity of disengaging myself from an useless expence and of removing[3] to a hired room my books, and such part of my furniture as may be worth keeping. You will be pleased to hear that the faithful Caplen accompanies me abroad.

Such is the light in which my journey should be represented to those friends to whom it may be advisable to say any thing of my motives. Every circumstance which I have already stated is strictly true, but you will too easily conceive that it is not the *whole truth*: that this step is dictated by the hard law of oeconomy or rather of necessity, and that the moment of my return will not entirely depend on my own choice. You have not forgot how a similar intention, some years ago was superseded by my appointment to the board of trade. Perhaps it would have been wiser if I had left England immediately after the loss of my place, and the sense of this imprudent delay urges me more strongly every day to avoid the difficulties of a still longer procrastination. By this resolution I shall deliver myself at once from the heavy expence of a London life, my friend Deyverdun and myself shall join in a moderate though elegant establishment at Lausanne: and I can wait without inconvenience for one of the events, which may enable me to revisit with pleasure and credit my country, and the person, whom in that country, I most value, I mean yourself. Allow me to add (though I know such thoughts will be absorbed in your mind by higher and more tender sentiments) yet allow me to add that at the stated days of Midsummer and Christmas, you may regularly draw for your half years annuity on Messieurs Gosling in Fleet Street, and that effectual steps shall be taken to secure you from a possibility of disappointment. It would not be my absence but my stay in England that could create any delay or difficulty on that subject.

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[2] Followed by 'in the World', deleted.

[3] Followed by 'to a hired warehouse', deleted.

And now my dear Madam, let me submit to your consideration and final decision, a question which for my own part I am unable to determine, whether I shall visit Bath before I leave England. If I consulted only my wishes, the mere expence and trouble of the journey would be obstacles of small account, but I much fear, that on this occasion, prudence will dissuade what inclination would prompt, and that a meeting of three or four days (for it could be no more) would tend rather to embitter than to alleviate our unavoidable separation.[4] If you decide for my coming down it will probably take place between the 20th and 30th of next month, and I must beg that little, or nothing may be said on the subject of my approaching journey, and that we may (*silently*) turn our thoughts to the happiness of seeing each other, after an interval of time, less considerable perhaps than those which[5] commonly elapse between my Bath expeditions.

I am My Dear Madam ever most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. July 26th 1783. E G.

582. To Georges Deyverdun *Thur.* 31/7/83

Votre papier s'est furieusement rappetissé. Vous avez si bien retranché le superflû, que vous oubliez l'essentiel, et ce n'est que par des conjectures fines et savantes que je devine la date du tems et du lieu. Quant à moi je suis actuellement au chateau de Milord

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[4] DG agreed that he had better not come to Bath. (*CDGP*, Pt. IV, item 2.)

[5] Followed by 'have sometimes elapsed', deleted.

582. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 306/7. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXVI (part omitted).

Sheffield à quarante milles de Londres ce qui ajoute deux jours pour l'arrivée et le depart du courier. Je reçois votre lettre (je ne sai du quantieme)[1] le 30 Juillet de l'an de grace 1783, j'y repons le 31 du dit mois et de la dite année. Le zéle ne se rallentit point pour la consommation du grand oeuvre.—Je sens votre procedé delicat et genereux et quoique je n'eusse pas eté faché de trouver dans votre fermeté un appui à la mienne, ma resolution est si bien affermie sur la base inébranlable de l'inclination et la raison que je ne crains plus les obstacles exterieurs ni interieurs. Dès que j'ai osé fixer mon objet les nuages qui le couvroient se sont evanouis les montagnes s'applanissoient devant moi et les dragons qui s'etoient presentés sur ma route se sont apprivoisés. La semaine passée je frappai le grand coup par la cassation du bail de ma maison en Bentinck Street,[2] et après le mois de Septembre si je ne couche pas à Lausanne, je coucherai à la rue. Mes differens bonnets de nuit[3] s'arrangent tous les jours avec beaucoup d'ordre et de facilité. Lord Sheffield lui meme, ce terrible St George vrai champion de l'Angleterre s'est rendu à mes raisons, ou plutot aux votres. Il est charmé du tableau de votre premiere lettre, et malgré l'activité de son ame, au lieu de me condamner, il me porte envie; et nous discutons, (un peu en l'air) le projet d'une visite que lui, son aimable compagne et sa fille ainée se proposent de nous faire dans deux ans aux bords du lac Leman. Bien loin de combattre mon dessein, il me conseille et me secourt dans l'execution, et je n'aurai pas besoin de recourir aux lumières de votre ami Louis Teissier[4] d'autant plus que pour les menus details de la correspondence etrangere je trouve dans le libraire Elmsley un conseiller sage, instruit et discret. En comparant vos notices je vois que vous avez pris des informations très exactes sur les frais de transport par la voye d'Allemagne, mais celle de France par Rouen, Paris et Lyons, quoique un peu plus lente, est moins couteuse;[5] autant de quintaux rendûs à Lausanne autant de Louis, et le nombre des uns et des autres n'iront pas au dela de quinze ou de vint. Ma fabrique se transportera à un prix assez raisonnable, et pour le luxe litteraire, les etudes de gout et de fantaisie je serai le maitre de me borner ou de me satisfaire. Je suis charmé d'apprendre que Suess vit toujours mais son voyage à Londres (s'il s'y pretoit) me couteroit beaucoup et retarderoit mon depart. A cet egard donc (celui des domestiques) l'exacte prudence cedera tant soit peu au gout à l'habitude et aux bons proçédés envers un ancien et fidele serviteur. Je me suis ouvert à Caplen et apres lui avoir exposé tous les dèsagremens de sa vie Helvetique, je lui ai laissé le choix de rester en Angleterre ou de m'accompagner à Lausanne. Au bout de trois jours que je lui avois donnés pour se consulter, il m'a temoigné un attachement si honnete, que je n'ai pas pu me refuser à ses desirs et aux miens. Cet arrangement m'oblige de prendre un courier qui sait la langue et les chemins, et j'arriverai avec deux domestiques, un Anglois et un François, un Valet de Chambre, et un homme (si je l'exige) de livrée. Mais enfin ce ne sera qu'un echaffaudage qui fera aisément place à un edifice plus solide et plus regulier. Au printems prochain si Caplen se morfond en Suisse (ce qui ne manquera pas d'arriver) j'ai assez de credit pour lui procurer un petit emploi en Angleterre, et si Suess veut bien reprendre ses anciennes allures, je n'aurai pas besoin de chercher plus loin. Votre calcul de la depense de la maison surpasse, non pas absolument mes moyens, mais un peu mes espérances et mes conjectures. La consommation en Suisse n'est point chargée d'impots, le vin y coule comme l'eau de fontaine, votre jardin produit des fruits et des legumes. Se peut il que vint ou *trente* Louis se depensent tous les mois pour le pain, la viande, le bois, la chandelle, quelque peu de vin etranger, les domestiques de la cuisine &c. Je me flatte que dans l'incertitude vous avez cavé au plus fort, mais enfin tout ce detail se reglera suivant nos gouts et nos facultés, et un mois d'experience sera plus instructif que cent pages de raisonnement. La comparaison que vous me demandez de mon menage de Londres ne meneroit à rien. A la rigueur je ne tiens pas maison: je ne donne presque jamais à manger: en hyver je dine assez rarement chez moi, je ne soupe jamais, et une partie assez considerable de la depense (celle des Clubs et des *Tavernes*) n'entre point dans le compte de la maison. Ma nourriture domestique n'excede pas toutefois votre calcul Lausannois, mais je sens la difference entre le petit couvert triste et mesquin d'un Garçon, et la table honnete et hospitaliere de deux amis qui auront d'autres amis &c.[6]

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[1] Cf. No. 575, n. 2.

[2] A receipt, dated July 25, '83, for compensation paid Charles Heath in respect of the remainder of the lease of No. 7, Bentinck Street, is in *Magd. Coll. Papers.*

[3] Cf. No. 574, p. 338.

[4] D. had suggested that Teissier (a Swiss merchant in London) might help G. to move his things to Lausanne.

[5] No punctuation in MS.

Votre idée de masquer mes grandes operations est de la plus profonde politique mais les declarations et même les demarches qui seront necessaires pour me retirer de la Chambre des Communes deceleront un peu trop tot l'etendue de mes projets. Cependant on peut tirer quelque parti de cette honnete dissimulation pour calmer un peu les scrupules et les regrets des dames agées que vous connoissez et que vous ne connoissez pas.[7] Mais le moyen le plus efficace pour arreter, ou pour ne pas ecouter les mauvais discours, c'est de s'y derober par une prompte fuite, et depuis que ma resolution a été decidée je compte les jours et les momens. Le 10 du mois prochain je retournerai à Londres, où je travaillerai vivement à preparer ce grand changement d'etat. J'attens tous les jours la reponse de Madame Gibbon à qui j'ai taché de persuader qu'une entrevue de trois ou quatre jours à Bath seroit moins douce qu'amere pour tous les deux. Si elle se rend ou fait semblant de se rendre à mes raisons, je compte que tout sera baclé à la premiere ou du moins à la seconde semaine de Septembre et comme je couperai droit par la Champagne et la Franche-Comté je pourrois fort bien me trouver à Lausanne vers le 20 ou le 25 de ce mois là. Supposé toujours que cette promptitude vous convienne, que votre maison sera libre et que vous y serez rendû vous meme. J'avois quelque idée de me détourner par Strasbourg, de vous prendre à Basle, et de passer avec vous par Berne &c; mais, toute bien considérée, j'aime mieux abreger le grand voyage, et reserver cette promenade (si nous avions envie de la faire) pour une saison plus tranquille. J'attens votre reponse dans une trentaine de jours, mais sans l'attendre, je vous ecrirai de Londres pour continuer le fil de l'histoire, et peut-etre pour vous charger de quelques achats de livres qui se feront plus commodément à Basle qu'à Lausanne. Vous ne me donnez point de commissions. Cependant ce pays n'est pas sans industrie. Milord

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[6] Contrast, alas!, 'the prettiest little dinners in the world' in '73 (No. 227).

[7] D. had met DG and CP but not Hester G.

et Milady Sheffield vous embrassent tres amicalement. Ce sera pour moi la perte la plus sensible.
Sheffield place, le 31 Juillet. 1783.

583. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 8/8/83

Dear Madam

Your truly *maternal* letters (which I have repeatedly perused) have agitated my mind with a variety of pleasing and painful sensations. I am grieved that you should contemplate my departure in so melancholy a light, but I shall always revere the affection which prompts your anxiety and magnifies the evil. I receive with more gratitude than surprise your generous offer of devoting yourself and so large a portion of your income to my relief,[1] and I am concerned to find on calmer reflection that such a project is attended with insuperable difficulties. After the mutual and unpleasant sacrifice of our habits and inclinations, I could not, even with your assistance reduce the expence of a London life to the level of my present income, and the two hundred a year which you so nobly propose would be exhausted by the single article of a Coach. With regard to the delays which you suggest, you may be assured that I shall take no material step without consideration and advice. Had I staid in London, I should have removed from Bentinck Street. On my return another house may at any time be procured and I shall carefully preserve the most valuable part of my furniture, plate, linnen, china, beds &c. My seat in Parliament cannot be vacated till the next Session, and I shall leave the disposal of it to our friend Lord Sheffield, in whose zeal and discretion, we may safely confide. On his own account he regrets my departure, but he has been forced to give a full though reluctant approbation to my design. I wish it were in my power to remove all your kind apprehensions which relate to the length of my absence and the choice

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583. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 311/12. *P*, No. 468.

[1] She offered to help by coming to live with G. in London and contributing £200 of her annuity to his expenses. (*CDGP*, p. 13, item 2. See *Low*, 297.)

of my residence.[2] I certainly do not entertain a very sanguine idea of political friendship, but I am convinced that such persons as really wish to serve me will not be discouraged by my temporary retreat to Switzerland. In the leisure and quiet which I shall enjoy at Lausanne, I shall prosecute the continuation of my history, and the care of publishing a work from whence I may expect both honour and advantage will secure within a reasonable space my return to England. Your idea of the Climate of Switzerland is by many degrees too formidable; the air though sometimes keen, is pure and wholesome, the Gout is much less frequent on the Continent than in our Island, and the provoking luxury of London dinners is much more likely to feed that distemper, than the temperance and tranquillety of Lausanne. In the society of my friend Deyverdun, I hope to spend some time with comfort and propriety, but my affections are still fixed in England, it will be my wish and endeavour to shorten the term of this necessary separation, and in the meanwhile you may depend on the most regular communication of every circumstance that affects my health and happiness.

I am My Dear Madam ever Yours
Sheffield place. August 8th 1783. E G.

I have some questions to ask you about the disposal of certain pieces of furniture, such as the Clock and Carpet, but I would not mix those trifles with the more serious purpose of this letter.

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[2] *CDGP*, p. 14, item 3, probably earlier than there dated. She was afraid the house would not be comfortable, 'for Mr Deyverdun is a Philosopher'. Cf. *Low*, *loc. cit.*

584. To Lord Sheffield *Wed.* [13/8/83]

Address. The Lord Sheffield. Sheffield place. East Grinstead. *Franked*, MP. *Postmarks.* FREE; 13.AV.

I am now concluding one of the most unpleasant days of my life.[1] Will the day of our meeting again be accompanied with proportionable satisfaction? The business of preparation will serve to agitate and divert *my* thoughts; but I do not like your brooding over melancholy ideas in your soletude and I heartily wish that both you and my dear Lady S. would immediately go over and pass a week at Brighton. Such is our imperfect nature that dissipation is a far more efficacious remedy than reflection. At all events let me hear from you soon. I have passed the evening at home without gaining any intelligence.

Bentinck street. Wednesday night.

585. To Lord Sheffield *Thur.* [14/8/83]

Elmsley and self have been hard at work this afternoon and about ten quintals are preparing for foreign service.—Can you save me ten pounds per annum, such is the rent of a good and safe room in the Strand.[1] You offered me a room in Downing Street (did you mean an entire room?) for plate china &c. Is it the apartment on the ground floor from whence you was expelled by odours. If you can lodge my books you must give me a line per Saturday's coach, with a mandate to the maid that she may not scruple to shew and to receive. time presses, and Elmsley is on the wing.—Pelham[2] is

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584. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 314/5. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLVIII (dated Aug. 20). *P*, No. 470 (dated Aug. 20).

[1] On this day G. returned to London from SP. (*Add.MSS* 34882, f. 254.)

585. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 310. *P*, No. 467. Written between Nos. 584 and 585 and so, being on a Thursday, on 14th.

[1] See No. 581, p. 346.

[2] Thomas Pelham, later 2nd Earl of Chichester, son of G's old acquaintance, Anne, Lady Pelham (see No. 236).

appointed Irish Secretary in the room of Wyndham, who pleads bad health, but who had written very indiscreet letters at the general election.[3] Adieu. I want to hear of Mylady, her tender frame has been too much agitated.
Thursday night.

586. To Lord Sheffield *Mon.* 18/8/[83]

In the preparation of my journey I have not felt any circumstance more deeply than the kind concern of Lady S. and the silent grief of [Mrs Porten[1]]. Yet the age of my friends makes a very essential difference. I can scarcely hope ever to see my aunt again, but I flatter myself that in less than two years my *sister*[2] will make me a visit, and that in less than four I shall return it with a chearful heart at Sheffield.—Business advances; this morning my books were shipped for Rouen, and will reach Lausanne almost as soon as myself. On Thursday morning the bulk of the library moves from Bentinck to Downing Street. I shall escape from the noise to Hampton Court, and spend three or four days in taking leave. I want to know your precise motions, what day you arrive in town, whether you visit Lord Beauchamp before the races, &c. I am now impatient to be gone and shall wait only for a last interview with you. Your medley of Judges, Advocates, politicians &c is rather *useful* than pleasant. Town is a vast solitude. Adieu.
Monday. August 18th.

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[3] Wm Windham of Felbrigg, Norfolk. His resignation of the Irish Secretaryship, after holding it for a very short time, was due to a combination of ill-health and dislike for the post. (*Windham Papers*, (1913), i, 32 sq. R. W. Ketton-Cremer, *Early Life of Wm Windham* (1930), 223 sq.)

586. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 313. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLVII. *P*, No. 469.

[1] G. wrote 'Lady S' again here but it was corrected to 'Mrs Porten' in pencil on the MS and so printed in *MW*. The sequel shows that this was what G. meant.

[2] Lady S. was much pleased by G's use of this word and pointed it out to Wilhelm de Sévery in '87. (Letter from Wilhelm to his family, in the de Sévery archives.)

587. To Lord Sheffield *Fri.* 22/8/83

I am astonished with your apparition and flight and am at a loss to conjecture the mighty and sudden business of Coventry which could not be delayed till next week.[1] Timeo Conways, their selfish cunning and your sanguine unsuspecting spirit. Not dreaming of your arrival, I thought it unnecessary to apprize you that I delayed Hampton to this day; on Monday I shall return and will expect you Tuesday evening either in Bentinck or Downing Street as you like best. You have seen the piles of learning accumulated in your parlour, the transportation will be atchieved to-day, and Bentinck Street is already reduced to a light ignorant habitation which I shall inhabit till about the 1rst of September; four days must be allowed for clearing and packing; these I shall spend in Downing Street and after seeing you a moment on your return I shall start about Saturday the 6th. London is a desert, and life without books, business or society will be somewhat tedious. From this state you will judge that your plan coincides very well, only I think you should give me the whole of Wednesday in Bentinck Street. With regard to Bushy perhaps as a compliment to Lord L you had better defer it till your return.[2] You have not forgot the model of a letter for Sainsbury, Way, Hearne &c with the 200 Guineas reward for the *proper* sale of Lenborough.—I return your three letters with a fourth not less curious, which I have not yet answered. Mrs G's pride is not inferior to her tenderness. I admire Gregory[3] and should envy him if I did not possess a disposition somewhat similar to his own.—Mylady will be reposed and restored at Brighton; the torrent of Lords, Judges &c a proper remedy for

587. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 316. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLX. *P*, No. 471.

[1] It was a local race meeting which took Lord S. to Coventry. (Cf. No. 601.)

[2] 'Bushy' = Lord North. Lord Loughborough wrote to G, 'I shall beg the favour of Lord Sheffield to do nothing about your seat without apprizing me'. (*Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 113/4, printed *MW* (1814), ii, No. CLXXXVI.) The letter is dated Sept. 11 but it must have been earlier for it was written just before he went to Buxton and on Sept. 13, G. refers to him as still not returned from there (No. 600). However, in any case, this seems to be the idea G. had in mind when writing this sentence. Lord L. was replying to a letter from G. (missing) announcing his departure for Lausanne.

[3] Gregory Lewis Way, Lady S's half-brother.

you was a medecine ill-suited to her constitution. I *tenderly* embrace her.
Friday. August 22d 1783.

588. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 25/8/[83]

My Dearest Madam

I can easily attribute your silence to the true motive, the difficulty, (of which I am likewise conscious) of our present situation. The subject which occupies our minds has been reciprocally exhausted: it is unpleasant to resume a melancholy train of ideas, and it is impossible to write with ease and chearfullness on indifferent subjects. Yet I almost flatter myself that if you are not satisfied with my reasons, you are at least disposed to acquiesce in a resolution which is the offspring of necessity, and will I trust be the parent of happiness. I repeat my promise that distance shall only render me a more punctual correspondent, and I must again intreat that you would turn your thoughts from the moment of our separation to that of our reunion.

After sending two boxes of books to Lausanne I have deposited the remainder of my library in Lord Sheffield's capacious mansion in Downing Street whither I shall send next week my plate linnen beds &c. I expect your commands with regard to the Clock and Carpet: if you have not room or occasion for them at Bath, I should probably dispose of the first, as it might be damaged by neglect, but the latter I shall carefully preserve both as your workmanship and as your gift.[1] If among the China &c there should be any things you would desire to select,[2] Lord S. their Guardian and mine is instructed[3] to obey your commands. As far as I can calculate I shall be ready to set out about the 6th of September the end of next week, but I propose writing to you again before my departure.

I am My Dear Madam ever Yours

Hampton Court. August 25th 1783. E G.

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588. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 317. *P*, No. 472.

[1] Cf. No. 526.

[2] Over 'have', deleted.

[3] Over 'ready', deleted.

589. To Lady Sheffield *Sat.* 30/8/[83]

Address. Lady Sheffield. Brighthelmstone. *Franked*, E. Gibbon, *Postmarks.* FREE; 30.AV.

My Dear friend

For the names of Sheffelina &c are too playful for the serious temper of my mind. In the whole period of my life I do not recollect a day in which I felt more unpleasant sensations[1] than that on which I took my leave of Sheffield place. I forgot my friend Deyverdun and the fair prospect of quiet and happiness which awaits me at Lausanne. I lost sight of our almost certain meeting at the end of a term[2] which at our age cannot appear very distant, nor could I amuse my uneasiness with the hopes, the more doubtful hope of your visit to Switzerland. The agitation of preparing every thing for my departure has in some degree diverted these melancholy thoughts, yet I still look forwards to the decisive day (tomorrow Sennight) with an anxiety of which yourself and Lord S. have the principal share.

Sure never any thing was so unlucky, as the unseasonable death of of Sir John Russell, which so strongly reminded us of the instability of human life and human expectations.[3] The inundation of the Assizes must have distressed and overpowered you, but I hope and I wish to hear from yourself that the air of your favourite Brighton, the bathing and the quiet society of two or three friends have composed and revived your spirits. Present my love to Sarah and compliments to Miss Carter[4] &c. Adieu. Give me a speedy and satisfactory line.

I am most truly Yours

Bentinck Street. August 30th. E Gibbon

You will find in Downing Street the Histoire des Voyages[5] and

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589. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 318/9. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXI. *P*, No. 473. In MS the year is added to G's date in another hand.

[1] After 'situations', deleted.

[2] After 'time', deleted.

[3] Sir John Russell died, at the age of 42, on Aug. 8, '83, while G. was at SP.

[4] Elizabeth Carter, cousin of Lord S, frequently referred to (as 'Mrs Carter') in *MJH*.

[5] A. F. Prévost, *Histoire Générale des Voyages*, Paris, 1746–70, 19 vols. It was later transferred to Lausanne. (*Keynes*, 229.) Cf. No. 488.

the musical Clock. During my absence I entrust them both to your care, but I desire that neither of them may be removed to Sheffield place. You must direct to Downing Street, which I shall occupy next Monday.

590. To THOMAS CADELL [*End August*, 1783]

Mr G sends his life of C. and apprehends the method proposed by Mr C. will be the best and most uniform. He hopes to have them done by Tuesday, as his packing will otherwise be delayed.[1]

591. To LORD LOUGHBOROUGH? [*End August*, 1783?]

My Lord

I am ignorant (as I ought to be) of the present state of our negociations of peace; I am likewise ignorant how far I may appear qualified to co-operate in this important and salutary work. If, from any advantages of language or local connections your Lordship should think that my services might be usefully employed particularly in any future intercourse with the Court of France, permit me to say that my love of ease and litterary leisure shall never stand in competition with the obligations[1] of duty and gratitude which I owe to his Majesty's Government.

I am with the highest respect My Lord &c.

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590. Messrs Myers & Co. Ltd.

[1] Written at the foot of a note from Cadell, dated Thursday, saying that he has been unable to procure a large paper copy of the *Life of Lord Clarendon* in sheets and asking if G. would have the copy he already has rebound like the other volumes, in preference to one of the small paper edition. G. took the book with him on his journey (cf. No. 604). He owned Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* and his *Life* in 4 vols., folio, Oxford, 1704, and his *State Papers*, 3 vols., folio, 1767–86. He also had another folio edition of the *Life* (1759) and an octavo edition of the *History* (1720–21). (*Keynes*, 97.)

591. Pierpont Morgan Library. *MW* (1814), ii, No. CLXXXI. Here printed from photostat. A draft, headed 'Lghboro' in Lord S's hand, but it seems just as likely to have been to Lord North. Cf. No. 609, p. 385. Written after the death of the Secretary to the British Embassy in Paris on about Aug. 28 had created a vacancy there and before Sept. 4, when the Duke of Portland wrote to the Duke of Manchester, the Ambassador to France, discussing candidates, including G., for the post. (*Hist. Mss. Comm.*, viii, App, pt, II, 131. The letter is now in PRO.) Certainly written before Sept. 8 (see No. 595).

[1] After 'superior', deleted.

592. To William Robertson *Mon.* 1/9/83

London. September 1rst 1783

Dear Sir

Your candid and friendly interpretation will ascribe to business to study to pleasure to constitutional indolence or to any other venial cause the guilt of neglecting so valuable a correspondent as yourself. I should have thanked you for the opportunities which you have afforded me of forming an acquaintance with several men of merit who deserve your friendship and whose character and conversation suggest a very pleasing idea of the Society which you enjoy at Edinburgh. I must at the same time lament that the hurry of a London life has not allowed *me* to obtain so much (as I could have wished) of their Company, and must have given *them* an unfavourable opinion of my hospitality unless they have weighed with indulgence the various obstacles of time and place. Professor Stewart[1] I had not even the pleasure of seeing; he passed through this City in his way to Paris whilst I was confined with a painful fit of the Gout, and in the short interval of his stay, the hours of meeting which were mutually proposed could not be made to agree with our respective engagements. Mr Dalzel[2] who is undoubtedly a modest and learned man I have had the pleasure of seeing, but his arrival has unluckily fallen on a time of year, and a particular year in which I have been very little in town. I should rejoyce if I could repay[3] these losses by a visit to Edinburgh, a more tranquil scene to which yourself and our friend Mr Adam Smith would powerfully attract me. But this project which in a leisure hour has often amused my fancy, must now be resigned or must be post-

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592. Nat. Lib. of Scotland. D. Stewart, *Biographical Memoirs of Adam Smith, Wm Robertson & Thomas Reid*, (1811), 363–6.

[1] Dugald Stewart, Professor of Mathematics at Edinburgh University.

[2] Andrew Dalzel, Professor of Greek at Edinburgh. He had letters of introduction to G, dated late in June, from both Robertson and Adam Smith. See *Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 104 & 138.

[3] Either 'repay', altered to 'repair' or 'repair', altered to 'repay'.

poned at least to a very distant period. In a very few days (before I could receive the favour of an answer) I shall begin my journey to Lausanne in Switzerland, where I shall fix my residence in a delightful situation with a dear and excellent friend of that Country: still mindful of my British friends, but renouncing without reluctance the tumult of Parliament, the hopes, and fears, the prejudices and passions of political life, to which my nature has always been averse. Our noble friend Lord Loughborough has endeavoured to divert me from this resolution: he rises every day in dignity and reputation, and if the means of patronage had not been so strangely reduced by our modern Reformers, I am persuaded that his constant and liberal kindness would more than satisfy the moderate desires of a Philosopher. What I cannot hope from the favour of Ministers I must patiently expect from the course of Nature, and the Exile which I do not view in a very gloomy light will be terminated in due time by the deaths of aged Ladies[4] whose inheritance will place me in an easy and even affluent situation. But these particulars are only designed for the ear of friendship.

I have already dispatched to Lausanne two immense Cases of books, the tools of my historical manufacture; others I shall find on the spot, and that Country is not destitute of private and public libraries which will be freely opened for the use of a man of letters. The tranquil leisure which I shall enjoy will be partly employed in the prosecution of my history, but although my diligence will be quickened by the prospect of returning to England to publish the last volumes (three I am afraid) of this laborious work, yet I shall proceed with cautious steps to compose and to correct, and the dryness of my undertaking will be relieved by a mixture of more elegant and classical studies more especially of the Great Authors. Such good company will I am sure be pleasant for the historian and I am inclined to believe that it will be beneficial to the Work itself.—I have been lately much flattered by the praise of Dr Blair and the censure of the Abbé de Mably[5]: both of them are precisely the men from whom I could wish to obtain praise and censure, and both these qualifications I have the pleasure of sharing with yourself. The Abbé appears to hate and affects to despise every writer of his own times who has been well-received by the public, and Dr Blair who is a master in one species of Composition, has displayed on every subject the warmest feeling and the most accurate Judgement. I will frankly own that my pride is elated as often as I find myself ranked in the triumvirate of the British historians, of the present Age and though I feel myself the Lepidus, I contemplate with pleasure the superiority of my Colleagues.—Will you be so good as to assure Mr A. Smith of my regard and attachment. I consider myself as writing to both and will not tax him for a separate answer. My direction is A Monsieur Monsieur Gibbon à Lausanne en Suisse. I shall often plume myself on the friendship of Dr Robertson, but must I tell foreigners, that while the meaner Heroes fight Achilles has retired from the War?

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[4] G. wrote 'two very aged Ladies, an Aunt', but crossed out all except 'aged Ladies'.

[5] Dr Hugh Blair, Professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh, had recently named Hume, Robertson and G. as those who had raised the dignity of British historical writing. (H. Blair,

I am My Dear Sir most affectionately Yours

E Gibbon

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593. To William Eden *Mon.* 1/9/83

Dear Sir

If your friendship should enquire why I did not communicate to you the intention of leaving England of which you have been apprized by Lord S.[1] I shall very frankly reply that it was because I knew you would oppose it and that I was determined not to be convinced. I may be thought precipitate and indiscreet; yet on a fair review of hopes, promises, difficulties &c, I am persuaded that I am pursuing the most probable road to happiness.—It was always

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Lectures on Rhetoric, (1783), ii, 285.) De Mably's criticism ran thus, 'Est-il rien de plus fastidieux qu'un M. Guibbon, qui, dans son eternelle histoire des Empereurs Romains, suspend à chaque instant son insipide et lente narration pour vous expliquer la cause des faits que vous allez lire?' (De Mably, *De la Manière d'Ecrire l'Histoire* (Paris), 1783. G. had met and argued with him in Paris in '77. (*M*, 314–5. Cf. *Norton*, 71–2.)

593. Hist. Soc. of Pennsylvania. *Catalogue of J. F. Dreer Collection*, (1890), i, 232. Here printed from photostat.

[1] See Lord S. to W.E., Aug. 7, '83, in *Auckland*, i, 56.

my design to have taken my leave of Mrs Eden and yourself at Beckenham but my departure is so strictly defined (to the 7th instant) the days are so short, and I have delayed so many things to the last moment, that I must satisfy myself with this colder and more distant mode of wishing you the success which you deserve and must attain on the most splendid theatre of the World. If, amidst the struggles of a political life you can spare a moment to an humble hermit at the foot of the Alps, your communications will always be received with pleasure and gratitude.

I am Dear Sir most faithfully Yours

London. September 1rst 1783 E Gibbon

594. To Dorothea Gibbon *Mon.* 8/9/[83]

Dear Madam.

I am confined to this place (a better place than Dover) by the winds, and they likewise detain two Flanders mails by which I expect a letter from Deyverdun. I thought this advertisement necessary for fear you should suppose me tossing on the seas. I hope to get away by Friday, but you may rest assured that both for your sake and my own I will take very good care of my person.

I am Dear Madam ever Yours

Downing Street. Monday. Sept 8th. E Gibbon

595. To Lord Sheffield *Mon.* 8/9/[83]

As we are not unconscious of each others feelings, I shall only say that I am glad you did not go alone into Sussex. An American rebel[1] to dispute with gives a diversion to uneasy spirits, and I heartily wished for such a friend or adversary during the remainder

594. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 320. *P*, No. 474.

595. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 321. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXII. *P*, No. 475.

[1] Silas Deane, according to a note appended by Lord S. to this letter. He was a commercial expert and Lord S's pamphlet, *Observations on the Commerce of the American States*, published earlier this year, had no doubt brought them together.

of the day.—No letter from Deyverdun; the post is arrived but two Flanders mails are due. Aeolus does not seem to approve of my designs, and there is little merit in waiting till Friday. I should wait with more reluctance did I think there was much chance of success. I dine with Craufurd, and if any thing is decided, will send an extraordinary Gazette.[2] You have obliged me beyond expression by your kindness to Aunt Kitty, she will drink her afternoon tea at Sheffield next Friday. For my sake Lady S. will be kind to the old Lady, who will not be troublesome and who will vanish at the first idea of Brighton: has not that salubrious air already produced some effects? Peace will be proclaimed to-morrow; odd! as War was never declared. The buyers of stock seem as indifferent as yourself about the definitive Treaty.[3] Tell Maria that though you had forgot the Annales de la Vertu[4] I have directed them to be sent but know nothing of their plan or merit. Adieu. When you see Mylady say everything tender and friendly to her. I did not know how much I loved her. She may depend upon my keeping a separate though not perhaps a very frequent account with her. Apropos I think aunt Kitty has a secret wish to lye in my room: if it is not occupied, she might be indulged. Once more Adieu.

Downing Street. Sept 8th. E G.

596. TO GEORGES DEYVERDUN *Tue.* 9/9/83

Selon ma diligence ordinaire (oui dans cette occasion très ordinaire) je repondis le 31 Juillet à votre lettre sans date reçue le jour auparavant. Je voyois couler le mois d'Août fortement persuadé qu'il ne s'acheveroit point sans m'apporter votre *ultimatum*. Nous voici au 9 Septembre quarante jours depuis ma missive et je n'ai

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[2] About the post at the Embassy in Paris (see No. 591). John Craufurd of Auchinames, M.P. for Glasgow, was a friend of C. J. Fox, now Secretary of State.

[3] Preliminaries of peace had been signed in January but the treaty which concluded the war with America, France and Spain was not signed until Sept. 2.

[4] *Annales de la Vertu ou Cours d'Histoire à l'Usage des Jeunes Personnes* [by Mme de Genlis], 1782. Maria wrote to her aunt, Sarah Holroyd, on Sept. 16, that she had begun reading them. (*MJH*, 7.)

596. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 322. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXIII.

point encore de vos nouvelles! Il est vrai que des vents contraires nous retiennent deux malles de Flandres, et vos depêches peuvent et doivent s'y trouver. Mais si elles ne m'apportent rien de votre part je serai très etonné et pas moins embarrassé. Se peut il que vos lettres ou les miennes se soient egarées en chemin. Etes vous mort? etes vous malade? Avez vous changé d'avis? Est il survenu des difficultés? Je vous avois ecrit de nouveau le 19 Août,[1] mais l'incertitude de mes craintes me fait encore hasarder ce billet.—Après des travaux inouis j'ai enfin brisé tous mes liens, et depuis ma resolution je n'ai pas eu un instant de regrets. ma vive impatience s'est fortifiée tous les jours, et depuis que j'ai abandonné ma maison et ma bibliotheque, l'ennui a preté des ailes à l'esperance et à l'amitié. Enfin j'avois fixé mon depart au commencement de la semaine: à cette heure il est renvoyé à Vendredi prochain 12 de ce mois, dans la supposition toujours d'une lettre de votre part; car je ne saurois entreprendre ma course sans etre assuré de la reception qui m'attend au bout. Je me ferai toujours preceder par un mot de billet, mais la saison est tellement orageuse qu'il me sera impossible d'arreter le jour de mon arrivée à Lausanne, jusqu'à ce que je me voye en sureté au dela de la mer. Adieu. Vous devez etre de retour à Lausanne. Anoncez moi aux enfans de mes anciennes connoissances. A Londres, Downing Street ce 9 September 1783.

597. To Lord Sheffield *Tue.* [9/9/83]

It is singular, or rather it is natural that we should both entertain the same idea, for I give you my word that I was very near running down to Sheffield and staying there till Wednesday. Another day and no letter from Deyverdun; indeed the two Flanders mails are still due. I have written to him this post. To-morrow Craufurd dines again with the Secretary and the business is to be

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[1] This letter is missing. D. had written from Neuchâtel on Aug. 20 (*Add.MSS* 34886, ff. 141/2, printed *MW* ('96), i, No. CLIX and *MW* (1814), ii, No. CLXXIX) but, from the postmark, his letter did not reach London until Sept. 16. It was there redirected to Lausanne.

597. *Add.MSS* 34883, f. 366. *P*, No. 476. The date is shown by the reference to writing to Deyverdun (No. 596).

decided.[1] I find Storer is now likely to succeed not so much from the zeal and activity of Lord N's friendship as because he could resign a place which Fox wants for Col. Stanhope to whom however he has given Thomas's company in the Guards.[2] I will write another line to-morrow. Adieu.

Tuesday night. E G.

Newton I think with reasons postpones any special power of Attorney till we are farther advanced, either with Cromwell's Client, or some other purchaser; he says there will be sufficient time to send and return one while the title is under examination.[3]

598. To Lord Sheffield *Thur.* 11/9/[83]

The scheme (which you may impart to Mylady) is compleatly vanished, and I support the disappointment with Heroic patience. Craufurd goes down to Chatsworth to-morrow, and Fox does not recommend my waiting for the event: yet the appointment is not yet declared, and I am ignorant of the name and merits of my successful competitor.[1]—Is [it] not wonderful that I am still in suspense without a letter from Deyverdun? No it is not wonderful since no Flanders mail is arrived: to-morrow three will be due. I am therefore in a miserable state of doubt and anxiety, in a much better house indeed than my own but without books, or business or society. I send or call two or three times each day to Elmsley's and can only say that I shall fly the next day Saturday Sunday &c after I have got my quietus.—Aunt Kitty was delighted with Mylady's letter, at her age and in her situation, every kind attention is pleasant. I took my leave this morning and as I did not wish to repeat the scene and thought she would be better at Sheffield, I suffer her to go to-morrow. Your discretion will communicate or with-hold any tidings of my departure or delay as you judge most expedient.—Christie writes to you this post, he talks in his Rhetorical way of many purchasers: do you approve of his fixing a day for the Auction? To us he talked of an indefinite advertisement.[2]—No news except that we keep Negapatnam.[3]—The other day the French Ambassador mentioned that the Empress of Russia a precious B—— had proposed to ratify the principles of the armed neutrality by the definitive treaty but that the French, obliging creatures! had declared that they would neither propose nor accept an article so disagreable to England.—Grey Elliot was pleased with your attention,[4] and says you are a perfect master of the subject. Adieu. If I could be sure that no mail would arrive to-morrow I would run down with Aunt. My heart is not light. I embrace Mylady with true affection, but I need not repeat it.

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[1] See No. 595, n. 2.

[2] On Sept. 12 the Hon. Henry Fitzroy Stanhope was commissioned Capt. Lt. in the 1st Foot Guards. Capt. Lt. John Jones of the 1st Foot Guards was commissioned Capt. of a Company on Sept. 17, in place of Frederick Thomas, killed in a duel on Sept. 5 (*Army List*, 1784).

[3] *Newton* has a charge under date Sept. 2, 'attend Mr Cromwell, who said he had a purchaser for Lenborough'. For Cromwell, see No. 602. *Add.MSS* 34887, ff. 7/8 is a power of attorney, signed by G. enabling Lord S. to act for him in the sale of Lenborough. It is dated Sept. 6 and it appears that another power of attorney was now necessary, unless this one was for some reason pre-dated.

598. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 323. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXIV. *P*, No. 477.

[1] The post at the Embassy at Paris which G. hoped to get was given to Anthony Storer at the suggestion of Charles Fox. (*Hist. Mss. Comm.*, viii, App, pt, II, 132, 133.)

Thursday. Sept 11th. E G.

599. To Lady Sheffield *Fri.* 12/9/[83]

Since my departure is near and inevitable, you and Lord S will be rather sorry than glad to hear that I am detained day after day by the caprice of the winds; *three* Flanders mails are now due, I know not how to move without the final letter from Deyverdun which I expected a fortnight ago, and my fancy (perfectly unreasonable) begins to create strange fantoms. A state of suspense is painful but it will be somewhat alleviated by the short notes which I mean to write and hope to receive every post. A separation has some advantages, though they are purchased by bitter pangs, among them is the pleasure of knowing *how* dear we are to our friends, and how dear they are to us.—It will be a kind of office to soothe Aunt Kitty's sorrows and 'to rock the cradle of declining age.'[1] She will be vexed to hear that I am not yet gone: but she is reasonable and chearful. I am grateful for Maria's attention to me or my Corpse.[2] Adieu.

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[2] Lenb. was put up for sale at Christie's on Sept. 26 but bought in at £14,900. (*Newton*, under that date.)

[3] Negapatnam in India was taken from the Dutch in '81 and retained under the peace treaty in '83.

[4] After 'letters', deleted. Grey Elliot had been a clerk in the Board of Trade and now held a similar post in the Secretary of State's office. Lord S. seems to have sent him a copy of his pamphlet on American commerce (see No. 595, n. 1).

599. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 324. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXV (as to Lord Sheffield). *P*, No. 478 (as to Lord Sheffield).

Most truly Yours
Downing Street. Friday. Sept. 12th. E G.

600. To Lord Sheffield *Sat.* 13/9/[83]

Address. The Lord Sheffield. Sheffield Place. East Grinstead. *Franked*, MP. *Postmarks.* FREE; [. .]. SE.

Enfin la Bombe a crevé.—The three Flanders mails are arrived this day but without any letters from Deyverdun. Most incomprehensible! After many adverse reflections I have finally resolved to begin my journey on Monday, a heavy journey with much apprehension and much regret. Yet I consider 1rst That if he is alive and well, (an unpleasant *if*) scarce any event can have happened to disappoint our mutual wishes, and 2dly That supposing the very worst, even that worst would not overthrow my general plan of living abroad though it would derange my hopes of a quiet and delightful establishment with my friend. Upon the whole without giving way to melancholy fears[1] my reason conjectures that his indolence thought it superfluous to write any more, that it was my business to act and move, and his duty to sit still and receive me with open arms. At least he is well informed of my operations, as I wrote to him (since his last) July 31rst from Sheffield, August

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[1] Pope, *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 11 from end; correctly, 'reposing age'.
[2] Maria had enquired whether he meant to be buried in England or Switzerland. See No. 623, p. 15.

600. *MSS* 34884, ff. 325/6. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLCVI (extract). *P*, No. 479.
[1] Over 'thoughts', deleted.

19th,[2] and this week Sept. 9th. The two first have already reached him.

As I shall not arrive at, or depart from, Dover till Tuesday night (alas I may be confined there a week) you will have an opportunity by dispatching a parcel per coach to Elmsley's to catch the Monday's post: let us improve these last short moments; I want to hear how poor Kitty behaves.—I am really impatient to be gone: it is[3] provoking to be so near yet so far from certain persons. London is a desert. I dine to-morrow with the Paynes who pass through, Lord L[4] was not returned from Buxton yesterday. Sir H. C found me out this morning: with very little trouble Mylady might rival Betsy: He talks with rapture of visits to be made at Sheffield and returned at Brighton. I envy him those visits more than the red Ribbon or the glory of his American campaigns.[5] Adieu.

Downing Street. Saturday. Sept. 13th. E G.

601. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 13/9/[83]

My Dear Madam.

You will be surprized to receive another letter from this place, but I have been detained this whole week unpleasantly enough by the daily expectation of a Flanders mail, though considering the state of the winds and weather it is better to be detained in a good house in Downing street, than at the Ship at Dover. My departure is now finally determined for Monday morning and [as] I travel with my own horses I shall lye at Sittingburne and not reach Dover till the afternoon of the next day; my farther progress must depend on the caprice of Neptune and Aeolus, but the moment I have escaped from their power I will send a line by the return of the packet.

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[2] Cf. No. 596, n. 1.

[3] Followed by 'really', deleted.

[4] Loughborough.

[5] Sir Henry Clinton was a Knight of the Order of the Bath, the ribbon of which is a crimson one. Betsy=perhaps his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Carter, who lived with the Clintons after the death of her sister, Harriett, Lady Clinton. (See *MJH*, *passim.*)

601. *Add.MSS* 34884, f. 327. *P*, No. 480.

Lord Sheffield spent two or three days with me in his way from Coventry races into Sussex. Nothing could exceed both in word and deed, his kindness and that of his consort on the present occasion which has indeed shewn me how dear I am to my real friends. They have taken poor Mrs Porten down to Sheffield, and I am sure will contrive every thing that can support and dissipate her spirits. They both expressed to me in the most obliging terms how glad they should have been of a visit from you; but your mind is firmer, and your prospects are far more chearful than those of my poor Aunt. Adieu My Dear Madam, though I go with pleasure from party and dependence to a Philosophical retreat I cannot measure without a sigh the difference (in some degree imaginary) between one, and six, hundred miles.

Ever Yours

Downing Street. Saturday. Sept. 13th. E G.

602. To Lord Sheffield *Wed.-Thur.* 17-18/9/[83]

Address. The Lord Sheffield. Sheffield place. East Grinstead. *Franked*, MP. *Postmarks.* DOVER; FREE; 20.SE.

The best laws are useless without proper guardians. Your letter per Sunday's post is not arrived (as its fate is uncertain and irrevocable you must repeat any material article) but that per Monday's coach reached me last night.[1] Oliver is more insolent than his grandfather but you will cope with one and would not have been much afraid of the other.[2] Last night the wind was so high that the vessel would not stir from the harbour; this day it is brisk and fair. We start about one o'Clock, are flattered with the hope of making Calais harbour by the same tide in 3½ hours, but any delay will leave the disagreable option of a tottering boat or a tossing night.

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602. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 328/9. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXVII. *P*, No. 481.

[1] Cf. No. 133, n. 2.

[2] Cf. No. 597, n. 3. Oliver Cromwell, solicitor, was a descendant of the Lord Protector. Lord S. says that he was 'a very sensible, pleasing gentleman' (*MW*, ii, 325, n). He was related to Lord S's friend, Sir John Russell, who was also descended from the Protector.

What a cursed thing to live in an island, this step is more awkward than the whole journey! The Triumvirate of this memorable embarkation will consist of the Grand Gibbon, Henry Laurens Esqr President of Congress,[3] and Mr Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher Thomson[4] attended by three horses who are not the most agreable fellow passengers. If we survive I will finish and seal my letter at Calais. Our salvation shall be ascribed to the prayers of Mylady and Aunt for I do believe they both pray.
Dover. Wednesday 17th Sept. ten o'Clock in the morning.

Instead of Calais the wind has driven us to Boulogne where we landed in the evening with much noise and difficulty. The night is past, the Custom house is dispatched, the post horses are ordered and I shall start about eleven o'Clock. I had not the least symptom of sea sickness, while my companions were spewing round me. Laurence has read *the* pamphlet[5] and thinks it has done much mischief, a good sign! Adieu the Captain is impatient. I shall [reach] Lausanne by the end of next week, but may probably write on the Road.
Boulogne Thursday morn. ten o'Clock.

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[3] President of the first Provincial Congress in '75 and of the Continental Congress in '78; American Peace Commissioner in '82. He was captured at sea in '79 and for a time imprisoned in the Tower, where he passed the time copying extracts from *The Decline and Fall* and comparing them with the events of the American war. (D. D. Wallace. *Life of Laurens* (1915), 381.) G. spells his name 'Lawrence' at the end of this letter.

[4] Benjamin Thompson, later Count Rumford, Under Sec. for the Colonies, '80, Lt.-Col. in King's American Dragoons, '81, never an Admiral but went to sea with Adm. Hardy in '79, FRS, '79.

[5] Lord S's pamphlet on American commerce (see No. 595, n. 1). A second edition, enlarged, had recently been published.

603. To Dorothea Gibbon *Thur.* 18/9/83

Dear Madam.

I have only time to say that I am arrived here (the wind not being fair for Calais) in perfect health and spirits. I shall reach Lausanne by the end of next week, and shall immediately inform you of my arrival.

Believe me ever yours

Boulogne. Sept. 18th 1783. E G.

604. To Lord Sheffield *Tue.* 23/9/83

Let the Geographical Maria place before you a Map of France and trace my progress as far as this place through the following towns, Boulogne (where I was forced to land) St Omer (where I recovered my road) Aire, Bethune, Douay, Cambray, St Quentin, La Fére, Laon, Rheims, Chalons, St Dizier, and Langres, where I have just finished my supper.—The Inns in general more agreable to the palate than to the sight or smell. But with some short exceptions of time and place I have enjoyed good weather and good roads, and at the end of the ninth day, I feel so little fatigued that the journey appears no more than a pleasant airing. I have generally conversed with Homer and Lrd Clarendon,[1] often with Caplen and Muff,[2] sometimes with the French postillons of the above mentioned animals the least rational. To-morrow I lye at Besançon, and according to the arrangement of post- or hired, horses shall either sup at Lausanne on Friday or dine there Saturday. I feel some suspense and uneasiness with regard to Deyverdun, but in the scale both of reason and constitution my hopes preponderate very much above my fears. From Lausanne I will immediately write. I

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603. *Add.MSS* 34885, f. 1.

604. *Add.MSS* 34885, f. 2. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXVIII. *P*, No. 482.

[1] Cf. No. 590.

[2] G's dog, according to a note by Lord S.

embrace Mylady. If Aunt Kitty's gratitude and good breeding has not driven her away on the first whisper of Brighton, she will share this intelligence, if[3] she is gone a line from you would be humane and attentive.—Monsieur les Chevaux seront prets à cinq heures. Adieu. I am going into an excellent bed about six feet high from the ground.

Langres. Sept. 23d 1783.

605. To Lord Sheffield *Tue.* 30/9/83

Address. The Lord Sheffield. Sheffield place. East Grinstead. En Angleterre. *Postmarks.* OC.13; 13.OC.

Lausanne. September 30th 1783

I arrived safe in harbour last Saturday the 27th instant about ten o'Clock in the morning, but as the post only goes out twice a week it was not in my power to write before this day. Except one day between Langres and Besançon which was laborious enough, I finished my easy and gentle airing without any fatigue either of mind or body. I found Deyverdun well and happy but much more happy at the sight of a friend, and the accomplishment of a scheme which he had so long and so impatiently desired. His garden terrace and park have even exceeded the most sanguine of my expectations and remembrances, and you yourself cannot have forgot the enchanting prospect of the Lake the mountains and the declivity of the Pays de Vaud. But as human life is perpetually checquered with good and evil, I have found some disappointments on my arrival. The easy nature of Deyverdun, his indolence and his impatience had prompted him to reckon too positively that his house would be vacant at Michaelmas; some unforeseen difficulties have arisen or have been discovered when it was already too late, and the perfect consummation of our hopes is (I am much afraid) postponed to next spring.[1] At first I was knocked down by the unexpected thunderbolt but I have been gradually reconciled to my fate and have granted a free and gracious pardon to my friend. As his own apartment which afforded me a temporary shelter is much too narrow for a settled residence we hire for the winter a convenient ready furnished apartment in the nearest part of the Rue de Bourg,[2] whose back door leads in three steps to the terrace and garden as often as a tolerable day shall tempt us to enjoy their beauties. And this arrangement has even its advantage of giving us time to deliberate and provide before we enter on a larger and more regular establishment.—But this is not the sum of my misfortunes. Hear and pity! The day after my arrival (Sunday) we had just finished a very temperate dinner, and intended to begin a round of visits on foot chapeau sous le bras, when most unfortunately Deyverdun proposed to shew me something in the Court, we boldly and successfully ascended a flight of stone steps, but in the descent I missed my footing, and strained or sprained my ancle in a painful manner. My old latent Enemy (I do not mean the Devil), who is always on the watch has made an ungenerous use of his advantage, and I much fear that my arrival at Lausanne will be marked by a fit of the Gout, though it is quite unnecessary that the intelligence or suspicion should find its way to Bath. Yesterday afternoon I lay or at least sat in state to receive visits, and at the same moment my room was filled with four different nations. The loudest of these nations was the single voice of the Abbé Raynal, who like your friend has chosen this place for the azylum of freedom and history.[3] His conversation which might be very agreable is intolerably loud, peremptory and insolent and you would imagine that he alone was the Monarch and legislator of the World. Adieu. I embrace Mylady and the infants. Inform Maria that my accident has prevented me from looking out for a proper spot for my interrment.[4] With regard to the important transactions for which you are constituted Plenipotentiary, I expect with some impatience but with perfect con-

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[3] Followed by 'not', deleted.

605. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 3/4 & 34887, f. 199. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXIX. *P*, No. 483. The third leaf, containing the address, has a note from Deyverdun to Lord S. on the inside.

[1] D. had told G, in the letter which failed to reach him before he left England (see

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No. 596, n. 1) that the present occupier of La Grotte could not move out for the present. (Cf. *Read*, ii, 376, n.)

[2] This part of the rue de Bourg has since been rebuilt.

[3] The abbé Guillaume Thomas Raynal was living at the Château de Beaulieu, close to Lausanne. His *Histoire des Deux Indes* had been proscribed in France. He published at Geneva in '80, a second edition, enlarged and still more offensive to the authorities.

[4] Cf. No. 599.

fidence the result of your labours. You may remember what I mentioned of my conversation with Charles Fox about the place of Minister at Bern. I have talked it over with Deyverdun who does not dislike the idea provided this place was allowed to be my Villa during at least two thirds of the Year but for my part as I am sure that a thousand Guineas[5] is worth more than Ministerial friendship and gratitude, so I am inclined to think that they are preferable to an office which would be procured with difficulty, enjoyed with constraint and expence, and lost, perhaps next April in the annual Revolutions of our domestic Government. Again Adieu.

606. TO DOROTHEA GIBBON *Tue.* 30/9/83

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Belvidere. Bath. En Angleterre. *Postmarks.* 13.OC. OC.13.

Lausanne. September 30th 1783

Dear Madam.

As I know you prefer a speedy to a long letter I write by the first post to inform you that after an easy and pleasant journey of thirteen days I arrived here on Saturday the 27th instant in perfect health both of mind and body. You will not expect that I should inform you how far my expectations are answered in any or in every respect. The very novelty and beauty of the scene would give a pleasing colour to every object, and the satisfaction of meeting and conversing with an old friend like Deyverdun is alone worth a journey of six hundred miles. He has not forgot his obligations to you and begs me in his name to say every thing that is kind and grateful. We have been so compleatly taken up and satisfied with each other that as yet I have scarcely stirred from home, and as this is the season of the vintage the town is remarkably empty. But the weather is good and our terrace now affords such a prospect of the lake and mountains, as cannot perhaps be equalled in the World. I most sincerely wish that you were walking there and you would soon forget the more humble beauties of your Belvidere. But I must content myself with the hope, and not a distant hope of seeing you again on the hills, not of Switzerland but of Bath.

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[5] The price he hoped to get for his Parliamentary seat.

606. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 5/6. *P*, No. 484.

I am Dear Madam Ever Yours

E G.

That we may never resume the indelicate subject, I shall say once for all that every Christmas and Midsummer Day, without expecting any draught from me, you need only send your commands to Messrs Gosling Bankers in Fleet Street, as thus, Pay to Mr —— the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, and place it to the account of EG. Esqr for DG. They are properly instructed.

607. TO LADY SHEFFIELD *Tue.* 28/10/83

Address. The Right Honble Lady Sheffield. Sheffield place. East Grinstead. Angleterre. *Postmark.* 15.NO.

Lausanne. Oct. 28th 1783

The progress of my Gout is in general so regular, and there is so much uniformity in the history of its decline and fall, that I have hitherto indulged my laziness without much shame or remorse, without supposing that you would be very anxious about my safety, which has been sufficiently provided for by the triple care of my friend Deyverdun, my humbler friend Caplen and a very conversable Physician (not the famous Tissot) whose ordinary fee is ten Batz, about fifteen pence English. After the usual encrease and decrease of my member (for it has been confined to the injured foot) the Gout has retired in good order and the remains of weakness which oblige me to move on the rugged pavement of Lausanne with much caution, and a stick or rather small crutch are to be ascribed to the sprain which might have been a much more serious business.—As I have now spent a month at Lausanne you will enquire with much curiosity, more kindness, and some mixture of spite and malignity, how far the place has answered my expectations, and whether I do not repent of a resolution which has

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607. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 7/9. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXX. *P*, No. 485.

appeared so rash and ridiculous to my ambitious friends. To this question, however natural and reasonable I shall not return an immediate answer, for two reasons. 1. *I have not yet made a fair tryal.* The disappointment and delay with regard to Deyverdun's house will confine us this winter to lodgings rather convenient than spacious or pleasant. I am only beginning to recover my strength and liberty and to look about on persons and things; the greatest part of those persons are in the Country taken up with their Vintage; my books are not yet arrived, and in short I cannot yet look upon myself as settled in that comfortable way which *you* and I understand and relish. Yet the weather has been heavenly, and till this time the end of October we enjoy the brightness of the sun, and sometimes gently complain of its immoderate heat. 2. If I should be too sanguine in expressing my satisfaction in what I have done you would ascribe that satisfaction to the novelty of the scene and the inconstancy of man, and I deem it far more safe and prudent to postpone any positive declaration, till I am placed by experience beyond the danger of repentance and recantation. Yet of one thing I am sure that I possess in this Country as well as in England the best cordial of life, a sincere tender, and sensible friend adorned with the most valuable and pleasant qualities both of the heart and head. The inferior enjoyments[1] of leisure and society are likewise in my power, and in the short excursions which I have hitherto made I have commenced or renewed my acquaintance with a certain number of persons, more especially women (who at least in France and this country are undoubtedly superior to our prouder sex) of rational minds and elegant manners. I breakfast alone and have declared that I receive no visits in the morning, which you will easily suppose is devoted to study. I find it impossible without inconvenience to defer my dinner beyond two o'Clock. We have got a very good Woman Cook. Deyverdun who is somewhat of an Epicurean Philosopher, understands the management of a table, and we frequently invite a guest or two to share our luxurious but not extravagant repasts. The afternoons are (and will be much more so hereafter) devoted to society and I shall find it necessary to play at cards much oftener than in London but I do not dislike that way of passing a couple of hours and I shall not be ruined at Shilling whist. As yet I have not supped, but in the Course of the winter I must sometimes sacrifice an evening abroad, and in exchange I hope sometimes to steal a day at home, without going into Company. As every idea which relates to you and yours is always uppermost in my mind I have not forgot our schemes[2] to finish in this School of freedom and equality the education of the future Baroness of Roscommon[3] and Deyverdun agrees with me in thinking that a couple of years spent at Lausanne would be of infinite service to her. But as I am convinced that she has attained the age in which it would be the most beneficial and the least dangerous I would recommend speedy and decisive measures. If you could be satisfied with an ordinary plan (I hate the name and idea of a boarding school) Maria might be entrusted to a Madame Ostervald (Lord S. knew and liked her under the name of Mademoiselle Bourgeois[4]) who educates with reputation and success several young ladies of fashion. But as your daughter deserves a special and superior guide we have cast our eyes (without knowing whether she would accept it) on a Lady, who by her birth, station, connections, understanding, knowledge and temper appears in the judgement of Deyverdun her particular friend to be not unworthy to supply your place. She lives next door to us, and *our* eyes and ears (two pair) would be continually open. If you found an opportunity of sending Maria in the spring with any proper travellers we would meet her at Geneva, Lyons &c. With such a hostage, I should be sure of seeing Lord S and yourself and a years tryal would determine you to leave or remove her. If you listen seriously to this idea, I will send you more particular accounts and take every proper step. If you cannot resolve, accept this *bavardage* as a proof of love and solicitude. I have all this time been talking to Lord S, I hope that he has dispatched my affairs, and it would give me pleasure to hear that I am no longer member for Lymington nor Lord of Lenborough.—Adieu. I feel every day that the distance serves only to make me think with more tenderness of the persons whom I love.

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[1] Over 'circumstances', deleted.

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[2] Followed by 'about', deleted, 'to improve the talents', deleted.

[3] On Sept. 20, '83, Lord S. was created Baron Sheffield of Roscommon, with special remainder to his two daughters.

[4] At Lausanne in '63–4. (*Jour. B*, 222, 232.)

E.G.

On reading what I have written, I must laugh at my sudden and peremptory recommendations about Maria. Yet I coolly think it the best scheme.—You oblige me beyond expression by your kindness to Aunt Kitty. NB. I always desire double letters.—I find I shall have some commissions for you (Sheffelina) but I do not suppose you in town till after Christmas.

608. To Lord Sheffield *Fri.* 14/11/83

Address. The Right Honble Lord Sheffield. Downing Street. A Londres. *Postmark.* NO.25.

Lausanne Nov. 14th 1783

Last Tuesday November 11th[1] after plaguing and vexing yourself all the morning about some business of your own fertile creation you went to the House of Commons and passed the afternoon the evening and perhaps the night, without sleep or food stifled in a close room by the heated respiration of six hundred politicians, inflamed by party and passion and tired with the repetition of dull nonsense which in that illustrious assembly so far outweighs the proportion of reason and eloquence. On the same day after a studious morning, a friendly dinner, and a chearful assembly of both sexes, I retired to rest at eleven o'Clock, satisfied with the past day, and certain that the next would afford me the return of the same quiet and rational enjoyments. *Which has the better bargain?* Seriously, I am every hour more grateful to my own judgement and resolution, and only regret that I so long delayed the execution of a favourite plan, which I am convinced is the best adapted to my character and inclinations. Your conjecture of the revolutions of my face when I heard that the house was for this winter inaccessible is probable but false. I bore my disappointment with the

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608. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 10/12. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXXI (part omitted). *P*, No. 486.

[1] The opening day of the new session of Parliament.

temper of a Sage, and only use it to render the prospect of next year still more pleasing to my imagination. You are likewise mistaken, in imputing my fall to the awkwardness of my limbs. The same accident might have happened to Slingsby himself[2] or to any *Hero* of the age the most distinguished for his *bodily activity*.[3] I have now resumed my entire strength, and walk with caution yet with speed and safety through the streets of this mountainous [city]. After a month of the finest autumn I ever saw, the *Bise* made me feel my old acquaintance, the weather is now milder; and this present day is dark and rainy not much better than what you probably enjoy in England. The town is comparatively empty but the Noblesse are returning every day from their Chateaux, and I already perceive that I shall have more reason to complain of dissipation than of dullness. As I told Lady S I am afraid of being too rash and hasty in expressing my satisfaction, but I must again repeat that appearances are extremely favourable. I am sensible that general praise conveys no distinct idea; but it is very difficult to enter into particulars where the individuals are unknown or indifferent to our correspondent. You have forgot the *old* Generation, and in twenty years a new one is grown up. Death has swept many from the World; and chance or choice has brought many to this place. If you enquire after your old acquaintance Catherine Crousaz you must be told that she is solitary, uggly, blind, and universally forgotten. Your later flame and our common Goddess the Eliza[4] passed a month at the Inn the greatest part of the time either in fits or taking the air on horseback. She came to consult Tissot, and was acquainted with the Cerjat,[5] but she appears to have made no conquests and no fountain has been dedicated to her memory.

And now to business.—By this time those who would give me nothing else have nobly rewarded my merit with the Chiltern hundreds. I retire without a sigh from the Senate, and am only impatient to hear that you have received the sum, which your

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[2] Samuel Slingsby, a well-known dancer.

[3] Followed by 'and activity' in MS.

[4] Elizabeth Foster. For the fountain reference cf. Stuart, *Dearest Bess* (1955), 12.

[5] The de Cerjat family, i.e. Jean Francois Maximilien de Cerjat, his wife, née Madeleine Stample, and their numerous children. The de Cerjats had lived for many years in England and were well known in English society.

modesty was content to take for my seat. Sir Andrew[6] is an honourable man yet I am satisfied that you have not neglected any of the necessary precautions. It will be advisable to leave the odd hundred in Gosling's shop and to pay the thousand to Messrs Darrel Winchester Street who will vest it for me in the three per Cent. We must take advantage of this stupendous fall of the Stocks which amazes and frightens many poor souls here who apprehend that poor old England is on the brink of ruin. But this same circumstance is equally hostile to the sale of Lenborough, and though £200 or 300 a year and some part of my tranquillity depend on being released from the claws of my Mortgagee, yet I am much afraid that in the present state of things an *equal* purchaser will not easily be found. But your native vigour excited by friendship will remove mountains and perform impossibilities. My salvation would be more assured if I had half as much faith in any body else. With regard to meaner cares these two which you can and will undertake. 1. As I have not renounced my Country, I should be glad to hear of your Parliamentary squabbles which may be done with small trouble and expence. After an interesting debate Miss Firth[7] or Mylady in due time may cut the speeches from Woodfall.[8] You will write or dictate any curious anecdote, and the whole inclosed in a letter may be dispatched to Lausanne. 2. A set of Wedgewood China which we talked of in London and which would be most acceptable here. As you have a sort of a taste I leave to your own choice the colour and the pattern, but as I have the inclination and means to live very handsomely *here*, I desire that the size and number of things may be adequate to a plentiful table.

If you see Lord North assure him of my gratitude, had he been a warmer friend, I should now be drudging at the board of Customs or vexed with business in the amiable society of the Duke of M.[9] To Lord L present a more affectionate sentiment, I am satisfied of his intention to serve me if I had not been in such a fidget. I am sure you will not fail while you are in town to visit and comfort poor Aunt Kitty. I wrote to her on my arrival,[10] and she may be assured that I will not neglect her. Any occasional hints from Bath will be well-come but nothing from hence must ever transpire. To Mylady I say nothing: we have now our private Correspondence, into which the eye of a husband should not be permitted to intrude.—I am really satisfied with the success of *the* Pamphlet,[11] not only because I have a sneaking kindness for the author, but as it shows me that plain sense, full information, and warm spirit are still acceptable to the World.—You talk of Lausanne as a place of retirement, yet from the situation and freedom of the Pays de Vaud all nations, and all extraordinary characters are astonished to meet each other. The Abbé Raynal, the grand Gibbon, and Mercier author of the Tableau de Paris[12] have been in the same room. The other day the Prince and Princess de Ligne, the Duke and Dutchess d'Ursel &c came from Brussels on purpose (litterally true) to act a comedy at d'Hermanches's,[13] in [the] Country. He was dying and could not appear; but we had Comedy, ball and supper. The event seems to have revived him; for that great man is fallen from his ancient glory, and his nearest relations refuse to see him.—I told you of poor Catherine's deplorable state; but Madame de Mesery[14] at the age of sixty nine is still handsome. Adieu.

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[6] Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, a kinsman of Sir Harry Burrard. He was considering buying G's Parliamentary seat.

[7] Ann Firth. See No. 243, n. 4.

[8] Wm Woodfall's reports of Parliamentary debates in the *Morning Chronicle*. They were the best reports available, though sometimes thought to favour the Whigs.

[9] See No. 591.

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[10] This letter is missing.

[11] See No. 595, n. 1.

[12] Louis Sebastien Mercier had taken up residence in Switzerland, fearing trouble with the French authorities on account of his book, *Tableau de Paris*, published in '81.

[13] David Constant d'Hermenches. Cf. No. 58, n. 14.

[14] Suzanne Crousaz de Mézery, in whose house G. lodged in '63 (see No. 48, n. 5). She died later this year.

609. To Lord Sheffield [*c. Sat.* 20/12/83]

Address. The Right Honourable Lord Sheffield. Downing Street. A Londres. *Redirected*, Sheffield place. Sussex. *Postmarks*. IA.2; SHEFFIELD; 13. IA; Missent to Sheffield in Yorkshire; [another date, illegible.]

I have received both your Epistles, and as any excuse will serve a man who is at the same time very busy and very idle, I patiently expected the second before I entertained any thoughts of answering the first.—And so poor Lenborough is at length sold, poor indeed I may call [it] for I must confess that I am most woefully disappointed in the price. Without going back to the Golden age in which we looked down with disdain on the round twenty, you may remember that even this summer we scarcely allowed our most timid expectations to sink below seventeen and the sum for which it is now sold falls £1400 short of that account without deducting the promised gratuity to Christie.[1] You might indeed reckon on my impatience to be delivered from a heavy burden both of fortune and of mind which I have often deplored with so much energy, but that burthen was much alleviated by my *rational* retreat from a scene of tumult and expence, and I always understood that we should take the chance of the winter and of the rise of stocks before we tryed the decisive and almost irrevocable measure of an auction. However the blow is struck and I have already reconciled my mind to this new loss. I should have been afraid of writing thus much to Hugonin, but your nerves are more firmly strung, and through these expressions of disappointment, you discern, that instead of being displeased with your conduct however inadequate to my hopes I feel myself inexpressibly obliged to your pure fervent and persevering friendship. You will watch over the conclusion of this business and whatever steps on my side may be necessary shall be

609. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 13/15. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXXII (parts omitted). *P*, No. 487. For the date see first sentence of No. 612.

[1] Some papers connected with the sale of Lenb, including four letters from James Christie to Lord S. are at Yale.

diligently executed as soon as you send me the proper papers and instruction. When the money is paid (in February) you will leave the residue,[2] a wretched fragment in the hands of the Goslings on my account. I have not absolutely determined how I shall employ it. Something must be done in the way of annuity, and the French funds which are very fashionable in this country are wonderfully tempting to a poor man by the high interest but I am aware of their slippery foundation and you may be assured that I shall do nothing of that kind without full and mature and even cautious investigation. For the same reason instead of paying the money to Darrel, I could wish that the £1100 or £1000 for Lymington (for we must not haggle about trifles) may likewise slumber for a little while in the shop in Fleet Street. Yet I should not be sorry to hear that the direction comes too late and that they are already more actively employed. Sure I have been peculiarly unfortunate in my connections of business, for in good truth, Winton, Lovegrove and Sir H. Burrard are more than should fall to the share of one man. Yet the last mentioned beast is no fool, and when that affectionate kinsman[3] has squeezed the Minister to the utmost, he will be satisfied with *all* that he can get and will not suffer his farm to lye fallow without being of any value either to landlord or tenant. I therefore conclude on every principle of common sense that before this moment, his own interest and that of the Government stimulated by your active zeal have already expelled me from the House to which without regret I bid an everlasting farewell. The agreable hour of five o'Clock in the morning at which you commonly retire does not tend to revive my attachment, but if you add the soft hours of your morning committee in the discussion of taxes, customs frauds smugglers &c,[4] I think I should beg to be released and quietly sent to the Gallies as a place of leisure and freedom. Yet I do not depart from my general principles of toleration: some animals are made to live in the water others on the Earth, many in the air, and some as it is now believed even in fire. Your present hurry of Parliament I perfectly understand; when opposition make the attack, horae momento cita mors venit aut victoria laeta.[5] But when the Minister brings forwards any strong and decisive measure he at length prevails but his progress is retarded at every step and in every stage of the bill by a pertinacious though unsuccessful minority. I am not sorry to hear of the splendour of Fox; I am proud in a foreign Country of his fame and abilities, and our little animosities are extinguished by my retreat from the English Stage. With regard to the substance of the business, I scarcely know what to think: the vices of the Company, both in their persons and their constitution were manifold and manifest, the danger was imminent and such an Empire with thirty millions of Subjects was not to be lost for trifles. Yet on the other hand the faith of Charters, the rights of property! I hesitate and tremble. Such an innovation would at least require that the remedy should be as certain as the evil, and the proprietors may perhaps insinuate that *they* were as competent Guardians of their own affairs as either George North or Ld Lewisham. Their acting without a salary seems childish, and their not being removable by the Crown is a strange and dangerous precedent.[6] But enough of politics which I now begin to view through a thin, cold, distant cloud: yet not without a reasonable degree of curiosity and patriotism. From the papers (especially when you add an occasional slice of the chronicle) I shall be amply informed of facts and debates: from you I expect the causes rather than the events, the true springs of action and those interesting anecdotes which seldom ascend the garret of a Fleet Street Editor. You say that many friends (alias acquaintance) have expressed curiosity and concern; I should not wish to be immediately forgot. That others (you once mentioned Gerard Hamilton) condemn Government for suffering the departure of a man who might have done them some credit and some service, perhaps as much as Antony Storer himself.[7] To you in the confidence of friendship and without either pride or resentment, I will fairly own that I am somewhat of Gerard's opinion; and if I did not compare it with the rest of his character I should be astonished that Lord N suffered me to depart without even a civil answer to my letter. Were I capable of hating a man whom it is not easy to hate, I should find myself most amply revenged by the insignificance of the creature in this mighty Revolution of India his own peculiar department.[8] But the happy Souls in paradise are susceptible only of love and pity, and though Lausanne is not a paradise more especially in Winter, I do assure you in sober prose that it has hitherto fullfilled and even surpassed, my warmest expectation. Yet I often cast a look towards Sheffield place, where you now repose if you can repose during the Christmas recess. Embrace Mylady, the young Baroness and the gentle Louisa, and insinuate to your silent Consort that separate letters require separate answers. Had I an air balloon the great topic of modern Conversation,[9] I would call upon you till the meeting of Parliament. Vale.

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[2] I.e., after the mortgage had been paid off.

[3] Sir Harry Burrard was related to Sir Andrew Hamond. Cf. No. 608, n. 6.

[4] On Nov. 26, '83, Lord S. was appointed to sit on a Select Committee to inquire into smuggling. (*H. of C. Journals*, xxxix, 741.) He complained about the prevalence of smuggling in Sussex in a letter to Arthur Young in '71. (*Add.MSS* 35126, ff. 97/8.) See also No. 521.

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[5] Horace. *Sat.* I, i, 7, 8. [In the passing of an hour comes speedy death or the joy of victory.]

[6] Fox's India Bill was introduced on Nov. 18. It transferred control of the affairs of the East India Co. from the Court of Directors to a Board of seven commissioners, with powers to appoint and dismiss officials and to govern the Company's Indian territories. The Commissioners, among whom were George North and Lord Lewisham, were named in the Bill and appointed for four years. (*Wraxall*, iii, 155 sq.)

610. To Dorothea Gibbon *Sat.* 27/12/83

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Belvidere. Bath. En Angleterre. *Postmarks.* IA.8; 8IA.

Lausanne. December 27th 1783

Dear Madam.

Were we strangers to each other, I might amuse myself with deducing the causes of my silence; the long expectation of your answer, and the propriety of taking a clear view of the ground on which I stood before I could transmit a just and satisfactory account of my situation. But it will be better to acknowledge that the old man, my ancient and habitual Enemy touched me with his wand,

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[7] Cf. No. 598, n. 1.

[8] India was technically part of Lord North's department but the India Bill was introduced by Fox as North was, or was said to be, unwell. His absence on this occasion created a bad impression among his supporters. (*Wraxall*, *loc. cit.*)

[9] The experiments with gas-filled balloons of the brothers Montgolfier and others in France were now causing great excitement. A balloon was sent up for the first time in England on Nov. 25, '83.

610. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 16/18. *P*, No. 488.

and that I am just awakening from the enchanted slumber. My silence however may be fairly interpreted as an evidence of content: the unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints, but genuine happiness is absorbed in the selfish contemplation of its own existence.[1]

Indeed, My Dear Madam I *am* happy with as few exceptions as the condition of human Nature will allow, and among the first of these exceptions I reckon the interval of time and space which separates me from Bath. Since I formed and executed this plan of retiring into Switzerland I have not once repented, I have not felt a single moment of disappointment, and my only regret is the having so long neglected to obey the dictates of my reason; a more early obedience would [have] saved me some years of dependance, of anxiety and of indiscretion. I have always valued far above the external gifts of rank and fortune two qualities for which I stand indebted to the indulgence of Nature, a strong and constant passion for letters, a propensity to view and to enjoy every object in the most favourable light. The first has composed the daily happiness of my life, and ensured the perpetual enjoyment of the most pleasing labours; the success of my works has given me a pure and extensive perhaps a permanent reputation, and if the more substantial rewards have too easily slipped through my hands, I must ascribe their loss to the obstinacy with which I struggled to support a style of life to which the remains of my fortune were no longer adequate. My propensity to be happy has been exercised on the most unfavourable materials; you have commonly seen a smile on my conversation and my letters, and as you never distrusted the sincerity of my professions you must have been surprized at the success of my endeavours. Yet what could be more adverse to my character than the life which for some years past I have led in London. With the warmest love of independence I have stooped to [be] the slave of Ministers. Without talents, or at least without resolution for a public life I have consumed days and nights a silent spectator of noisy and factious debates. Conscious that true happiness is founded on oeconomy, the disorderly state of my affairs has never allowed me to measure my income and my expence, and

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[1] The second half of this sentence is crossed out in MS, but not by G.

I have never dared to cast my eyes on the disbursment of the past or the supplies of the future, year. How different is the prospect which I now enjoy. I find myself in a state of perfect independence and real affluence, and if I continue to enjoy a tolerable state of health[2] I cannot easily discover what event is capable of disturbing my tranquillity. Among the ingredients of happiness you will agree with me in giving the preference to a sincere and sensible friend, and though you are not acquainted with half his merit, you will believe that Deyverdun answers that description. Perhaps two persons so perfectly fitted for each other were never created by Nature and education. Our studies, occupations and reflexions have been sufficiently various to ensure a constant fund of entertainment, the lights and shades of our respective characters are happily blended: freedom and confidence are the basis of our union, and a friendship of thirty years has taught us to enjoy and to support each other. You have often read and heard the descriptions of this delightful Country the banks of the lake of Geneva, and indeed it surpasses all description. A stranger is struck with surprize and admiration, and it is endeared to me by the remembrance of my youth and the lively attachment which I have always retained for the place and the people. Our autumn has been beautiful, and the winter has not hitherto been severe, but the season of rural enjoyments is for some time suspended and our comforts are confined to the fire-side. M. Deyverdun's house is spacious and convenient, and his garden which spreads over a various and extensive spot unites every beauty and advantage both of town and country. But into this paradise we are not yet introduced; the family to whom he had lent or let the larger part of the house have started some difficulties about the time of their removal, and till the month of March or April we are obliged to content ourselves with a convenient ready furnished lodging. When to this disappointment I add that my boxes of books which were sent through France still loiter on the road, you will confess that my felicity in the approaching year is more likely to encrease than to diminish. With regard to the daily enjoyments of life which rolls away in a quiet uniform tenor, they are made to be felt rather than to be related. I rise before eight, and our morn-

[2] Over 'wealth', deleted.

ings are commonly invisible to each other. At two (an hour somewhat too early) we dine;[3] one two or three agreably very often enliven our board, which is served with decent elegance. From four to between six and seven, we read some amusing book, play at chess, retire to our rooms, look into the Coffee house[4] or make visits. The assemblies are numerous and I play my three rubbers at shilling or half crown whisk with tolerable pleasure. They end between nine and ten, and a bit of bread and cheese with some friendly converse sends us to bed about eleven. This sober plan is indeed interrupted by too frequent suppers, which I want resolution to refuse though I behave with exemplary temperance. Instead of lolling in a coach I walk the streets at all hours wrapped in a fur Cloak; the exercise is wholesome, and in my life I never enjoyed more perfect health and spirits. May you be able to say as much! If vanity and Deyverdun do not deceive me I am already a general favourite, and as likings or dislikes are commonly mutual, I am pleased with the manners of the place, and the worthy and amiable characters of many individuals of both sexes.

Believe me, My dea[r Madam, I ne][5]ver cast a look on the politics or the amusements of London. The mob of political connections or casual acquaintance are unworthy of the regret of a rational mind. But in the midst of a very pleasant life and society, I am not insensible of my separation from yourself, the Sheffields and two or three real friends. If their zeal should succeed in procuring me any adequate office which I could accept with propriety and exercise without disgust, if Government should find any situation in which I could do them service and myself credit, I would quit (perhaps with a sigh) this agreable retreat, and obey without hesitation the calls of friendship, of honour, and of my Country.

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[3] The fashionable hour for dinner in London at this time was four or five o'clock. (Cf. C. P. Moritz, *Travels in England in 1782* (Oxford Press, 1924), 82.

[4] La Combe's Coffee-house in the rue de Bourg, kept by Pierre-François LaCombe, publisher and bookseller and, after his death in '89, by his son, François. (G. R. de Beer, 'Diary of Sir Charles Blagden' in *Notes & Records of the Royal Society*, viii, (1950), 75, n. 57a.)

[5] Torn under seal.

611. To Catherine Porten *Sat.* 27/12/83

Address. Mrs Porten Newman Street Oxford Road A Londres.
Postmark. IA.2.

Lausanne. December 27th. 1783

Dear Madam.

The unfortunate are loud and loquacious in their complaints but real happiness is content with its own silent enjoyment, and if that happiness is of a quiet uniform kind we suffer days and weeks to elapse without communicating our sensations to a distant friend. By you therefore whose temper and understanding have extracted from human life, in every situation the best and most comfortable ingredients, my silence will always be interpreted as an evidence of content, and you would only be alarmed (the danger is not at hand) by the too frequent repetition of my letters. Perhaps I should have continued to slumber I know not how long, had I not been awakened by the anxiety which you express in your last letter. The man was very much in the wrong to trouble you with a business in which you could not have the smallest concern, but he spoke truth when he told you that I had not settled the account before my departure. You would probably have been indifferently served if I had paid in September, a year's salary which was not due till November, and which I shall now discharge with all convenient dispatch.

From this base subject I ascend to one which more seriously and tenderly engages your thoughts the consideration of my health and happiness. And you will give me credit when I assure you with sincerity, that I have not repented a single moment of the step which I have taken and that I only regret the not having executed the same design two or five or even ten years ago. By this time I might have returned independent and *rich* to my native country, I should have escaped many disagreeable events that have happened in the mean while and I should have avoided the Parliamentary life, which experience has proved to be neither suitable to my

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611. Mrs A. M. Onslow. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXXIII (part omitted).

temper nor conducive to my fortune. In speaking of the happiness which I enjoy you will agree with me in giving the preference to a sincere and sensible friend, and though you cannot discern the full extent of his merit, you will[1] easily believe that Deyverdun is that man. Perhaps two persons so perfectly fitted to live together were never formed by Nature and Education. We have both read and seen a great variety of objects, the lights and shades of our different characters are happily blended, and a friendship of thirty years has taught us to enjoy our mutual advantages, and to support our unavoidable imperfections. In love and marriage, some harsh sounds will sometimes interrupt the harmony, and in the course of time, like our neighbours we must expect some disagreeable moments, but confidence and freedom are the two pillars of our union, and I am much mistaken if the building be not solid and comfortable. One disappointment I have indeed experienced and patiently supported. The family who were settled in Deyverdun's house started some unexpected difficulties and will not leave it till the Spring, so that you must not yet expect any poetical or even historical description of the beauties of my habitation. During the dull months of winter we are satisfied with a very comfortable apartment in the middle of the town, and even derive some advantage from this delay as it gives us time to arrange some plans of alteration and furniture which will embellish our future and more elegant dwelling.[2] In this season I rise (not at four in the morning) but a little before eight: at nine I am called from my study to breakfast which I always perform alone in the English style, and with the aid of Caplen I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck Street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies, we never approach each others doors without a praevious message or thrice knocking and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half past one, and at two (an early hour to which I am not perfectly reconciled) we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female Cook well skilled in her profession and accustomed to the taste of every nation, as for instance we had excellent mince pyes yesterday. After dinner, and the departure of our Company, one, two or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to rooms or make visits or go to the Coffee-house. Between six and seven the Assemblies begin and I am only oppressed with their number and variety. Whist at shillings or half crowns is the game I generally play, and I play three Rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten, we withdraw to our bread and cheese and friendly converse which sends us to bed at eleven, but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not courage to resist though I practise a laudable abstinence at the best furnished tables. Such is the skeleton of my life but it is impossible to communicate a perfect idea of the vital and substantial parts the characters of the men and women with whom I have very easily connected myself in looser and closer bonds according to their inclination and my own. If I do not deceive myself, and if Deyverdun does not flatter me, I am already a general favourite and as our likings and dislikes are commonly mutual, I am equally satisfied with the freedom and elegance of manners and (after proper allowances and exceptions) with the worthy and amiable qualities of many individuals. The autumn has been beautiful and the winter hitherto mild but in January we must expect some severe frost.[3] Instead of lolling in a coach I walk the streets wrapped up in fur Cloak, but this exercise is wholesome, and except an accidental fit of the gout of a few days I never enjoyed better health.[4] I am no longer in Pavillard's house where I was almost starved with cold and hunger and you [may] be assured that I now enjoy every benefit of comfort plenty and even decent luxury. You wish me happy: acknowledge that such a life is more conducive to happiness than five nights in the week passed in the House of Commons or five mornings spent at the Custom House. Send me in return a fair account of your own situation in mind and body. I am satisfied that your own good sense would have reconciled you to inevitable separations, but there never was a more suitable diversion than your visit to Sheffield place. Among the innumerable proofs of friendship which I have received from that family, there are none which affected me more sensibly than their kind civilities to you, though I am persuaded that they are at least as much on your account as on mine.—At length Madame de Bavois is delivered by her tyrant's death.[5] His daughter, a valuable Woman of this place has made some inquiries, and though her own circumstances are narrow, she will not suffer her father's widow to be left totally destitute. I am glad you derived so much melancholy pleasure from the letters: yet had I know[n] it, I should have withheld those of Dorothea Patton.[6]

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[1] Followed by 'agree', deleted.

[2] Followed by 'house', deleted. A four page bill, receipted on Jan. 10, '85, from Maître Bocion, Menuisier, for repairs and alterations to La Grotte is in the Harvard Univ. Library. It amounts to £713:15:5.

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[3] Next sentence begins 'I walk', deleted.

[4] Followed by 'Reflect on the difference between my pres', all deleted.

612. To Lord Sheffield *Sat.* 24/1/84

Address. The Right Honourable Lord Sheffield. Downing Street. A Londres. *Postmark*. FE.11.

Within two or three days after your last gracious Epistle your Complaints were silenced and your enquiries were satisfied by an ample dispatch of four pages which over-flowed the inside of the cover, and in which I exposed my opinions of things in general public as well as private as they existed in my mind in my state of ignorance and error about the eighteenth or twentieth of last month. Within a week after that date I epistolised in the same rich and copious strain the two venerable females of Newman Street and the Belvidere whose murmurs must now be changed into songs of gratitude and applause. My correspondence with the holy Matron of Northamptonshire has been less lively and loquacious. You have not forgot the Atheist's vindication of himself from the foul calumnies of pretended Christians: within a fortnight after his arrival at Lausanne he communicated the joyful event to Mrs G.[1] She answered per return of post both letters at the same time, and in very dutyful language, almost excusing her advice which was intended for my spiritual as well as temporal good and assuring me that *nobody should be able to injure me with her*. Unless the Saint is an hypocrite (possible enough) such an expression must convey a favourable and important meaning: at all events it is worth giving *ourselves* some trouble about her without indulging any sanguine expectations of inheritance. So much for my females. With regard to my male Correspondents you are the only one to whom I have given any signs of my existence, though I have formed many a generous resolution. Yet I am not insensible of the kind and friendly manner in which Lord Loughborough has distinguished me: he could have no inducements of interest and now that I view the distant picture with an impartial eye, I am convinced that (for a Statesman) he was sincere though not earnest in his wishes to serve me. When you see *him*, the Paynes, Eden, Crauford &c, tell them that I am well, happy and ashamed.—On your side, the zeal and diligence of your pen has surprized and delighted me and your letters at this interesting moment are exactly such as I wished them to be, authentic anecdotes and rational speculations worthy of a man who acts a part on the great theatre, and who fills a seat not only in the general Pandaemonium, but in the private council of the princes of the infernal Regions. With regard to the detail of Parliamentary operations, I must repeat my request to you or rather to Miss Firth who will now be on the spot, that she will write not with her pen but her Scissars, and that after every debate[2] which deserves to pass the Sea and the Mountains, she will dissect the faithful narrative of Woodfall, and sent it off by the next post as an agreable supplement to the meagre accounts of our weekly papers.—The wonderful revolutions of last month have sounded to my ear more like the shifting scenes of a Comedy or Comic Opera than like the sober events of real and modern history, and the irregularity of our winter posts which sometimes retarded and sometimes hastened the arrival of the dispatches has encreased the confusion of our ideas. Surely the Lord has blinded the eyes of Pharoah and of his Servants; the obstinacy of the last spring[3] was nothing compared to the headstrong and headlong madness of this Winter. I expect with much impatience the first days of your meeting; the purity and integrity of the Coalition will suffer a fiery tryal but if they are true to themselves and to each other, a Majority of the House of Commons must prevail; the rebellion of the young Gentlemen will be crushed and the Masters will resume the Government of the School.[4] After the address and answer I have no conception that Parliament can be dissolved during the Session, but if the present Ministry can outlive the storm I think the death Warrant will infallibly be signed in the summer. *Here* I blush for my Country, without confessing her shame. Fox acted like a man of Honour, yet surely his union with Pitt affords the only hope of salvation. How miserably are we wasting the season of peace.[5]

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[5] See No. 255.

[6] The MS ends here, with no sign that anything further has disappeared.

612. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 21/24. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXXIV (extract). *P*, No. 489 (postscript omitted).

[1] Hester G. Both these letters are unfortunately missing.

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[2] G. wrote 'after a debate worthy', but substituted 'every' for 'a' and crossed out 'worthy'.

[3] See No. 568, n. 1.

I have written three pages before I come[6] to my own busyness and feelings.—In the first place I most sincerely rejoyce that I left the ship and swam ashore on a plank: the daily and hourly agitation in which I must have lived would have made me truly miserable, and if I had obtained a place during pleasure, Storer's for instance? —On the first news of the dissolution, I considered my seat as so totally and irrecoverably gone that I have been less affected with Sir Harry's obstinacy. Yet his absolute refusal to treat throws us at least for the present into a very uncomfortable situation, and besides the danger of shipwreck, every day's voyage diminishes the value of the ship and cargo. You say you are *schemeless*.[7] I can think only of two expedients. 1. You know or can know Sir Andrew Hammond who is a fair and honourable Character.[8] Talk over the business and kinsman fairly with him and tempt him to exert himself by the lowness of the price, I should consider even five or six hundred pounds as so much saved out of the fire, and a part of that sum would be most deliciously employed in the embellishment of my new habitation. 2. The other scheme is somewhat more delicate yet I cannot esteem myself as bound to sacrifice my essential interest to that motley crew surnamed a Coalition nor does their superiority in Parliament depend on the loss of *half a vote*. Perhaps the new Minister would give Sir Harry for his relations those scandalous jobs which our late friends more conscientiously refused, and many a Candidate would purchase their effectual recommendation by giving me the £1000 or 1200. On this occasion remember you are acting for a *poor*[9] friend, dismiss a little of the spirit of faction and patriotism, and stoop to a prudential line of conduct which in your own case you might possibly disdain. If you attempt the negociation you will easily find the proper instruments, but I should think James Grenville the Lord of the Treasury a safe and convenient channel, and I am persuaded that he would embrace the opportunity of serving his party and obliging *me* at the same time.—In the business of Lenborough you may be active but I can be only passive to convey a fair Estate and to receive a miserable pittance of three thousand and some pounds. I hope nothing will happen to perplex the title or to delay the payment, and that the sum will be safely lodged for my account and in Gosling's hands before the end of February. Perhaps you will abuse my prudence and patriotism when I inform you that I have already vested a part (30,000 Livres, about £1300) in the new loan of the King of France. I get eight per Cent on the joint lives of Deyverdun and myself besides thirty tickets in a very advantageous lottery of which the highest prize is an annuity of 40000 Livres (£1700) a year. At this moment, the beginning of a peace and probably a long peace, I think (and the World seems to think) the French funds at least as solid as our own. I have empowered my Agent M. de Lessart a Capital banker at Paris to draw upon Gosling for the money two months hence and to avoid all accidents that may result from untoward delays and mercantile churlishness, I expect that you will support my credit in Fleet street with your own more respectable name. Moreover when Lenborough purchase Money is paid, I wish it were possible to with-hold £1000 or 1500 of their Mortgage on our joint bond; I could employ it to my satisfaction at present and should certainly repay it in three or four years on the conclusion of my History.—Perhaps you will be better reconciled to my pecuniary arrangements by the proposal which I seriously make of purchasing Lee's farm at Buriton if it can be obtained for 25 years purchase after deducting the Land Tax. My interest without principal will be compensated by principal without interest (you remember Soame Jenyns's definition)[10] and whatever becomes of my French Creditor, my Hampshire acres will be safe, compact and in due time clear of all incumbrances.—You may consult with Hugonin, propose and conclude. What say you now? Am I not a wise Man? My letter is enormous and the post on the wing. In a few days I will write to My Lady herself, and enter something more into the details of domestic life. Suffice it to say that[11] the scene becomes each day more pleasant and comfortable, and that I complain only of the dissipation of Lausanne. In the course of March or April we shall take possession of Deyverdun's house. My books which by some strange neglect did not leave Paris till the 3d of this Month will arrive in a few weeks, and I shall soon resume the continuation of my history, which I shall prosecute with the more vigour, as the completion affords me a distant prospect of a visit to England. A propos if the box which I left in Downing Street for the Swiss Carrier be not already departed I hope Elmsley and yourself will give it a speedy and vigorous shove; when you see Elmsley ask him whether he has answered my letters, he is almost as lazy as myself. To Mylady's taste I shall entrust the Wedgewood's ware, which in the course of the spring or summer may accompany some other boxes of plate, linnen, books which I shall probably invoke. Adieu. I embrace Mylady and Infants.

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[4] Last three words added above the line.

[5] Fox's India Bill passed the Commons on Dec. 8. It was rejected by the Lords and immediately after the King, who had not concealed his opposition to his ministers, demanded the resignation of Fox and North and then dismissed the rest of the ministry, in spite of their large majority in the Commons. Pitt was appointed head of a new administration with Lords Sydney and Carmarthen as Secretaries of State, the Duke of Dorset replaced the Duke of Manchester as British Ambassador at Paris and Anthony Storer lost the post at the Embassy which G. had applied for in Sept. An address to the King, setting out the undesirability of a dissolution at this juncture, was supported by Fox in the Commons and agreed to. The King, in his reply, assured the House that he did not propose to dissolve Parliament. Fox neither joined with Pitt nor wished for a dissolution but tried to use his majority to force Pitt's resignation. The subsequent three months of Parliamentary manoeuvring struck many people as a waste of time. (*Wraxall*, iii, 186 sq.)

[6] MS has 'become'.

[7] 'I have a choice letter from the proprietor of Lymington, that business seems rather desperate', *Lord S. to Wm Eden*, Jan. 7, '84. He went on to say that he had applied to Lord North, the Duke of Portland and Fox, without result. (*Auckland*, i, 72.)

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[8] Cf. No. 608, n. 6.

[9] Inserted above the line.

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[10] Perhaps a reference to the following in *Thoughts on the National Debt*, '. . . as the debtor she [the public] can lose nothing because the whole interest of the debt is paid for her by a new tax, and as a creditor she is a great gainer because the principal is soon refunded and yet she continues to receive the interest.' (Jenyns, *Works*, (1790), ii, 281.)

[11] Followed by 'the quiet life', deleted and 'the insipid life of London', also deleted.

Ever yours

E. G.

When the Lenborough business is settled you will recover my Writings from Newton's Custody. I tremble to hear of the Attorney's long account; yet I wish to know it before it is paid.[12]

Lausanne Janry 24th 1784.

613. To Lord Sheffield, Miss Firth and Lady Sheffield [*Mon.* 2 & *Sat.* 14/2/84]

Baron!

After my last enormous dispatch nothing can remain except some small gleanings or occasional hints: and thus in order. I am not conscious that any of your valuable MSS have miscarried, or that I have omitted to answer any essential particulars. They stand in my Bureau carefully arranged and docketed under the following dates. Sept. 23. October 23. November 18. December 2. Dec. 15. Dec 19. Decem. 23. Decem. 29. Jan. 16. which last I have received this day, Febr. 2d. For greater perspicuity it will not be amiss (on either side) to number our future Epistles by a conspicuous Roman character inscribed in the front to which we [may] at any time refer. But instead of writing by Ostend, the shorter and surer way, especially on all occasions that deserve celerity will be to inclose[1] them to my Banker, Monsieur de Lessert at Paris who will forward them to me. Through Germany the passage by Sea is more uncertain the roads worse and the distance greater, we often complain of delay and irregularity at this interesting moment.—By your last I find that you have boldly and generously opened a treaty with the Enemy, which I proposed with fear and hesitation. I impatiently expect the result; and again repeat that *whatever* you can obtain for the seat I shall consider it as so much saved out of the fire. I shall then have completely secured a tranquil though humble station, and my personal happiness will no longer hang in suspense upon every change of Ministry, and every vote of Parliament. I am not surprized that you grow sulky: your free and liberal spirit must disdain a set of Men, whose aim is their own restoration to power, and whose means may affect the principles of the Constitution. Do you remember Dunning's motion (in the year 80) to address the Crown against a dissolution of Parliament; a simple address we rejected as an infringement on the prerogative, yet how far short of these strong Democratical measures, for which you have probably voted as I should probably have done, such is the contagion of party.[2] Fox drives most furiously, yet I should not be surprized if Pitt's moderation and character should insensibly win the Nation and even the house to espouse his cause.[3]

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[12] Newton's bill, now at Magdalen College, Oxford, covers 39 folio pages and includes charges from Dec. 7, '67, to the end of '83. It amounts in all to £472 11*s*. 9*d*. Four letters from Newton to Lord S., dated from Nov. '84 to Jan. '85, are at Yale.

613. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 25/26. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXXV (part omitted). *P*, No. 490.

[1] Written over 'direct', deleted.

Lenborough is a melancholy and unpleasant subject. I am grateful for your endeavours, and lament that your reflections on the value of land and money are but too true and sensible. Greatly as I have been disappointed in the price I should now be sorry that any thing should happen to break the bargain or to delay the payment. The surmise of such a possible event obliges me to repeat my commands that you would instruct Gosling (in your own name) to accept M. de Lessert['s] draught on the 20th of March for 30,000 French Livres (about £1300). Whatever you may think of my oeconomical measures, the deed is done, and my honour is now pledged for the performance. The other sum £1000 or 1500 of the Lenbourough price which I wished to deduct from the Mortgage, is a more indifferent speculation which should only take place as far as it is agreable to all parties.

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[2] Dunning's famous motion, that the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing and ought to be diminished, was passed on April 6, '80, G. voting against it, but on April 24, he moved for an Address praying the King not to dissolve Parliament until measures had been taken to check the growing influence of the Crown and to correct other abuses. This motion was rejected. On Jan. 12 and 16, '84, resolutions were passed that it was necessary for an administration to have the confidence of the House of Commons and of the people, that an unconstitutional use of the King's name had been made in the proceedings before the recent change of ministry, and that the continuance of the present ministers in office was contrary to the constitution.

[3] Cf. No. 615, n. 2.

Unless when I look back on England with a selfish or a tender regard my hours roll away very pleasantly, and I can again repeat with truth that I have not regretted, not a single moment the step which I have taken. We are now at the height of the Winter dissipation, and I am peculiarly happy when I can steal away from great assemblies and suppers of twenty or thirty people to a more private party of some of those persons whom I begin to call my friends. Till we are settled in our house little can be expected on our side: yet I have already given two or three handsome dinners, and though every thing is grown dearer I am not alarmed at the general view of my expence. Deyverdun salutes you and we are agreed that few married Couples are better entitled to the flitch of bacon than we shall be at the end of the year.—When I had written about half this Epistle, my books arrived: at our first meeting all was rapture and confusion and two or three posts from the 2d to this day the fourteenth have been suffered to depart unnoticed. Your letter of the 27th of January which was not received till yesterday has again awakened me and I thought the surest way would be to send off this single sheet without any farther delay.—I sincerely rejoice in the stability of Parliament and the first faint dawn of reconciliation which must however be effected by the equal balance of parties rather than by the wisdom of the Country Gentlemen.[4]

Miss Firth!

After due salutations I trouble you with three or four Commissions, which I should not presume to offer to the greatness of the Baron or the delicacy of My Lady but which I am persuaded you will chearfully undertake to oblige an old and sincere friend. 1rst. The employment which I have already hinted of your scissars in carving and dispatching occasional debates from Woodfall's paper. 2. You are desired to call on Elmsley to ask him from time to time when he wrote to me last, and to urge him about taking and sending a Catalogue of my library with all convenient or inconvenient speed. 3. As many things will be deficient and as carriage will be less expensive than purchase, I propose sending for my plate linnen and China which now lye in Downing Street. My Agent Pendergast an honest Cabinet maker has received his instructions from Caplen and I only desire that when he calls for that purpose he may have free permission to examine, pack export &c. A list was entrusted to Lord Sheffield, which might be compared, copied, signed by him and transmitted by the post to me.

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[4] The idea of a coalition between Pitt and Fox was raised more than once in debate in the Commons. It was supported by M.P.s representing the landed interest, who met at the St. Alban's Tavern on Jan. 26 to consider a plan for furthering it. (*Ann. Reg. for 1784 & 1785*, 87, 265 sq. *Wraxall*, iii, 277–9.)

My Lady! But it would be highly incongruous to begin my letter at the bottom of the page. Adieu, therefore, till next post.

614. To Lord Sheffield *Tue.* 2/3/84

Address. The Right Honourable Lord Sheffield. Downing Street. A Londres. *Postmark.* MR.15.

Your despatch of Feb. 13th arrived safe yesterday March 1rst, and notwithstanding the winter obstacles of Seas and roads there is upon the whole more delay than danger in the transactions of the posts. I am glad that my last appearance in Downing Street put an end to a course of abuse; but in spite of my profound veneration for dreams and omens, I flatter myself that the silence of *one month* will not always be interpreted as a certain testimony that I no longer exist. Before I quit the subject of dispatches one word on Miss Firth's scissars whose operation you have so prudently checked. Their use was not intended to be daily but occasional on some great and memorable debate in the Pandaemonium. Such occasions might occur twenty or thirty times in the winter, and at one shilling each time the annual expence might have exceeded *one* Guinea. I had computed that such expence might be supported but if you persist in a contrary opinion I must submit.

You had given me notice that the purchase money of Lenborough would be paid in February and as the title was so perfectly clear, I suppose the surplus (far beyond the amount of the Paris draught) is already in Gosling's hands payable to my order. In that case I

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614. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 27/8. *P*, No. 491.

shall have no obligations to them for obeying my Commands. But as I was aware of the delays of the law and of their narrow mercantile temper I did conceive that they might scruple paying Mr de Lessert's draught for 30,300 Livres *some days* before my money was actually in their shop. The French banker will draw at sight, but instead of the 20th of March, I have postponed his draught till the 20th of April. In due time I shall write to the Goose to give them notice not to ask a favour. It is to you only that I wish to be obliged and if you inform them that you consider yourself as answer for the money I cannot suspect that even their grovelling spirit will have any scruples. If instead of your word they should require your bond, you can give it in five minutes, and a few days when the purchase money is paid will release you from the obligation. The general comparison of the French and English funds I have not time to discuss: I think them more able and ourselves more willing to support our national faith but If a man must trust his money to the Ocean, I think it more advisable to embark it on two separate bottoms. With regard to the scruples of the two[1] Tabbies I can only say that first they need not know anything of the matter and secondly they will be so good as to allow me to think and act for myself. With regard to the purchase of Lee's farm, I am serious, and if I am abused for my follies I must have some credit for the more rational parts of my Conduct. At least you will give me credit when I declare that in a happy winter of study and society, I have not once regretted the noise of St Stephen's and the tiresome suspense of your incomprehensible politics. But I do most sincerely regret the decreasing value of my Senatorial commodity. As soon as you can and as much as you can is the advice which you will follow without my having the trouble of giving it. But in the mean while do not let us quarrel about the disposal of the Bearskin. I am not mad nor do I mean to settle here for life. A small part of the indefinite price of my seat was destined to embelish my habitation, and if after enjoying the comforts three or four years I should leave my friend's house somewhat imp[roved][2] I can see nothing very extravagant in the idea.—Thus far I have written before the

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[1] G. then wrote 'ol' and deleted it, having intended 'old ladies', meaning DG and CP.

[2] Torn under seal.

departure of the post, and am preparing to pass the evening at a private representation of the Barbier de Seville, which will be followed by a lively and excellent supper. Embrace My Lady, I think of her often especially every post day. Say a kind word to Kitty, I shall soon dream that she is dead[3] likewise.—Gosling need not be apprized of the object of the Paris draught.—The additional £1500 which I wished to retain is superfluous as I have already observed in my last.
Lausanne. March 2d 1784.

You are or will be astonished with some farther orders for the march of plate, linnen, books &c but I am of opinion that the present moment is worth enjoying, and that carriage, even double carriage is less expensive than purchase.—You have nothing to do with Wedgewood, but I shall soon consult Mylady. The spring is delightful, I often snatch a walk on Deyverdun's terrace, and visit my books which are already deposited, but I fear the house will not be accessible before the first of May. He says I am not patient, I say he is indolent; you know that the most harmonious pairs will sometimes squabble.

615. To Lord Sheffield [*Wed.* 31/3/84]

Not a post has elapsed without my thinking of Sheffelina and *intending* her separate letter. This day which had been peremptorily fixed is now so far advanced that I have barely time to relieve my mind from some anxious *English* thoughts, the only ones that disturb the tranquil, chearful scenes of my well-judged retreat.—I have this moment perused the last English papers of the 20th instant which contain by the bye your smart and as it seems successful dispute with the Minister.[1]—Your adversaries (I fear they

[3] Over 'you are', deleted. Kitty = Aunt Kitty = CP.

615. *Add.MSS* 34885, f. 29. *P*, No. 492 (dated April 31). G's own date is evidently wrong; there is no such date as April 31 and cf. n. 1.

[1] Lord S. attacked Pitt in a speech on the bill for regulating trade with America. The end of his speech was lost in the loud irrelevant conversation of the rest of the House. (*Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Herald*, March 20, '84.)

[are] the King, Lords and People) have now conquered but at this distance I cannot discern the consequences of their Victory, whether it will lead to treaty or dissolution.[2] If the latter adieu once more my poor seat and all my little hopes of compensation. Can nothing, nothing be done, in any way by direct or indirect, by humble or strenuous measures? Upon my soul I should consider my Election dinner, £100 or 200 pounds as a tolerable conclusion of my cursed political life. But in this business perhaps you can do nothing, I therefore turn to another which would seriously alarm me had I less confidence in your friendship. You know, (and the Goslings are apprized) that on the 20th of April, M de Lessert of Paris will draw upon them for 30,300 French Livres, and I should feel the deepest shame and affliction if his draught, in my name should meet with an unfavourable reception. I am in your hands and can say no more. Perhaps I have been too hasty, yet you cannot forget that I might reasonably act on your assurance of the Lenborough purchase Money being paid before the end of February. Since that notice you have never said a word on the subject. Is the business concluded? what occasions a delay? Have any difficulties arisen? Adieu. You grow an idle Correspondent. The winter has been long but not extremely rigorous.—The person who occupies Deyverdun's house is an invalid: yet I think we shall migrate before my birthday, the 8th of May.

Lausanne. April 31rst 1784. E G.

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[2] Addresses and other demonstrations of popular support for the King and for Pitt became general during February. Early in March the King rejected a second request from the Commons for the dismissal of the Ministry. Even in the Commons there was little support for Fox's policy of forcing the Ministry to resign by holding up the Appropriation and Mutiny Acts, without which administration could not be carried on. Any hope of a coalition had long since faded and by the middle of March it became clear that Pitt could face a dissolution and a general election with safety. (See E. George, 'Fox's Martyrs' in Ry. Hist. Soc., *Trans.*, *4th Ser.*, xxi (1939), 133 sq.)

616. To Lord Sheffield [*c. Tue.* 4] & *Tue.* 11/5/[84]

Address. The Right Honble Lord Sheffield. Downing Street. A Londres. *Postmark.* MA. [. .].

Alas! Alas, Alas! We may now exchange our mutual condolence, and encourage each other to support with becoming fortitude the stroke of fate.[1] Last Christmas on the change of administration I was struck with the thunderbolt of the unexpected event, and in the approaching dissolution, I foresaw the loss of the little but precious stock which I had so foolishly embarked in the parliamentary bottom. The long continuance and various changes of the tempest rendered me by degrees callous and insensible; when the art of the Mariners was exhausted I felt that we were sinking, I expected the ship to founder, and when the fatal moment arrived, I was even pleased to be delivered from hope and fear to the calmness of despair. I now turn my eyes not on the past but on the present and the future; what is lost I try to consider as if it had never existed, and every day I congratulate my own good fortune, let me say my prudence and resolution in migrating from your noisy stage to a scene of repose security, and content. But even in this separate state I was still anxious for my friend upon English Earth, and at first was much delighted with your hint that you were setting off for Coventry without any prospect of an opposition. Every post, Wednesdays and Saturdays, I eagerly looked for the intelligence of your victory, and in spite of my misbehaviour which I do not deny, I must abuse Mylady rather than you for leaving me in so painful a situation. Each day raised and encreased my apprehension, the Courier de l'Europe first announced the contest the English papers proclaimed your defeat and your last letter which I received four days ago showed me that you exerted first the spirit,

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616. *Add.MSS* 34885, ff. 30/33. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXXVI (extracts). *P*, No. 493.

[1] Parliament was dissolved on March 25 and G. had now no Parliamentary seat to sell. Lord S., in common with most of the supporters of Fox and North, lost his seat at the ensuing general election.

and at last the temper of an Hero. Lord B.[2] behaved as I should have expected and I am not much surprized that you should have been swept away in the general unpopularity, since even in this quiet place your friends are considered as a factious crew acting in direct opposition both to the King and People. For yourself I am at a loss what to say. If this repulse should teach you to renounce all connection with Kings, and Ministers and patriots and parties and parliaments for all of which you are by many degrees too honest, I should exclaim with Teague your respectable Countryman, By my Shoul, Dear Joy you have *gained* a loss.[3] Private life whether contemplative or active has surely more solid and independent charms; you have *some* domestic comforts; Sheffield is still susceptible of useful and ornamental improvements, (alas how much better might even the last £1500 have been laid out!), and if these cares are not sufficient to occupy your leisure I can trust your restless and enterprizing spirit to find new methods of preserving yourself from the insipidity of repose. But I much fear your discontent and regret at being excluded from that Pandaemonium which we have so often cursed as long as you were obliged to attend it: the leaders of the party will flatter you with the opinion of their friendship and your own importance, the warmth of your temper makes you credulous and unsuspicious; and like the rest of our species male and female you are not absolutely blind to your own merit or deaf to the voice of praise. Some place will be suggested, easy honourable, certain, where nothing is wanted but a man of character and spirit to head a superior interest; the opposition if any is contemptible, and the expence cannot be large. You will go down, find almost every circumstance falsely stated, repent that you had engaged yourself but you cannot desert those friends who are firmly attached to your cause; beside the Money you have already spent would have been thrown away, another thousand will compleat the business: deeper and deeper will you plunge, and the last evil will be worse than the first. You see I am a free spoken Counsellor, may I not be a true prophet! Did I consult my own wishes I should observe to you that as you are no longer a Slave, you might soon be transported, as you seem to desire to one of the Alpine hills. The purity and calmness of the air is the best calculated to allay the heat of a political feaver, the education of the two princesses might be successfully conducted under your eye and that of my Lady and if you had resolution to determine on a residence not a visit at Lausanne, your worldly affairs might repose themselves after their late fatigues. But you know that *I* am a friend to toleration, and am always disposed to make the largest allowance for the different natures of animals, a lion and a lamb, an eagle and a Worm. I am afraid we are too quiet for you; here it would not be easy for you to create any business; you have long neglected books, and I doubt whether you would not think our suppers and assemblies somewhat trifling and insipid.

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[2] Beauchamp. His brother, Wm Conway, the other member for Coventry, also lost his seat. The contest was a very close one. (E. Porritt, *The Unreformed House of Commons* (1903), i, 192. E. George, *op. cit.* (see No. 615, n. 2), 162.)

[3] The bull seems to be G's own invention. 'Teague', often used at this time to indicate a comic Irishman, is the name of one of the characters in Farquhar's *The Twin Rivals*, but the exclamation does not come from that play.

For myself I am happy to tell and you will be happy to hear that this place has in every respect exceeded my best and most sanguine hopes. How often have you said as often I expressed any ill-humour against the hurry, the expence and the precarious condition of my London life, 'Ay that is a nonsensical scheme of retiring to Lausanne that you have got into your head, a pretty fancy, you remember how much you liked it in your youth, but you have now seen more of the World and if you were to try it again you would find yourself most woefully disappointed.' I had it in my head, in my heart, I have tryed it, I have not been disappointed, and my knowledge of the World has only served to convince me that a Capital and a Crowd may contain much less real society than the small circle of this gentle retirement. The winter has been longer but as far as I can learn less rigorous than in the rest of Europe. The spring in all its glory is now bursting upon us, and in our garden it is displayed in all its glory. I already occupy a temporary apartment, and we live in the lower part of the house; before you receive this our lodgers will be gone and we shall be in full possession. We have much to enjoy and something to do which I take to be the happiest condition of human life.

Now for business the kind of subject which I always undertake with the most reluctance and leave with the most pleasure. I do not thank you for standing between me and Gosling, you would despise my thanks, I know your sentiments and you are not ignorant of mine. But the step on your side was necessary: even with your security Gosling has not done the thing in a graceful way, and even the letter which informs me that he will honour M de Lessert's draught is written with unnecessary pertness. In a post or two I shall probably hear the payment acknowledged from Paris. The Goose hopes he shall be soon reimbursed: so do I likewise, and as no difficulties can arise with regard to the title, I should imagine that before you leave town the business, that is the payment may be finally concluded. Of the persons who already cast a Hawk's eye on the poor surplus, there is one Harris whose bond, since he calls for it must undoubtedly be discharged, though I should be glad if you could persuade him to be contented with the interest and trust me some time longer with the principal.[4] I write to Whitehead the hirer of horses by this post and suppose you will hear no more of him.[5] But I must confess that Richard Way's demand of one hundred Guineas fills me with surprize and indignation and unless you are decidedly of a contrary opinion I do most absolutely refuse it. Had he only been useless something might be pleaded, but if you recollect th[at his][6] entire service was the recommending me to Lovegrove, it would not be easy to compute the damages (for *thousands*) for which I might equitably sue that Land-Jobber. Though I am not very favourably disposed to the Goslings, the surplus money when the just demands are cleared, must be left in their hands till I can employ it, but I am serious about Lee's farm and wish you would correspond with Hugonin in the summer; by the bye he has not pressed my tenants this winter.—A Swiss Carrier by name Pache will call in a few days to send away the boxes of plate linnen, china which are probably packed for foreign service. The ornamental China was never intended to be sent. Adieu.

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[4] It seems that G. owed some money to the heirs of his late agent for Lenb, John Harris. References to payments to Harris and Elizabeth Harris on account of interest on a bond, are to be found in two bills for '83 and '84 from Thomas Hearn, G's new agent, in *Magd. Coll. Papers*.

[5] There are two bills for jobbing horses from Whitehead and Scratchley in *Magd. Coll. Papers*; one, for '81, amounts to £58 19*s*.

[6] Torn under seal.

E.G.

Postscript.

I cannot as yet hear any thing of a certain box left at my departure in Downing place, and repeatedly and vainly demanded; by this time I hope that it is on the seas or rather on the road, Elmsley to whom it was peculiarly committed is an ingenious, an honest but a very idle fellow. The box contains some absolute necessaries such as paper in particular, and you are a sufferer by the delay, as you will pay a double letter for the value or at least the size of a single one. The stationer's paper here is so extremely [thin] that I turned over two leaves at once,[7] and the error is now irreperable.

And now Mylady

Let me approach your gentle, not grimalkin presence with deep remorse. You have indirectly been informed of my state of mind and body (the whole winter I have not had the slightest return of the Gout [or] of any other complaint whatsoever), you have been apprized and are now apprized of my motions or rather of my perfect and agreable repose; yet I must confess (and *I feel*) that something of a direct and personal exchange of sentiments has been neglected on my side, though I still *persuade* myself that when I am settled in my new house I shall have more subject as well as leisure to write. Such tricks of lazyness your active spirit is a stranger to though Mrs Frazer complains that she has never had an answer to her last letters. That aforesaid little Donna Catharina arrived here three or four days [ago] with her sister Miss Bristow: the widow is impatient to reach England: the maiden, who is much better proposes staying here the whole summer with her dear Doctor Tissot, and returning on the approach of Winter to pass another season at Nice.—Poor Lady Pembroke, *you* will feel for her, after a cruel alternative of hope and fear, her only daughter Lady Charlotte died at Aix at Provence; they have persuaded her to come to this place where she is intimately connected with the

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[7] Cf. *Jour. B*, 31, n. 2.

Cerjat family; she has taken an agreable house about three miles from the town, and lives retired; but I have seen her; her behaviour is calm, but her affliction.[8] I accept with gratitude your friendly proposal of Wedgewood's ware, and should be glad to have it bought and packed, and sent without delay through Germany. To you I leave the absolute and *sole* command, but if you have a mind to consult the Baron with regard to the ornamental, the creature is not totally devoid of taste: the number, choice, pattern, sizes &c you will determine and shall only say that I wish to have a very compleat service for two courses and a desert, and that our suppers are numerous frequently fifteen or twenty persons. Adieu. I do not mean this as *your* letter. You are very good to poor Kitty. With you I do not condole about Coventry.

May 11th 1783.[9] I wrote the first page of my letter last week.

617. To? *Wed.* 19/5/84

618. To Dorothea Gibbon *Fri.* 28/5 & *Wed.* 2/6/84

Address. Mrs Gibbon. Belvidere. Bath. En Angleterre. *Postmarks.* IU.18. 18.IV.

Lausanne—May 28. 1784

Dear Madam.

I begin without preface or Apology, as if I had received your letter by the last post. In my own defence I know not what to say; but if I were disposed to recriminate, I might observe that you yourself are not perfectly free from the sin of lazyness and procrastination. I have often wondered why we are not fonder of letter-writing: we all delight to talk of ourselves and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend that we can enjoy that conversation not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest propriety and mutual satisfaction, sure that the person whom we address, feels an equal or at least a strong and lively interest in the consideration of the pleasing subject. On the subject therefore of *self*, I will entertain a friend to whom none of my thoughts or actions none of my pains or pleasures can ever be indifferent.

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[8] Lady Charlotte Herbert died of consumption, aged ten, in April, '84. G's italics are a gentle reference to Lady S's loss of her son in '72, at an even more tender age. (See No. 190.) For the Pembrokes, their friendship with the Cerjats, etc., see Lord Herbert, *Henry, Margaret and George*, 1939 and *ibid.*, *The Pembroke Papers*, 1950, *passim*. There should presumably be an exclamation mark after 'affliction'.

[9] G's error.

617. Untraced. Sold at Sotheby's on July 21, 1914, with a large number of letters from Switzerland to Lord S, relating to G's death. Catalogued as from Lucerne, evidently in mistake. Perhaps the date is also a mistake and should be *June* 19; if so, this is probably one of the two letters to Gosling and Darell, mentioned in No. 619.

618. *Add.MSS* 34884, ff. 34/35. *MW* ('96), i, No. CLXXVII. P, No. 494.

When I first cherished the design of retiring to Lausanne the loss, I can hardly call it of your society, but at least of your neighbourhood, and the fear of your anxiety and disapprobation have always stood before me as the most powerful objections, and I was much more apprehensive of wounding your tender attachment, than of offending Lord Sheffield's manly and vehement friendship. On the abolition of the board of trade the motives for my retreat became more urgent and forcible, I wished to break loose yet I delayed above a year before I could take my final resolution, and the letter in which I disclosed it to you cost me one of the most painful struggles of my life. As soon as I had conquered that difficulty all meaner obstacles fell before me, and in a few weeks I found myself at Lausanne astonished at[1] my firmness and my success. Perhaps you still blame or still lament the step which I have taken. If on your own account I can only sympathize with your feelings, the recollection of which often costs me a sigh. If on mine let me fairly state what I have escaped in England, and what I have found at Lausanne. Recollect the tempests of this winter; how many anxious days I should have passed, how many noisy, turbulent hot unwholesome nights, while my political existence and that of my friends was at stake; yet these feeble efforts would have been unavailing; I should have lost my seat in Parliament; and after the extraordinary expence of another year I must still have pursued the road of Switzerland, unless I had been tempted by some selfish Patron, or by Lord S's aspiring spirit to purchase, at a most inconvenient price a new seat, and once more, at the beginning of an opposition to engage in new scenes of business. As to the immediate prospect of any thing like a quiet and profitable retreat,

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[1] Followed by 'my own rashness, or at least', all deleted.

I should not know where to look; my friends are no longer in power, with Pitt and his party I have no connection, and were he disposed to favour a Man of Letters, it is difficult to say what he could give or what I would accept; the reign of pensions and sinecures is at an end, and a commission in the Excise or customs, the summet of my hopes would give me bread at the expence of leisure and liberty. When I revolve these circumstances in my mind, my only regret I repeat it again and again is, that I did not embrace this salutary measure, three, five, ten years ago. Thus much I thought it necessary to say and shall now dismiss this unpleasing part of the subject. —For my situation here health is the first consideration, and on that head your tenderness had conceived some degree of anxiety. I know not whether it has reached you that I had a fit of the Gout the day after my arrival. The fact is true, but the cause was accidental: carelessly stepping down a flight of stairs, I sprained my ancle and my ungenerous enemy instantly took advantage of my weakness. But since my breaking that double chain, I have enjoyed a winter of the most perfect health that I have perhaps ever known, without any mixture of the little flying incommodities which in my best days have sometimes disturbed the tranquillity of my English life. You are not ignorant of Dr Tissot's reputation, and his merit is even above his reputation. He assures me that in his opinion the moisture of England and Holland is most pernicious, the dry, pure air of Switzerland most favourable to a Gouty constitution: that experience justifies the Theory, and that there are fewer martyrs of that disorder in this than in any other country in Europe. This winter has every where been most uncommonly severe, and you seem in England to have had your full share of the general hardship, but in this corner, surrounded by the Alps it has rather been long than rigorous, and its duration stole away our spring, and left us no interval between furs and silk. We now enjoy the genial influence of the Climate and the Season and no station was ever more calculated to enjoy them than Deyverdun's house and garden which are now become my own. You will not expect that the pen should describe what the pencil would imperfectly delineate. A few circumstances may however be mentioned. My library is about the same size with that in Bentinck Street, with this difference however that instead of looking on a paved court, twelve feet square I command a boundless prospect of vale, mountain and water from my three windows; my apartment is compleated by a spacious light closet or store-room with a bed chamber and dressing room. Deyverdun's habitation is pleasant and convenient though less extensive; for our common use we have a very handsome winter apartment of four rooms, and on the ground-floor two cool saloons for the summer with a sufficiency or rather superfluity of offices &c. A Terrace one hundred yards long, extends beyond the front of the House, and leads to a close impenetrable shrubbery;[2] and from thence the circuit of a long and various walk carries me round a meadow and vineyard. The intervals afford an abundant supply of fruit and every sort of vegetables, and if you add that this villa (which has been much ornamented by my friend) touches the best and most sociable part of the town you will agree with me that few persons either princes or philosophers enjoy a more desirable residence. Deyverdun, who is proud of his own works often walks me round, pointing out with knowledge and enthusiasm the beauties that change with every step and with every [change][3] of light. I share or at least I sympathize with his pleasure; he appears [content][3] with my progress, and has already told several people that he does not despair making me a Gardener. Be that as it may you will be glad to hear that I am by my own choice infinitely more in motion and in the open air than I ever have been formerly. Yet my perfect liberty and leisure leave me many studious hours, and as the circle of our acquaintance retire into the Country, I shall be much less engaged in company and diversion. I have seriously resumed the prosecution of my history;[4] each day and each month adds something to the completion of the great work. The progress is slow, the labour continual, and the end remote and uncertain. Yet every day brings its amusement as well as labour; and though I dare not fix a term even in my own fancy, I advance with the pleasing reflection, that business of publication (should I be detained

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[2] The 'bosquet'. Cf. description of La Grotte in *Read*, ii, 493–4.

[3] Torn under seal.

[4] 'A full twelvemonth was lost before I could resume the thread of regular and daily industry.' (*M*, 331.)

here so long) must enforce[5] my return to England, and restore me to the best of mothers and friends. With the health and competence, with a full independence of mind and action, a delightful habitation a true friend and many pleasant acquaintance you will allow in the mean while that I am rather an object of envy than pity, and if you were more conversant with the use of the French language I would seriously propose to you to repose yourself with us in this fine country. But my indirect intelligence (on which I sometimes depend with more implicit faith than on the kind dissimulation of your friendship) gives me reason to hope that the last winter has been more favourable to your health than the preceding one. Assure me of it yourself honestly and truly and you will afford me one of the most lively pleasures that I am capable of receiving. Write soon and *indeed* I will not be so tardy in my answer. Caplin presents his duty to you. You will not be sorry to hear that he *seems* tolerably satisfied, and talks French (when I am not present) like a magpye. The English who have passed the winter at Nice, Lady Pembroke &c are flocking here. I am civil without living among them, but you will rejoyce to hear that Mr and Madame Necker pass the summer in our neighbourhood.[6] I must request a short delay in your Midsummer draught as I am ignorant whether some money is paid in, but it need not exceed a fortnight or three weeks. Adieu.
Lausanne. June 2d.

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[5] After 'bring me to', deleted.

[6] See No. 623, n. 2.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX IV

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE WAR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, WITH REFERENCES TO ALLUSIONS TO THEM IN THE LETTERS[1]

1775		
April 19	Battle of Lexington. News reached London on May 28.	305, 306, 307, 308.
June 17	Battle of Bunker's Hill. News reached London on July 25.	315.
August 3	General Gage recalled from America, leaving Sir Wm. Howe in command.	317.
	Reinforcements sought in every direction.	316, 323, 326, 329.
	Fear of attack on Canada.	323.
November	Lord George Germain made Secretary of State for the Colonies.	
	American expedition to Canada. Carleton besieged in Quebec.	328, 329, 331.
1776		
March 17	Howe evacuated Boston. News reached London on May 2.	
May 6	Quebec relieved. Carleton began an advance southwards. News reached London on June 4.	344.
May 8	Admiral Lord Howe sent to America with instructions to negotiate.	342.
July 4	Declaration of Independence. Known in London on August 11.	348.
August–September	General Howe prepared for an attack on New York.	348.
	Howe won the battle of Brooklyn, occupied New York and offered to negotiate. His despatches were published in the *London Gazette* on November 4.	353, 355, 356.
October	Carleton's army advanced as far as Crown Point, but on the approach of winter he decided to withdraw to Quebec.	356, 359.

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[1] This includes only such events as are commented on by G., with sufficient other information to bring them into the general framework of the war. It may serve as an *aide-mémoire* to the precise dates of some of the most important events and a reminder of the long interval—some six weeks or more—which had to elapse before news from America could reach London.

November	Washington's army driven from entrenchments outside New York. News arrived in December.	365.
December	Washington, pursued by Howe, crossed the Delaware; many desertions from his army. Clinton occupied Rhode Island. Known in London in January.	370.
	Washington recrossed the Delaware and early in January regained control of New Jersey. News imperfectly reported in London by end of February. Howe concentrated his army at Brunswick and Perth Amboy for the winter.	374, 375.
	In the meantime Germain had formed a plan of operations for 1777. A junction was to be effected at Albany of three armies, one under Burgoyne, advancing from Canada, one under Howe from New York and a mixed force of loyalists and Indians, from Oswego, down the Mohawk river.	355.
1777	Arms and military adventurers arrived in America from France. American privateers were active in the Channel.	383, 391.
	It was commonly expected that Howe would end the war in the summer, but no news was received from him till August and support for the war began to cool.	391, 392, 393.
June	After a brief advance, Howe withdrew all his troops from New Jersey (announced in the *London Gazette* on August 22).	
July	Burgoyne began his advance from the north and took Ticonderoga (reported in the *Gazette* on August 25).	
August	Howe, contrary to Germain's plan and Burgoyne's expectations, transferred his army south to attack Pennsylvania from Chesapeake Bay. His report reached London on October 28. The force from Oswego was defeated and scattered.	
September	Howe defeated Washington at Brandywine and entered Philadelphia. There were rumours in London during November but his despatches were not published till December 2. His position was precarious as his supply lines were long and the mouth of the Delaware was blockaded.	401, 404.

October	In the meantime Burgoyne was expecting Howe to come north. By September 21 he was cut off from Canada and knew that there was no hope of Howe. On October 7 he was defeated in battle and on October 16 he surrendered with all his army at Saratoga. The news arrived in England early in December.	405, 406.
November	Lord Howe freed the mouth of the Delaware.	
December	Burgoyne's surrender turned many against the war and shook Lord North's supporters. A policy of conciliating the Americans was planned and begun in the new year.	407, 408, 409, 411, 412, 413, 414.
	There were no further military or naval events of importance until June 1778.	
1778		
January-March	Rumours prevailed of the Franco-American treaty, signed on February 6, but not officially announced until March 17.	411, 412, 414.
March–September	Movements of the French fleets were anxiously watched in case they should interfere with commercial convoys from the East or West Indies or otherwise by hostile action lead to a declaration of war. Keppel had several encounters with them in the Channel.	415, 423, 426, 428, 429, 433.
	Preparations were made against an invasion.	417, 419, 427, 428, 429, 432.
	In April a French fleet under D'Estaing sailed westwards and formed a threat to W. Indian shipping, to Lord Howe's fleet in the Delaware, and to New York. Admiral Byron sent in pursuit was delayed by storms. D'Estaing attacked Rhode Island but was driven off and retired to Boston.	422, 423, 428.
	In the meantime news of his approach caused General Howe to retreat from Philadelphia to New York. Sir Henry Clinton then succeeded Howe as commander-in-chief in America.	
September–December	Byron made another attempt to destroy the French fleet but his ships were scattered by a storm and on November 3 D'Estaing put to sea from Boston. Byron followed him on December 14.	437.
	In the W. Indies the French took the Island of Dominica on September 9. On November 3 re-	

	inforcements, convoyed by Commodore Hotham, sailed from New York for Barbados. They arrived on December 10 and were joined by a fleet under Admiral Barrington and later by Admiral Byron. An expedition was organized against the island of Sta Lucia which was taken before the end of the year.	436.
	These latter events were not known in London till the end of February 1779.	443.
	Late in November an expedition sailed from Sandy Hook with the object of invading Georgia.	
1779	At home, the activities of the French fleet in the Channel caused increasing anxiety, which was intensified when, in June, Spain declared war and a Spanish fleet joined the French. An invasion was daily expected all through this summer.	449, 450, 454, 460.
	It became known in August and September that D'Estaing had taken St Vincent and Granada. He then returned and attacked the coast of Georgia, where the British invasion had become little more than a series of raids. He sailed back to France in October but this was not certainly known in England until the end of the year.	458.
	In December, Clinton, with a large force, sailed from New York to reinforce the campaign in Georgia.	
1780 January–June	Rodney defeated the Spanish fleet off Cape St Vincent on January 16.	467.
	Clinton's expedition took Charleston and subdued S. Carolina.	
	In the summer a Spanish fleet appeared in the W. Indies, and French reinforcements were landed on Rhode Island.	479, 480.
	On this news, Clinton, with his army, returned to New York.	480.
June–December	Towards the end of the year there was renewed activity by the enemy fleets in the Channel.	491, 492.
	On December 21, war was declared on Holland.	493.
1781	Enemy activity in the Channel continued.	512.

	In America the war was now almost entirely confined to Cornwallis's operations in the south, which were increasingly unsuccessful.	506.
September	Cornwallis's army in grave danger. The French defeated Admiral Graves at the mouth of the Chesapeake and gained control of the sea off Virginia. Known in London in mid-November.	522, 524.
October	Clinton set sail from New York to assist Cornwallis but turned back, fearing the French fleet.	557.
	On October 19 Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown with his whole army.	526.
1782		
April 12	Rodney, sent to reinforce the fleet in the W. Indies, defeated the French in the battle of the Saints. Known in London in May.	540.
July	Enemy fleets again off the Channel.	547.
September–October	Siege of Gibraltar. News of Lord Howe, sent with reinforcements on September 11, anxiously awaited.	553.
November 30	Preliminaries of peace with America signed.	
1783		
January 20	Preliminaries of peace with France and Spain signed.	
September 2	Treaty of Versailles ended the war.	595.

APPENDIX V

GIBBON, HAYLEY AND THOMAS HOWELL

Three letters from Gibbon to William Hayley are transcribed in a MS in Hayley's handwriting which was sold at Sotheby's on May 20, 1878, (*Cat.* item 187), and is now in the National Museum at Calcutta.[1] The title of this document is 'A Memoir of Thomas Howell who served with reputation in India as a Lieutenant in the 101st Regiment and as Aid de Camp to Colonel Fullarton, Commander of the Southern Army on the Coast of Coromandel in the Year 1784'. It was written in 1813. It mentions three letters from Gibbon to Howell which are missing but we have from other sources a note from Gibbon to Howell and a letter about him from Gibbon to Charles Jenkinson.[2] There are also some references to him in Hayley's memoirs and in the letters of Anna Seward.[3] The lavish use of capitals in Hayley's transcript of Gibbon's letters is uncharacteristic and probably does not occur in the originals. The punctuation, on the other hand, is much as would be expected and the text is probably trustworthy.

Thomas Howell, believed by some to be Hayley's natural son, was, according to Hayley's account, educated at Westminster,[4] but being left destitute at the age of eleven, on the death of his parents, he began to earn his living as a domestic servant. In 1774, when he was about fifteen, he was recommended to Hayley, who engaged him as a footman and in time became very fond of him. With Hayley's help and the aid of a small legacy, Howell continued his education and in time entered the Navy, where he attained the rank of Captain. He was discharged in 1780 and in March 1781 Hayley procured for him a cadetship in the East India Co. He sailed for India in June, but owing to a mishap, was back in England by July.

On September 23 he wrote to Hayley that perhaps Gibbon might be asked to use his influence to secure for him a commission in one of the new regiments then being raised for service in India. Hayley, who had already talked about Howell to Gibbon, wrote on October 1, soliciting his help. Gibbon's reply (No. 514) was prompt and cordial and he at once took steps to introduce Howell to Charles Jenkinson, the Secretary at War. On October 5 he wrote to Howell, who was then in Hertfordshire, summoning him to London (No. 515). After this, all was easy. Howell was kindly received by the Commander-in-Chief and soon after went to thank Gibbon, as he described to Hayley in a letter on October 16. Gibbon was out when he first called but had left a card (now lost) asking him to come next day. 'I waited on him accordingly, & thanked Him for his Kindness to me.—He was pleased with my Account of Lord Amherst's Reception of me, & declared, He never heard an account of so much Politeness in that Minister, who is said to be rather remarkable for his haughty Deportment.—I am indeed particularly fortunate in pleasing Mr Gibbon, who gave me a proof of his desire to serve me by making me a present of some French books, sur l'art militaire, handsomely bound: & also a Map of India.—He told me He was going to Brighton, & desired me to write to Him there, as soon as I know my Destination as He would give me Letters to General Stewart, Lord Macleod, & others at Madrass, or where his Connections might reach.'

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[1] I am much indebted to Mr Kenneth Povey for copies of the three letters and for an abstract of the contents of the MS, from which the following account of Thomas Howell is mostly taken.

[2] Nos. 515, 520.

[3] Hayley, *Memoirs*, i, 256, 364–5. *Letters of Anna Seward*, (1811), ii, 124, 127, 142, 157.

[4] His name is not in Barker & Stenning's *Record of Old Westminsters*, 1928, but the school records for this period are known to be incomplete.

On October 28 Gibbon wrote to Howell offering further help if necessary and the next day, having received a letter from the Secretary at War announcing Howell's appointment as an Ensign in the 101st Foot (cf. No. 520), he wrote again, saying how sincerely glad he was that no further help was needed. Both these letters are lost. On November 17 Gibbon wrote to Hayley (No. 523), enclosing for Howell a letter of introduction (also lost) to General James Stewart, who was in command of the forces in the Carnatic.

Howell received his commission as a Lieutenant on January 31, 1782,[5] and soon after sailed for India. Mariana Starke, the traveller and writer of guide books, with whom he is said to have been in love, wrote him a farewell poem, which is to be found in the Calcutta MS. He conducted himself with credit in India, was promoted adjutant in the autumn of 1783 and held other staff appointments. In September 1784 he transferred to the 23rd Dragoons on the disbandment of the 101st Foot.[6] The climate, however, affected his health. He obtained a commission in a home regiment, the 36th Foot, in November 1786[7] and sailed for England. His career was tragically closed by the loss of his ship on the voyage but for a long time his fate was unknown and it was not till April 1788 that Hayley received a definite account of his death. His name was still in the Army List in February 1790. Miss Seward, who admired Howell, wrote sympathetically to Hayley about him. Hayley was so much upset by his death that he was unable to attend the dinner given in May 1788 to celebrate the publication of the last three volumes of *The Decline and Fall*. When he talked to Gibbon about Howell's death, Gibbon said that he reminded him of what the Duke of Ormond had said on the death of Lord Ossory, that he 'would not exchange his dead Son for any living Son in Christendom'.

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[5] Army List, 1783.

[6] *Ibid.*, 1785.

[7] *Ibid.*, 1787.

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